Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.

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REFERENCE

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS
AND A FULL SUBJECT INDEX
BY J. K. MOORHEAD & CHARLES LEE
IN 2 VOLS. VOL. 1

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AND AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS

VOLUME ONE

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is based on *Familiar Quotations*, by John Bartlett, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, published in 1869—which in an enlarged edition is still a standard book of quotations. In the present work, a few of Bartlett's selections are omitted as being unfamiliar and immemorable; yet this is a far larger collection than his, and the English literature created since 1869 is not wholly responsible for the additional matter.

For there is not, and can never be, a *definitive* Dictionary of Quotations—even as regards a particular period or a particular author. Household words vary from household to household: to such an extent that every well-established family has its own classical allusions, undiscoverable in any book; while, as to the printed word, *Hamlet* itself is capable of surprises, and will never be exhausted until some compiler shall boldly incorporate the whole play—and there are limits to practices like that. The larger quotation-books will give you a bigger selection from Dickens than you will find here; yet here there are some notable Dickensisms that they omit —not "elegant extracts" such as the oldest quotation-books foisted on the public before the public taught compilers to know better; but genuine quotabilities, ever fresh.

There are two reasons for including quotations. A passage that has become world-famous has an indefeasible right to inclusion, be it never so silly—like "Mary had a little lamb." On the other hand, the competent compiler has a right to include sayings whose lack of popularity is in his opinion due to their having never been properly advertised. It is a perilous path, and apt to betray the compiler's idiosyncrasy. It would be instructive, if indiscreet, to gauge and fathom the souls of standard quotation-mongers (or ought it to be quotation-wrights or quotation-vendors?) by a careful study of their selections. The late John Bartlett must have been something of a prude, as well as a teetotaller. It was he who put in No. 1505; while, in No. 3209, he substituted his own heaven for Shakespeare's God; and, in No. 4591, he deemed it necessary to bowdlerize one of Wordsworth's most famous

lines so that it read: "And not in utter *darkness*"—the word we have italicized replacing an allusion to the nakedness in which we are born.

The ambit of this work is the common usage of those peoples that write the English language. Foreign and classical authors come in only as sources of English sayings—it would be absurd, for instance, to suppose Goethe "represented" by the single verse under his name, which is given merely to show where Byron got his opening for *The Bride of Abydos*.

The reader is indebted to various hands for corrections of my mistakes. Yet there are spots. When too late to be put right, it was found that the song "It was a' for our rightfu' king," quoted as Anonymous, had long been known to be Burns's. The original error was Sir Walter Scott's.

The arrangement adopted is to follow the authors' names alphabetically. Mr. Benham set this good example. Bartlett tried a chronological sequence—open to the objection that authors do not follow each other chronologically in single file. Other compilers classify their extracts under subject-headings; which would do very well if every quotation were about one well-defined subject only, and if it did not make impossible the picking-out of all the extracts from any given author. It is hoped that the index will serve as a subject-classification for all readers except those that want to find remarks appropriate to specified occasions—a kind of research that ought not to be encouraged.

J. K. M.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BOOKS OF QUOTATIONS

(*Dates in parentheses indicate later editions*)

1761: Oliver Goldsmith: A Poetical Dictionary, or the beauties of the English poets alphabetically displayed. 4 vols.

1777: Dictionnaire de Pensées ingénieuses, tant en vers qu'en prose, des meilleurs écrivains français. 2 tom.

1797: D. E. Macdonnell: A Dictionary of Quotations in Most Frequent Use, taken from the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, translated into English. (1798.)

?1800: A Dictionary of Literary Conversation. 3rd ed.

1824: Wm. Kingdom: A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets, in 3 parts, (1) Shakespeare, (2) blank verse, (3) rhyme.

1849: Quotations of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom. [Boston, Mass.]

1854: John Cooper Grocott: An Index to Familiar Quotations. (1866.)

1856: Dictionary of Familiar Sayings and Phrases, with Anecdotes Illustrating their Origin.

1865: Georg Buechmann: Geflügelte Worte. (25th ed. 1912; reissue 1915.)

1867: Henry Bohn: Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets. (Privately printed, published 1884.)
Chas. C. Bombaugh: Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature.

1869: John Bartlett: Familiar Quotations. (Numerous eds. to 1914.)
A. Henderson: Latin Proverbs and Quotations.

1870: Ebenezer Cobham Brewer: Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. (Numerous eds. to 1923.)

1874: J. A. Mair: Handbook of Proverbs, Mottoes, Quotations, and Phrases.

1876: S. A. Allibone: Prose Quotations from Socrates to Macaulay.
Same author: Poetical Quotations from Chaucer to Tennyson.

1877: J. H. Friswell: Familiar Words.

1880: E. C. Brewer: The Reader's Handbook. (Various eds. to 1911.)
A Dictionary of English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases.

1881: Familiar French Quotations.
Familiar Latin Quotations.
Reference Handbook of Quotations—English, Latin, French.

1882: Samuel Arthur Bent: Short Sayings of Great Men.
Eliezer Edwards: Words, Facts, and Phrases.
Henrietta Farrer, afterwards Lear: Here and There, quaint quotations.
Jehiel Keeler Hoyt: Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. (1896, 1922.)
Old South Leaflets, extracts from works of various authors.
W. A. Wheeler: Familiar Allusions.

1883: Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets, based on Bohn's ed. [N.Y.]
L. Juillard: À travers la littérature anglaise; maximes et pensées.
S. Wilberforce (Bishop of Winchester): Maxims and Sayings.

1884: Edwd. Parsons Day: Day's Collacon, an encyclopædia of prose quotations.
D. Loubens: Recueil des locutions et citations latines.
H. D. M. Spence: Thirty Thousand Thoughts, extracts on religious topics.
A. Wilson: Gems of Thought from Classical Authors.

1885: Gleanings from Popular Authors, 2 vols.
R. Hamerling: Hesperische Früchte aus dem modernen Italien.

1886: J. S. Exell: Biblical Illustrator.
Historical Lights, quotations from histories.
F. B. Proctor: Classified Gems of Thought on Religious Subjects.

1887: Chr. Gasau: Worte der Weisheit.
R. S. Sheppard: A Handbook of Allusions and References. [Madras.]

1888: Robt. Christy: Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases. (1898.)
G. Winter: Unbeflügelte Worte.

1889: "Adagiarius." Latijnsche citaten in het dagelijksch leven.
C. Hartley: Newspaper Dictionary of Quotations.
W. F. H. King: Classical and Foreign Quotations. (1904.)

1890: Chas. C. Bombaugh: Gleanings for the Curious.
Everybody's Book of Proverbs and Quotations.

J. de Finod: A Thousand Flashes of French Wit.
J. C. Grocott: Familiar Quotations; re-issue, with Appendix of American Writers by A. L. Ward.
A. Kofahl: Deutscher Zitaten-schatz.
C. Mackay: A Thousand and One Gems of English Prose.

1891: John Devoe Belton: Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations.
J. Murr: Altgrieschischen Weisheit.

1892: Roger Alexandre: Le Musée de la Conversation. (1902.)

1893: W. A. Clouston: Book of Wise Sayings from Eastern Sources.
C. Eichholz: Lateinische Citate mit deutscher Uebersetzung.
W. Eichner: Aus Werkstätten des Geistes.
Wm. Sheppard Walsh: Handy Book of Literary Curiosities.
J. Wood: Dictionary of Quotations from English and Foreign Sources.

1894: Morits Il'ich Mikhel'son: Pointed and Popular Words [in Russian], a Collection of Russian Proverbs and Quotations.

1895: H. Nehry: Citatenschatz.

1896: G. Coates: Gems of Illustration.
T. Curti: Schweizer geflügelte Worte.
Philip Hugh Dalbiac: Dictionary of Quotations—English. (1897, 1908, 1912.)
S. P. Linn: Dictionary of Living Thoughts of Living Thinkers.
K. B. Wood: Quotations for Occasions.

1897: Lope Barron: Frases populares. [Málaga.]
Thos. Benfield Harbottle: Dictionary of Quotations.
F. R. Harvey: Dictionary of Classical and Foreign Quotations.

1899: W. Kayser: Lexikon lateinischer Citate.

1900: H. P. Jones: A new Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Quotations.
W. G. Webster: Quotations and Colloquial Expressions rendered into English. [Webster's International Dictionary.]

1901: T. B. Harbottle and P. H. Dalbiac: Dictionary of Quotations —French and Italian.
Norman MacMunn: The Companion Dictionary of Quotations.

1902: Giuseppe Finzi: Dizionario di Citazioni latine ed italiane.
T. B. Harbottle: Dictionary of Quotations—Classical.
Cuyler Reynolds: The Banquet Book.
Wm. Wale: What Great Men have said of Great Men.

1902–3: Morits Il'ich Mikhel'son: Russian Thought and Speech [in Russian]. Study of Russian Phraseology.

1903: D. Haek: Deutscher Citatenschatz.

1904: Edith Granger: An Index to Poetry and Recitations.
Edwd. Latham: Famous Sayings and their Authors.
H. A. Metcalfe: A Thousand Horatian Quotations.
H. E. P. Platt: Alia, a collection of quotations, etc., from the classics.
Helena Swan: A Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations—English.

1905: Jas. Dyer Ball: The Pith of the Classics (from the Chinese).
John Bate: Six Thousand Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths.
M. G. Haymes: An Unfinished Rosary.
C. Kloepper: Beiträge zur Kenntnis der französischen Sprachdichtung
Edwd. Latham: Who Said That?—Famous sayings.
Cuyler Reynolds: The Diner-Out.
Daniel Hendel Sanders: Zitatenlexikon.
Helena Swan: Who Wrote That?—Prose authors.

1906: G. Wightman Powers: Handy Dictionary of Prose Quotations.
Same author: Handy Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.
Dora Steele and Maud Jennens: Favourite Quotations.
Anna Lydia Ward: A Dictionary of Quotations in Prose from English and Foreign Authors.

1907: Wm. Gurney Benham: Cassell's Book of Quotations. (1911.)
Same author: Poetical Quotations Classified under Subject-headings.
T. B. Harbottle and Martin A. S. Hume: Dictionary of Quotations—Spanish.
Winifred M. Parker and Mabel C. Forbes: "Sop as gach seid" —Gaelic, English, etc.
Elford Eveleigh Treffry: Stokes' Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations.

1908: Walter Burton Baldry: Topical Epigrams.
550 Everyday Latin Quotes and Phrases.
T. B. Harbottle and P. H. Dalbiac: Dictionary of Quotations —French.
Wm. Sheppard Walsh: International Encyclopedia of Prose and Poetical Quotations.

1909: Lilian Dalbiac: Dictionary of Quotations—German.
T. B. Harbottle: Dictionary of Quotations—Latin.
T. B. Harbottle and P. H. Dalbiac: Dictionary of Quotations —Italian.
Jas. Henry Murray: A Dictionary of Phrases, Classical and Foreign.

1911: Wm. Gurney Benham: Cassell's Prose Quotations.
Richard Zoozmann: Zitaten- und Sentenzen-schatz der Weltliteratur alter und neuer.

1912: Stefan Geiger: Das Buch der Citate.

1913: Jas. Moffatt: The Expositor's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.

1916: C. N. Douglas: Forty Thousand Quotations, prose and poetical. (1921.)

1917: Wit and Humour of Women.

1919: Paul Reboux: De qui est-ce? Choix passages tirés des meilleurs écrivains.

1921: Wm. Gurney Benham: Cassell's Classified Quotations, under subject-headings.

1924: Wm. Gurney Benham: Benham's Book of Quotations. (Cassell's enlarged.)

1925: Émile Genest: Où est-ce donc?

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DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

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ADAMS, JOHN, 1735–1826

1. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnised with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

Letter to Mrs. Adams, 3 *July*, 1776.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, 1767–1848

2. This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.[1]

Written in an Album, 1842.

ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER, 1805–48

3. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

ADDISON, JOSEPH, 1672–1719 — CATO.

4. The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome. — Act I. sc. i.

5. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. — Ibid. sc. ii.

6. Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. — Ibid. sc. iv.

7. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism. — Ibid sc. iv.

8. Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the north. — Ibid. sc. iv.

[1] Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
Algernon Sidney.

9. Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
CATO. Act I. sc. iv.

10. My voice is still for war.
Act II. sc. i.

11. A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
Ibid. sc. i.

12. The woman that deliberates is lost.
Act IV. sc. i.

13. When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Ibid. sc. iv.

14. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Act V. sc. i.

15. I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
Ibid. sc. i.

16. From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
Ibid. sc. iv.

---

17. Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
The Campaign, line 219.

18. And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.[1]
Ibid., line 291.

19. And those that paint them truest praise them most.[2]
Ibid., last line.

20. For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.[3]
A Letter from Italy.

---

[1] This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad*, book iii. line 261.
[2] Cf. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, last line.
[3] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

21. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim. *Ode.*

22. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. Ibid.

23. For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine. Ibid.

24. In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
Spectator, 68. *Trans. of Martial*, lib. xii. 47.

AKENSIDE, MARK, 1721–70

25. Such and so various are the tastes of men.
Pleasures of the Imagination, book iii. line 567.

26. Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.
Ode on a Sermon against Glory, st. ii.

27. The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.
Epistle to Curio.

28. Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys. *The Virtuoso*, st. x.

ALDRICH, HENRY, 1647–1710

29. If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or least I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.[1]
Biog. Britannica, vol. i., p. 131.

[1] These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Aldrich in the *Biog. Brit.*) which Ménage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond.

"Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa."
Menagiana, vol. i., p. 172.

Another version reads:

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be by and by,
Or any other reason why."

ALDRICH, JAMES, 1810–56

30. Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

31. But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. Ibid.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, 1836–1907

32. Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me; then
I'll have to say Good-night again.
Palabras Cariñosas.

AMES, FISHER, 1758–1808

33. I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law.[1]
Speech on the Biennial Elections, 1788.

APPLETON, THOMAS GOLD, 1812–84

34. Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.[2] *Saying.*

ARBUTHNOT, JOHN, M.D., 1667–1735

35. Law is a Bottomless Pit. *Title of Pamphlet.*

ARCHIMEDES, *c.* 287–212 B.C.

36. Give me a place to stand, and I will move the earth.[3]
Saying, apropos of the lever.

ARIOSTO, LODOVICO, 1474–1533

[See Byron (*Monody on Death of Sheridan*), *post.*]

ARISTOTLE, 384–322 B.C.

[See Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. i. line 226), and Gray (*Death of a Favourite Cat*), *post.*]

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 1822–88

37. Others abide our question. Thou art free. *Shakespeare.*

---

[1] Cf. Matthew Henry, *post.*
[2] Cf. Oscar Wilde (*A Woman of No Importance*), *post.*
[3] Δός μοι ποῦ στῶ καὶ τὴν γῆν κινήσω.

38. Saw life steadily, and saw it whole. [Sophocles.]
To a Friend.

39. Between two worlds—one dead,
The other powerless to be born.
From the Grande Chartreuse, st. 15.

40. The kings of modern thought are dumb.
Silent they are, though not content. Ibid., st. 20.

41. The weary Titan. [England.] *Heine's Grave*, line 38.

42. The word which our Bibles translate by "gentleness," means more properly "reasonableness with sweetness," "sweet reasonableness." *St. Paul and Protestantism*, Preface.

43. Culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light.[1] *Culture and Anarchy*, ch. i.

44. Religion is . . . morality touched by emotion.
Literature and Dogma, ch. i. sect. 2.

45. The enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness. Ibid., sect. 5.

46. Shelley was indeed "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."
Essays in Criticism. Shelley.

ASHCROFT, WILLIAM JOHN (of Belfast), late nineteenth century

47. I'll set ye down, and I'll fill your can. *The Solid Man* (song).

48. There goes Muldoon—he's a solid man! Ibid.

AUGUSTINE (SAINT) OF HIPPO, 354–430
[See Bacon, *post.*]

AVONMORE, BARRY YELVERTON, LORD, 1736–1805

49. He [Blackstone] it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.
On the Authority of Bartlett.

50. Much has been said of national pride, of national independence. But if this silly argument had prevailed from the beginning, no political association could ever have been formed. . . . The first two men, who united for mutual defence against the beasts of the forest, would never have done so, if they had listened to the suggestions of pride, but would have nobly left their lives exposed to preserve their independence.
Speech in the Irish House of Lords, 22 March, 1800.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE, 1813–65

51. Come hither, Evan Cameron, and stand beside my knee!
Execution of Montrose.

[1] Cf. Swift, *post.*

52. Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.
Execution of Montrose.

BACON, FRANCIS, 1561–1626

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

WORKS (ed. Spedding and Ellis).

53. Come home to men's business and bosoms.
Dedication to the Essays, ed. 1625.

54. What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Essay i., *Of Truth.*

55. Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed. Essay v., *Of Adversity.*

56. A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
Essay xvi., *Of Atheism.*

57. He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Essay viii., *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

58. The wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. Essay xiii., *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self.*

59. Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.[1]
Essay xix., *Of Empire.*

60. God Almighty first planted a garden.
Essay xlvi., *Of Gardens.*

61. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Essay l., *Of Studies.*

62. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Ibid.

63. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Ibid.

64. I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto. *Maxims of the Law*, Preface.

65. Knowledge is power.—*Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*[2]
Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.

66. When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded. *Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

[1] Cf. Shelley (*Hellas*), *post.*

[2] Cf. Prov. xxiv. 5.

67. [My Lord St. Albans said that Nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.[1]]

Apophthegm No. 17.

68. "Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book i. (1605).

69. It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind. Ibid., book ii.

70. The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.[3] Ibid., book ii.

71. For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. *From his Will.*

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES, 1816–1902

72. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;[4]
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Festus.*

73. Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God. Ibid.

74. Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love. Ibid.

BAILLIE, JOANNA, 1762–1851

75. The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day. *Orra*, Act III. sc. i.

76. The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
Basil, Act II. sc. i.

BALFOUR, ARTHUR JAMES, EARL OF, 1848–

77. On a half-sheet of note-paper, the essence and outline of my views on fiscal reform. Here it is.

Speech, Manchester, 26 Jan. 1905.[5]

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[1] Cf. Fuller, *post*.

[2] Cf. Tennyson (*The Day Dream*, L'Envoi), and Whewell, *post*.

[3] The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.—*Adv. of Learning*, ed. Dewey.
Spiritalis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur.—St. Augustine, *Works*, vol. 3, *In Johannis Evang.*, cap. 1, tr. v. sect. 15.
Cf. Milton (*Doct. and Disc. of Divorce*), and Jeremy Taylor, *post*.

[4] Cf. Sheridan (*Pizarro*), *post*.

[5] In reply to a challenge from John (afterwards Viscount) Morley to put it on a sheet. The statement was, however, 261 words long.

78. A frigid and calculated lie.
Speech, Constitutional Club, 26 Oct. 1909.

BALL, JOHN, ?–1381

79. When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman? [1]
Saying, during Tyler's rebellion. Hume's *Hist. of Eng.*, vol. i. ch. xvii. note 8.

BALZAC, HONORÉ DE, 1799–1850

80. They are bound to have the defects of their qualities.[2]
The Lily in the Valley.

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA, 1743–1825

81. Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation.

82. This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.[3]
A Summer's Evening Meditation.

83. Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning." *Life.*

BARÈRE, BERTRAND, 1755–1841

84. The tree of Liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.[4] *Speech*, in the Convention Nationale, 1792.

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS, 1788–1845

85. Look at the Clock! *Ingoldsby Legends. Patty Morgan.*

86. And, talking of epitaphs, much I admire his,
"Circumspice, si monumentum requiris";
Which an erudite verger translated to me,
"If you ask for his monument, *Sir, come, spy, see!*"
Ibid., *The Cenotaph.*

87. The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

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[1] See Proverbs, *post.*
[2] Elles doivent avoir les défauts de leur qualités.
[3] Often ascribed to Young.
[4] L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!!
But, what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!
Ingoldsby Legends. The Jackdaw of Rheims.

88. "Now Thunder and Turf!" Pope Gregory said.[1]
Ibid., *The Ingoldsby Penance.*

89. A little vulgar boy. Ibid., *Misadventures at Margate.*

90. In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,
Being all that these presents intend to express,
Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.
Ibid., *The Old Woman Clothed in Grey.*

91. There's somewhat on my breast, father! Ibid., *The Confession.*

92. When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.[2]
Ibid., *The Ghost.*

BARNFIELD, RICHARD, 1574–1627

93. As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.
Address to the Nightingale.[3]

BARNUM, PHINEAS TAYLOR, 1810–91

94. You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time.[4]
Saying.

BARRETT, EATON STANNARD, 1786–1820

95. Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.
Woman, Part I., ed. 1822.[5]

[1] Of course this is not the *source* of "thunder and turf"—which occurs, e.g., in Lever's novels.

[2] Cf. Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, Act III. sc. ii.), *post.*

[3] This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of *Poems in Divers Humours*, published in 1598.

[4] Frequently attributed to Abraham Lincoln, who is said to have quoted it at Clifton, Ill., 8 Sept. 1858.

[5] Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied Him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.
From the original edition of 1810.

BARRIE, SIR JAMES MATTHEW, 1860–

96. It's a weary warld, and nobody bides in't.
The Little Minister, ch. iii.

97. The grandest moral attribute of a Scotsman, Maggie, that he'll do nothing which might damage his career.
What Every Woman Knows, Act II.

98. "Little Mary" [i.e. the stomach]. *Title of a comedy.*

BARRINGTON, GEORGE, 1755–?

99. True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.[1]
Prologue written for the Opening of the Playhouse at New South Wales, 16 Jan. 1796.
Barrington's *New South Wales*, p. 152.

BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH, 19th century

100. But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!
From the Dublin *Nation*, 28 Sept. 1844, vol. ii., p. 809.

BASSE, WILLIAM, *d.* 1653?

101. Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.[2]
On Shakespeare.

BAXTER, RICHARD, 1615–91

102. I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

BAYARD, PIERRE DU TERRAIL ("CHEVALIER BAYARD"), 1476–1524

103. Like master, like man.[3]
Saying, according to M. Cimber of the Bibliothèque Royale.

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, 1797–1839

104. I'd be a butterfly; living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.
I'd be a Butterfly.

105. Oh! no! we never mention her,[4]
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
Oh! no! we never mention her.

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[1] Cf. Farquhar (*The Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III. sc. ii.), *post.*
[2] Cf. Jonson (*To the Memory of Shakespeare*), *post.*
[3] Tel maître, tel valet.
[4] "Never speak of her" in *Fifty Lyrical Ballads*, printed 1829.

106. We met—'twas in a crowd. *We met.*

107. Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Why don't the men propose?

108. She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met. *She wore a wreath.*

109. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*

110. The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me. *The rose that all are praising.*

111. O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

112. Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

113. Gaily the Troubadour
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*

114. Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing. *I'm Saddest When I Sing.*

BEACONSFIELD, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF, 1804–81
[See also Weldon, *post.*]

115. The right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes.
Speech, House of Commons, 28 Feb. 1845.

116. A Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy.
Speech, House of Commons, 17 March, 1845.

117. England does not love coalitions.
Speech, House of Commons, 3 Dec. 1852.

118. Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, am on the side of the angels. *Speech*, Oxford, 25 Nov. 1864.

119. A great master of gibes and flouts and jeers [i.e. the third Marquis of Salisbury]. *Speech*, House of Commons, 4 Aug. 1874.

120. A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity [i.e. Gladstone].
Speech, Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, 27 July, 1878.

121. Hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.
Speech, Guildhall, 9 Nov. 1878.

122. Tadpole and Taper.
Coningsby, book i. ch. i. *et passim.* (Names of two professional politicians in the story.)

123. London is a modern Babylon.[1] *Tancred*, book v. ch. v.

124. Adventures are to the adventurous.
Ixion in Heaven, Part II. ch. ii.

[1] This is a year or two earlier than *David Copperfield*, wherein Mr. Micawber uses the expression.

125. Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.
Advt. to reissue of "The Young Duke," Oct. 1853.

BEATTIE, JAMES, 1735–1803

126. At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.
The Hermit.

127. He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man. Ibid.

128. But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave? Ibid.

129. By the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. Ibid.

130. And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. Ibid.

BEAUMARCHAIS, PIERRE-AUGUSTIN CARON DE, 1732–99

131. That which is not worth saying, is sung.[1]
Barber of Seville, Act I. sc. i.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, 1584–1616
[See also Beaumont and Fletcher.]

132. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

133. Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, AND FLETCHER, JOHN
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

134. A soul as white as heaven.
The Maid's Tragedy, Act IV. sc. i.

135. There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.[2]
A King and no King, Act V. sc. iv.

136. Calamity is man's true touchstone.[3]
Four Plays in One. The Triumph of Honour, sc. i.

137. The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady:
The fit's upon me now!
Wit without Money, Act V. sc. v.

[1] Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.
[2] Nemo repente venit turpissimus.—Juvenal, ii. 83.
[3] Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.—Seneca, *De Prov.*, v. 9

138. Of all the paths that lead to woman's love
Pity's the straightest.[1] *The Knight of Malta*, Act I. sc. i.

139. What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink. *Love's Cure*, Act III. sc. ii.

140. Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. *The False One*, Act II. sc. i.

141. Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.
The Two Noble Kinsmen, Act I. sc. i.[2]

142. O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the plurisy of people. Ibid., Act V. sc. i.[2]

143. Hide, O, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.
The Bloody Brother, Act V. sc. ii.

[This comes as second verse of a song, "Take, O, take those lips away," the first verse of which appears also in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*.]

144. Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Love's Cure, Act II., sc. ii.

145. It would talk;
Lord! how it talked![3]
The Scornful Lady, Act IV. sc. i.

BEERS, ETHELINDA ELIOT ("ETHEL LYNN"), 1827–79

146. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
Harper's Weekly, 30 Nov. 1861.

[The phrase in the first line is said to have occurred more than once in General McClellan's dispatches, and to have suggested the poem.]

BELLINGHAUSEN, ELIGIUS FRANZ JOSEF, FREIHERR VON MÜNCH, 1806–71

[See Maria Ann le Lovell, *post*.]

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[1] Cf. Southerne, *post*.
[2] Many critics believe that this scene was written by Shakespeare.—J. K. M.
[3] Cf. Nathaniel Lee, *post*.

BELLOC, JOSEPH HILAIRE PIERRE, 1870–

147. Usury is the taking of any interest whatever upon an *unproductive loan.* *Economics for Helen.*

BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD, 1867–

148. The person of fine taste does condemn nearly everything. He takes his pleasure in a number of books so limited as to be almost nothing in comparison with the total mass of production.
The Truth About an Author, xiv.

149. The conscience can be, and is, constantly narcotised as much by relatively good deeds as by relatively bad deeds.
Self and Self-Management. Running Away from Life, iii.

150. Women, when they get a chance, do show a tendency to shirk life. Ibid., v.

151. I am inclined to say that any marriage is better than no marriage—for both sexes. Ibid. v.

152. An individual is an island on whose rocky shores no ship can ever land that most mysterious commodity—energy.
Ibid., *A Dangerous Lecture*, ii.

153. Like most women, . . . she could not tell the difference between tea stewed and tea properly infused.
Ibid., *The Complete Fusser*, i.

154. The intellectually honest races, the Latin, have been the most artistic, for the mere reason that intellectual dishonesty is just sentimentality, and sentimentality is the destroying poison of art. *Those United States*, vii. sect. 6.

BENTHAM, JEREMY, 1748–1832

155. While Xenophon was writing history, and Euclid giving instruction in geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words—this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience, and the assertion of other matters opposed to every man's experience. And exactly in the proportion in which their notions on this subject differed from those of the mass of mankind, exactly in that proportion were they below the level of mankind. *Deontology*, ch. iii.

156. Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth: That the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.[1]
Works, Bowring's ed., vol. x., p. 42.

BENTLEY, RICHARD, 1662–1742

157. It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself. Monk's *Life of Bentley*, p. 90.

[1] The real author of the phrase is Hutcheson, q.v., *post.*

BERKELEY, GEORGE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE, 1685–1753

158. Westward the course of empire takes its way ;[1]
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

159. [Tar-water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.[2] *Sirius*, par. 217.

BERNES (*or* BARNES, *or* BERNERS), JULIANA, 1388?–?

160. Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne.[3]
Blasyng of Armys

BERTAUT, JEAN, 1570–1611

[See Shakespeare (*Henry VIII.*, Act IV. sc. ii.), *post.*]

BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC, *c.* 1735–1812?

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

161. Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
Love in a Village, Act I., sc. i.

162. There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night:
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be:
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.[4] Ibid., Act I. sc. ii.

163. Young fellows will be young fellows.
Ibid., Act II. sc. ii.

164. Ay, do despise me. I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.
The Hypocrite, Act V. sc. i.

BINYON, ROBERT LAURENCE, 1869–

165. They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.
For the Fallen [1914]. (The inscription on the Memorial in front of the British Museum.)

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM, 1723–80

166. The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest

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[1] Westward the *star* of empire takes its way.
Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States.*
[2] Cf. Cowper (*Task*, Iv. 34), *post.* [3] Cf. Dekker, *post*
[4] Cf. Burns (*I has a wife o' my ain*), *post.*

defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries, vol. i. book i. ch. xiii. sect. 418.

167. Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Ibid., ch. xviii. sect. 472.

BLAIR, ROBERT, 1699–1746

168. The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.[1]
The Grave, line 58.

169. Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society! Ibid., line 88.

170. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Ibid., line 109.

171. The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.[2]
Ibid., Part II. line 586.

BLAKE, WILLIAM, 1757–1827

172. I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land. *Milton.*

173. Tiger, tiger, burning bright. *Songs of Experience. The Tiger.*

174. To see a World in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour. *Auguries of Innocence.*

175. A robin redbreast in a cage
Sets all Heaven in a rage. Ibid.

176. One thought fills immensity. *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

BLOMFIELD, CHARLES JAMES, BISHOP OF LONDON, 1786–1857

177. An archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions.

Attributed. See Alfred Blomfield's *Memoir of Chas. Jas. Blomfield.*

BOBART, JACOB (THE YOUNGER), 1641–1719

178. Think that day lost whose [low] descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.[3]

Inscription, under the heading "Virtus sua gloria," in David Krieg's Album in British Museum. (*Nichol's Autographs*, see *N. and Q.*, 1st ser., vol. vii., p. 159.)

[1] Cf. Dryden (*Amphitryon*, Act III. sc. i.), *post*.
[2] Cf. Campbell and Norris, *post*.
[3] See Proverbial Expressions ("Count that day," etc.), *post*.

BODIN, JEAN ("BODINUS"), 1530–96
[See Cowper (*The Task*, book ii. line 40), *post.*]

BOËTIUS, ANICIUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS SEVERINUS, 480–524
[See Chaucer (*Troilus and Creseide*, iii. 1625), *post.*]

BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, NICOLAS,[1] 1636–1711
[See Dryden (*Art of Poetry*), and Pope (*Verbatim from Boileau*), *post.*]

BOLINGBROKE, HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT, 1678–1751

179. I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.[1]
On the Study and Use of History, letter 2.

180. You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God—that is, he follows God in His works and in His word.[2] *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

BONAR, HORATIUS, 1808–89

181. A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb. *Hymn* (A.D. 1843)

BOOTH, BARTON, 1681–1733

182. True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.[3] *Song.*

BORROW, GEORGE, 1803–81

183. There's the wind on the heath, brother. *Lavengro*, ch. xxv.

BOULAY DE LA MEURTHE, ANTOINE JACQUES CLAUDE JOSEPH, COMTE, 1761–1840
[See Fouché, *post.*]

BRACTON, HENRY DE, ?–1268
[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

BRADFORD, JOHN, 1510?–55

184. But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford.[4]
Writings of John Bradford, M.A., Parker Society, Cambridge, 1853, p. xiii.

BRADLEY, FRANCIS HERBERT, 1846–1924

185. Metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct. *Appearance and Reality* (*Preface*).

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[1] Πλαιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἔντευξις τῶν ἠθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης ἔοικε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων.—Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.*, xi. 2 (p. 398, R.), paraphrasing a passage in Thucydides, i. 22.

[2] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. iv. line 332), *post.*

[3] Cf. Butler (*Hudibras*, part iii. canto 2, line 175), *post.*

[4] Said of criminals going to execution.

186. Mr. Spencer's attitude towards his Unknowable strikes me as a pleasantry. . . . It seems a proposal to take something for God simply and solely because we do not know what the devil it can be. *Appearance and Reality*, ch. xi., note.

187. "Free Will" can merely mean chance. If it is not that, its advocates are at least incapable of saying what else it is.
Ibid., ch. xxv., note.

BRADY, NICHOLAS
[See Nahum Tate.]

BRAMSTON, JAMES, 1694?–1744

188. But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?" [1] *Art of Politics.*

189. What's not destroyed by time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where
Now stands New Bond Street, and a newer square;
Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of town. Ibid.

190. So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat.
Man of Taste.

BRERETON, JANE, 1685–1740

191. The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.
On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.[2]

BRIGHT, JOHN, 1811–89

192. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.
Speech, House of Commons, 23 Feb. 1855.

193. The right honourable gentleman [Mr. Horsman] . . . has retired into what may be called his political Cave of Adullam.[3]
Ibid., 13 March, 1866.

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[1] "I hope," said Col. Titus, "we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and disarm him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out."—*On the Exclusion Bill*, 7 Jan. 1681.
See also W. B. Rhodes, *post*.

[2] From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 521, note.

[3] 1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2. Abraham Lincoln is said (by W. O. Stoddard, *Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln*) to have quoted this text against his opponents in 1864.

194. Force is not a remedy [in Irish affairs.]
Speech, Birmingham, 16 Nov. 1880.

195. England is the mother of Parliaments.
Speech, Birmingham, 18 Jan. 1865.

BROOKE, FULKE GREVILLE, 1st LORD, 1554–1628

196. O wearisome-condition of humanity.
Mustapha, Act V. sc. iv.

197. And out of mind as soon as out of sight.[1]
Sonnet lvi.

BROOKE, HENRY, 1703?–83

198. I shall henceforth seek
For other lights to truth; for righteous monarchs,
Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see;
To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free.[2]
The Earl of Essex, Act I.

BROOKE, RUPERT, 1887–1915

199. If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. *The Soldier.*

BROOME, WILLIAM, 1689–1745
[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

BROUGH, ROBERT BARNABAS, 1828–60

200. The Terriers said, "'Tis now too late—
You should have earned their love, not hate;
We our fierce Rats conciliate,
And this is how we do it:
. . . . . .
"We beckon out the biggest Rat,
And ask him, with a friendly pat,
To join our side—the merrier—
We teach him how to bark; with shears
We dock his tail and trim his ears,
Give him some bones, to calm his fears,
And tell him he's a Terrier."
Songs of the "Governing Classes."

BROUGHAM, HENRY PETER, LORD, 1778–1868

201. Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array. *Speech*, 29 Jan. 1828.

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[1] Cf. Kempis, *post.*
[2] This is the line that suggested to Dr. Johnson:
"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

202. In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. *Present State of the Law*, 7 Feb. 1828.

203. Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.[1]

BROWN, JOHN, 1715–66

204. Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinc'd
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa, Act V. sc. iii.

205. And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.[2]

BROWN, THOMAS ("TOM"), 1663–1704

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

206. I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.[3]

207. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.[4]

208. In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here." [5]

[These extracts are given in an early nineteenth-century collection of extracts called *Laconics*; but there is no indication which of Brown's works they are to be found in.]

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, 1605–82

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

209. What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed

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[1] The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

[2] Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1867, p. 4.

[3] A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.—Martial, lib. i. 33.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.
Bussy-Rabutin *Correspondence*, I. 33.

[4] Cf. Goldsmith (*Haunch of Venison*), *post*.

[5] Cf. Pope (*Moral Essays*, ep. iv. line 149), *post*.

when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. *Hydriotaphia*, ch. v.

210. The iniquity [1] of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy. Ibid.

211. Rich with the spoils of Nature.[2] *Religio Medici*, Part I. sect. 13

212. In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God.[3] Ibid., sect. 16.

213. There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. Ibid., Part II., sect. 9.[4]

214. Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.[5] Ibid., sect. 11.

BROWNE, WILLIAM, 1591–1643?

[Possibly the author of the epitaph, "Underneath this sable hearse," printed under Ben Jonson, *post.*]

BROWNE, SIR WILLIAM, 1692–1774

[See also under Ben Jonson, *Epit. on Countess of Pembroke.*]

215. The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.
Answer to Trapp's [6] *"Oxford Epigram."*

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 1806–61

216. Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
The Cry of the Children.

BROWNING, ROBERT, 1812–89

217. God's in His heaven!
All's right with the world!
Pippa Passes, Part I.

218. Roses, roses all the way! *The Patriot.*

219. But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo! they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift is allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star. *Abt Vogler.*

220. Ah, did you once see Shelley plain . . . ? *Memorabilia*, i.

221. One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.[7] *Asolando* (*Epilogue*).

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[1] Some versions give "inequity." [2] Cf. Gray (*Elegy*, st. 13), *post.*
[3] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, ix. line 1267), *post.*
[4] Cf. Byron (*Bride of Abydos*, i. 6), and Lovelace, *post.*
[5] Cf. Herbert (*Country Parson*), *post.* [6] Cf. Trapp, *post.*
[7] Cf. Conrad (*Some Reminiscences*), *post*, for contrast.

222. Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now. *Home-Thoughts from Abroad.*

223. I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past. *Prospice.*

BRUNO, FILIPPO GIORDANO, 1548–1600
[See Whewell, *post.*]

BYRANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 1794–1878

224. To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. *Thanatopsis.*

225. Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. Ibid.

226. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Ibid.

227. So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. Ibid.

228. The groves were God's first temples. *Forest Hymn.*

229. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

230. Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

231. The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last. *The Rivulet.*

BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON, 1762–1837

232. The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF, 1648–1721
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

233. Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well. *Essay on Poetry.*

234. There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw. Ibid.

235. Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need. Ibid.

BUFFON, GEORGES LOUIS LECLERC, COMTE DE, 1707–88

236. The style *is* the man.[1]
Discours Académiques. Discours de Réception.

BUNN, ALFRED, 1796?–1860

237. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.
The Bohemian Girl, Act II.

238. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling. Ibid. Act. II.

239. When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The pow'r they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me. Ibid., Act III.

BUNYAN, JOHN, 1628–88
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

240. And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
Apology for His Book.

241. Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so";
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No." Ibid.

242. The name of the slough was Despond.
Pilgrim's Progress, Part I.

243. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity. Ibid. Part I.

244. Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

245. He that is down needs fear no fall.[2] Ibid., Part II.

[1] Le style est l'homme même.
[2] Cf. Butler (*Hudibras*, Part i. canto iii. line 877), *post.*

BURKE, EDMUND, 1729–97

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

246. There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. *Observations on a late Publication on the Present State of the Nation.*

247. Illustrious predecessor.
Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.

248. When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle. Ibid.

249. It will not be amiss to take a view of the effects of this royal servitude and vile durance.[1] Ibid.

250. Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures.*[2] Ibid.

251. A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.
Speech on Conciliation with America.

252. A wise and salutary neglect. Ibid.

253. My rigour relents—I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. Ibid.

254. The dissidence of dissent. Ibid.

255. The march of the human mind is slow.[3] Ibid.

256. All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. Ibid.

257. The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.
Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.[4]

258. They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man. *On the Army Estimates.*

259. You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.[5]
Reflections on the Revolution in France.

260. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and

[1] Cf. Kenrick, *post.*
[2] Cf. Goldsmith (*Good-Natured Man*), *post.*
[3] Cf. Southey (*Colloquies*), *post.*
[4] At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."
Prior's *Life of Burke*, p. 152.

[5] Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says, "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

Reflections on the Revolution in France.

261. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. Ibid.

262. That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. Ibid.

263. Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. Ibid.

264. Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. Ibid.

265. Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.[1] Ibid.

266. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field—that, of course, they are many in number—or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour. Ibid.

267. The men, I mean, of light and leading in England.[2] Ibid.

268. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. Ibid.

269. The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

Preface to Brissot's Address.

270. And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.[3]

Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.

271. Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians.

272. I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets.[4]

Letter to Matthew Smith, Prior's *Life*, p. 33.

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[1] This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase, *the swinish multitude*, was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

[2] Cf. Wotton, *post*.

[3] We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us.—*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, vol. I., p. 439.

[4] Family vault of "all the Capulets."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, 1st. edn., p. 133.

273. It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.[1] Prior's *Life of Burke*.

274. I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.[2] *The Sublime and Beautiful*, Part I. sects. 14, 15.

BURNS, ROBERT, 1759-96

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

275. Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Tam O'Shanter*.

276. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither. Ibid.

277. The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. Ibid.

278. Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. Ibid.

279. But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever. Ibid.

280. That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane. Ibid.

281. Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Ibid.

282. The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. Ibid.

283. Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human. *Address to the Unco Guid*.

284. What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. Ibid.

285. If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

286. O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion. *To a Louse*.

287. The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley. *To a Mouse*.

[1] When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the modesties of the oak, without its strength: it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration."—Prior's *Life of Burke*, p. 408 (cf. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, an. 1781).

[2] Cf. Rochefoucauld, *post*.

288. Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.[1] *To a Mountain Daisy.*

289. Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

290. Facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed. *A Dream.*

291. In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.[2]
Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

292. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? *Auld Lang Syne.*

293. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has often led! *Bruce to his Army.*

294. Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour. Ibid.

295. Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.[3] Ibid.

296. Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Man was made to mourn.

297. Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O![4]
Green grow the Rashes.

298. Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

299. The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.[5]
Is there for honest poverty.

300. A man's a man for a' that! Ibid.

301. A prince can make a belted knight,[6]
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that. Ibid.

302. But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever. *Ae fond kiss.*

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[1] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, ix. line 167), *post.*
[2] "Durance vile," see Burke, *ante* and Kenrick, *post.*
[3] See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*
[4] Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art. *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607.
[5] Cf. Wycherley, *post.* [6] Cf. Southerne, *post.*

303. Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted! *Ae fond kiss.*

304. To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever. *Bonny Lesley.*

305. O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune. *A Red, Red Rose.*

306. It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.
Here's a health to them that's awa'.

307. 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside,—Jessy! *Jessy.*

308. Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

309. Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.
Ibid.

310. He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air. Ibid.

311. From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God." Ibid.

312. If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody. *I hae a wife o' my ain.*

313. O, luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen!
O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath been!
But I will doun yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May! *The Posie.*

314. Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man. *Epistle to Dr. Blacklock.*

315. John Anderson, my jo. *Song.*

BURTON, ROBERT, 1577–1640

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

316. Though there were many giants of old in physic and philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself." [1]
Anat. of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.

317. Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices:

[1] Pigmei gigantum humerus impositi plusquam ipsi gigantes vident.—*In Luc.* x. tom. ii. Cf. Fuller, *post.*

unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur; as Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him.[1]

Anat. of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.

318. I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.[2] Ibid.

319. But to enlarge or illustrate the power and effects of love is to set a candle in the sun.[3]

Anat. of Melancholy, Part II. sect. 2, mem. 1, subs. 2.

320. He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.[4]

Ibid., Part III. sect. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5.

321. Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.[5]

Ibid., sect. 4, mem. 1, subs. 1

322. When they are in Rome, they do there as they see done.[6]

Ibid., mem. 2, subs. 1.

BUSSY-RABUTIN, ROGER, COMTE DE, 1618-93

[See "Tom" Brown, *ante*, and Voltaire, *post*.]

BUTLER, JOSEPH, BISHOP OF DURHAM, 1692–1752

323. Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we desire to be deceived? *Sermons*, vii.

BUTLER, SAMUEL, 1612–80

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.] HUDIBRAS.

324. And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Part I. canto i. line 11.

325. We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it. Ibid., line 45.

326. Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle. Ibid., line 51.

327. He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side. Ibid., line 67.

328. For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope. Ibid., line 81.

329. For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. Ibid., line 89.

330. For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale. Ibid., line 121.

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[1] Cf. Byron (*Corsair*, canto iii. st. 24), *post*.
[2] Cf. Garrick, *post*.
[3] Cf. Young (*Love of Fame*, sat. vii. line 97), *post*.
[4] Cf. Anonymous, *post*, Percy's *Reliques*.
[5] Cf. Defoe, William Drummond, and Herbert, *post*.
[6] Cf. Proverbs, *post*, "When at Rome."

331. And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra. HUDIBRAS. Part I. canto i. line 125.

332. Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore. Ibid., line 131.

333. Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly. Ibid., line 145.

334. He knew what's what,[1] and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. Ibid., line 149.

335. Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.[2] Ibid., line 161.

336. 'Twas Presbyterian true blue. Ibid., line 191.

337. And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks. Ibid., line 199.

338. Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to. Ibid., line 215.

339. For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Ibid., line 463.

340. And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write. Ibid., line 647.

341. Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat[3];
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." Ibid., line 821.

342. Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.[4] Ibid., line 852.

343. With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. Part I. canto ii. line 831.

344. Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.[5]
Part I. canto iii. line 1.

345. Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome. Ibid., line 263.

346. He had got a hurt
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort. Ibid., line 309.

347. For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.[6] Ibid., line 609.

348. I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.[7] Ibid., line 877.

349. Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers. Ibid., line 1011.

350. If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. Ibid., line 1047.

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[1] Cf. Skelton (*Why come ye not to Courte?*), *post*.
[2] Cf. Fuller (*Holy and Profane State*, Andronicus, *ad fin.* 1), *post*.
[3] See Proverbs, *post*. [4] Cf. Fortescue, *post*. [5] Cf. Spenser, *post*.
[6] See Proverbs, *post*: "He that fights and runs away." [7] Cf. Bunyan, *ante*.

351. When pious frauds and holy shifts HUDIBRAS.
Are dispensations and gifts. Part I. canto iii. line 1145.

352. Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last. Ibid., line 1367.

353. Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. Part II. canto i. line 23.

354. Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. Ibid., line 221.

355. Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers. Ibid., line 297.

356. Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.[1] Ibid., line 309.

357. For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring? Ibid., line 465.

358. Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.[2] Ibid., line 843.

359. The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn. Part II. canto ii. line 29.

360. Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. Ibid., line 79.

361. For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. Ibid., line 257.

362. He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made? Ibid., line 377.

363. As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,[3]
And look before you ere you leap[3];
For as you sow, y'are like to reap.[4] Ibid., line 501.

364. Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat. Part II. canto iii. line 1.

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[1] Cf. Cowper (*Conversation*), *post*.
[2] He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—Prov. xiii. 24.
[3] See Proverbs, *post*.
[4] Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7.
Cf. Tusser, *post*.

365. He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no. HUDIBRAS. Part II. canto iii., line 261.

366. Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust thro' nailed by the ears. Ibid., line 391.

367. To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched.
Ibid., line 923.

368. There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war. Ibid., line 957.

369. As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. Ibid., line 1067.

370. As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't. Part III. canto i. line 481.

371. Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. Ibid., line 687.

372. What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more. Ibid., line 1277.

373. 'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse. Ibid., line 1293.

374. Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our old Nick. Ibid., line 1313.

375. With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out Salvation
By mere mechanic operation. Ibid., line 1495.

376. True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.[1]
Part III. canto ii. line 175.

377. For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.[2]
Part III. canto iii. line 243.

378. He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still. Ibid., line 547.

379. With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay. Ibid., line 624.

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380. It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war.[3] *Speeches in the Rump Parliament.*

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[1] Cf. Barton Booth, *ante.* [2] See Proverbs, *post*, "He that fights and runs away." [3] Cf. Benjamin Franklin, *post.*

BUTLER, SAMUEL, 1835–1902

381. Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises. *Note Books*, I. *Life* ix.

382. Mischievous writers . . . maintain that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Granted that it is not easy, but nothing that is worth doing is ever easy. Ibid. II. *Counsels of Imperfection.*

383. Nothing is worth looking at which is seen either too obviously or with too much difficulty. Nothing is worth doing or well done which is not done fairly easily.

Evolution, Old and New, ch. iv.

BYROM, JOHN, 1692–1763

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

384. God bless the king, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,—
God bless us all,—that's quite another thing.
To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

385. Take time enough: all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.[1]
Advice to Preach Slow.

386. Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.[2]

387. As clear as a whistle. *Epistle to Lloyd.*

388. Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
Epigram on Two Monopolists.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL, 6TH LORD, 1788–1824

389. Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Farewell! if ever.*

[1] A variant of this:

"Learn to speak [or read] slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places"

has been quoted from "Walker, *Art of Reading*." It is not in *Hints for Improvement in the Art of Reading* by John Walker the Philologist. Wm. Walker (1623–84), author of the *Treatise of English Particles*, did not, so far as can be ascertained, write on the Art of Reading.

[2] "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), vol. i., p. 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

390. I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell! —Farewell! *Farewell! if ever.*

391. When we two are parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years. *When we two parted.*

392. Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, line 6.

393. 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. Ibid., line 51.

394. With just enough of learning to misquote. Ibid., line 66.

395. As soon
Seek roses in December,—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics. Ibid., line 75.

396. Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. Ibid., line 326.

397. O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name! Ibid., line 399.

398. So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.[1]
Ibid., line 841.

399. Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest;
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best. Ibid., line 855.

400. Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart! *Maid of Athens.*

401. Had sighed to many though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto i. st. 5.

402. If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.
Ibid., st. 7.

403. Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.
Ibid., st. 9.

404. Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. Ibid., st. 11.

405. Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue. Ibid., st. 13.

406. My native land—good night! Ibid., st. 13.

407. O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land. Ibid., st. 15.

408. In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.
Ibid., st. 20.

[1] Cf. T. Moore and Waller, *post*.

409. By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
For one who hath no friend, no brother there.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto i. st. 40.

410. Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.[1]
Ibid., st. 82.

411. War, war is still the cry,—"war even to the knife!"[2]
Ibid., st. 86.

412. Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.
Ibid., canto ii. st. 2.

413. A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour! Ibid., st. 2.

414. Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
Ibid., st. 2.

415. The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.[3] Ibid., st. 6.

416. Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Ibid., st. 23.

417. None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd. Ibid., st. 24.

418. But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Ibid., st. 26.

419. Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel. Ibid., st. 28.

420. Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Ibid., st. 73.

421. Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
Ibid., st. 76.

422. A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust. Ibid., st. 84.

423. Land of lost gods and godlike men. Ibid., st. 85.

424. Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground. Ibid., st. 88.

425. Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
Ibid., st. 88.

426. Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.
Ibid., canto iii. st. 1.

427. Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar! Ibid., st. 2.

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[1] Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius, iv. l. 1133.

[2] Cf. Palafox, *post*.

[3] Cf. Waller, *post*.

428. I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iii. st. 2.

429. Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Ibid., st. 8.

430. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell. Ibid., st. 21.

431. On with the dance! let joy be unconfined. Ibid., st. 22.

432. And there was mounting in hot haste. Ibid., st. 25.

433. Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!" Ibid., st. 25.

434. Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. Ibid., st. 27.

435. Battle's magnificently-stern array. Ibid., st. 28.

436. And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Ibid., st. 32.

437. But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. Ibid., st. 42.

438. He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below. Ibid , st. 45.

439. All tenantless, save to the crannying wind. Ibid., st. 47.

440. The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. Ibid., st. 55.

441. He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
Ibid., st. 57.

442. But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.
Ibid., st. 70.

443. By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. Ibid., st. 71.

444. I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me, and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. Ibid., st. 72.

445. This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. Ibid., st. 85.

446. On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. Ibid., st. 86.

447. All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iii. st. 89.

448. In solitude, where we are *least* alone. Ibid., st. 90.

449. The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder. Ibid., st. 92.

450. Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. Ibid., st. 107.

451. I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
Ibid., st. 113.

452. I stood
Among them, but not of them. Ibid., st. 113.

453. I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand. Ibid., canto iv. st. 1.

454. Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.
Ibid., st. 1.

455. Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
Ibid., st. 23.

456. The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!
Ibid., st. 24.

457. Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
Ibid., st. 29.

458. The Ariosto of the North. Ibid., st. 40.

459. Italia! Oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.[1] Ibid., st. 42.

460. Let these describe the undescribable. Ibid., st. 53.

461. The starry Galileo with his woes. Ibid., st. 54.

462. The poetry of speech. Ibid., st. 58.

463. The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss. Ibid., st. 69.

464. The Niobe of nations! there she stands. Ibid., st. 79.

465. Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm *against* the wind. Ibid., st. 98.

466. Heaven gives its favourites—early death.[2] Ibid., st. 102.

467. Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. Ibid., st. 109.

[1] A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: *Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!*
[2] Cf. *Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 12.

468. Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iv. st. 115.

469. The nympholepsy of some fond despair. Ibid., st. 115.

470. Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
Ibid., st. 115.

471. Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. Ibid., st. 120.

472. I see before me the Gladiator lie. Ibid., st. 140.

473. *There* were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday. Ibid., st. 141.

474. "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls,—the World." [1] Ibid., st. 145.

475. Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head? Ibid., st. 168.

476. Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her! Ibid., st. 177.

477. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more. Ibid., st. 178.

478. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. Ibid., st. 179.

479. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
Ibid., st. 179.

480. Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Ibid., st. 182.

481. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. Ibid., st. 183.

482. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,

. . . . . .

[1] Literally, the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century, as recorded by the Venerable Bede.
Cf. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. lxxi.

And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.[1]
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iv. st. 184.

483. And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! Ibid., st. 185.

484. Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet,—farewell.
Ibid., st. 186.

485. Muse of the many-twinkling feet.[2] *The Waltz.*

486. Hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side. Ibid.

487. He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers. *The Giaour*, l. 68.

488. Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there. Ibid., line 90.

489. Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee? Ibid., line 106.

490. For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. Ibid., line 123.

491. And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame. Ibid., line 418.

492. The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd. Ibid., line 957.

493. Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! Ibid., line 969.

494. The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name. Ibid., line 1099.

495. I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* blest. Ibid., line 1114.

496. She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

[1] Cf. Pollok, *post.* [2] Cf. Gray (*Progress of Poesy*), *post.*

Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With Angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire. *The Giaour*, line 1127.

497. Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? [1]
The Bride of Abydos, canto i. st. 1.

498. Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? Ibid., st. 1.

499. Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness? Ibid., st. 6.

500. The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,[2]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul. Ibid., st. 6.

501. The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. Ibid., canto ii. st. 2.

502. Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! Ibid., st. 20.

503. He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.[3] Ibid., st. 20.

504. Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?" [4]
Ibid., st. 27.

505. O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.
The Corsair, canto i. st. 1.

506. She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife. Ibid., st. 3.

507. The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind. Ibid., st. 8.

508. The many still must labour for the one! Ibid., st. 8.

509. There was a laughing Devil in his sneer. Ibid., st. 9.

510. Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed Farewell! Ibid., st. 9.

511. Farewell!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
Ibid., st. 15.

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[1] Cf. Goethe, *post*. [2] Cf. Sir T. Browne, *ante*, and Lovelace, *post*.
[3] Sibi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.—Tacitus, *Agricola*, xxx.
[4] I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?"—From *An Arabic MS.*

512. No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
The Corsair, canto iii. st. 22.

513. He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.[1]
Ibid., st. 24.

514. Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe! *Lara*, canto i. st. 2.

515. She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.

516. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
Ibid. *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

517. It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word. *Parisina*, st. 1.

518. Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well*. *Fare thee well.*

519. Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. *A Sketch.*

520. In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee. *Stanzas to Augusta.*

521. When all of Genius which can perish dies.
Monody on the Death of Sheridan, line 22.

522. Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame. Ibid., line 68.

523. Who track the steps of Glory to the grave. Ibid., line 74.

524. Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.[2] Ibid., line 117.

525. Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon*, viii.

526. And both were young, and one was beautiful. *The Dream*, st. 2.

527. And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. Ibid., st. 2.

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[1] Cf. Burton, *ante*.

[2] Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.
Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. st. 80.

The idea that *Nature lost the perfect mould* has been a favourite one with all song-writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations.—*Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

528. She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,[1]
Which terminated all. *The Dream*, st. 2.

529. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. Ibid., st. 3.

530. There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
Stanzas for Music: "There's not a joy."

531. I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

532. My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea. *To Thomas Moore.*

533. Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate. Ibid.

534. Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink. Ibid

535 So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night. *"So we'll go."*

536. Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. *Manfred*, Act I. sc. i.

537. The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. Ibid., Act III. sc. iv.

538. For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager. *Beppo*, st. 27.

539. Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto. Ibid., st. 32.

540. His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.[2] Ibid., st. 34.

541. Besides, they always smell of bread and butter. Ibid., st. 39.

542. That soft bastard Latin
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. Ibid., st. 44.

543. Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. Ibid., st. 45.

544. Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days! Ibid., st. 80.

545. And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power

[1] Cf. Longfellow (*Spanish Student*), *post*.

Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.—Dante, *Purg.*, canto xiii. 89.

[2] Cf. Cervantes, *post*.

Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa.*

546. They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Marino Faliero*, Act II. sc. ii.

547. Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones.
The Age of Bronze, st. 3.

548. I loved my country, and I hated him.
Vision of Judgment, lxxxiii.

549. Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
The Island, canto ii. st. 19.

550. Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar! Ibid., st. 19.

551. My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

552. In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
Don Juan, canto i. st. 17.

553. But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?
Ibid., st. 22.

554. The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use. Ibid., st. 40.

555. Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman. Ibid., st. 61.

556. Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
Ibid., st. 83.

557. And whispering "I will ne'er consent,"—consented.
Ibid., st. 117.

558. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
Ibid., st. 123.

559. Sweet is revenge—especially to women. Ibid., st. 124.

560. And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away." Ibid., st. 141.

561. Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. *Don Juan*, canto i. st. 194.

562. In my hot youth,—when George the Third was King.
Ibid., st. 212.

563. So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. Ibid., st. 216.

564. What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. Ibid., st. 218.

565. At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.
Ibid., canto ii. st. 14.

566. There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. Ibid., st. 34.

567. A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. Ibid., st. 53

568. All who joy would win
Must share it.—Happiness was born a twin. Ibid., st. 172

569. A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love. Ibid., st. 186

570. Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. Ibid., st. 199.

571. In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.[1] Ibid., canto iii. st. 3

572. He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. Ibid., st. 41.

573. The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung. Ibid., st. 86. 1.

574. Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set. Ibid., 1.

575. The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free. Ibid., 3.

576. You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave? Ibid., 10.

577. Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die. Ibid., 16.

[1] Dans les premières passions, les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.—Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 497.

578. But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
Don Juan, canto iii. st. 88.

579. And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep. Ibid., canto iv. st. 4.

580. The precious porcelain of human clay.[1] Ibid., st. 11.

581. "Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.[2]
Ibid., st. 12.

582. These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage. Ibid., st. 93.

583. "Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both. Ibid., st. 93.

584. I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: Time will doubt of Rome.
Ibid., st. 101.

585. Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," [3]
As someone somewhere sings about the sky.
Ibid., st. 110.

586. That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. Ibid, canto v. st. 49.

587. The women pardoned all except her face. Ibid., st. 113.

588. Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.
Ibid., canto vi. st. 7.

589. A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days. Ibid., st. 78.

590. The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
Ibid., canto viii. st. 3.

591. Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch. Ibid., st. 18.

592. And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't flatter.
Ibid., canto x. st. 24.

593. Oh for a *forty-parson power*.[4] Ibid., st. 34.

594. When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
Ibid., canto xi. st. 1.

595. And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade. Ibid., st. 37.

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[1] Cf. Dryden (*Don Sebastian*. Act I. sc. i.), *post*.

[2] Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur.—Plautus, *Bacch.*, Act IV. sc. vi.
Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.—Menander, *apud* Stob. *Flor.* cxx. 8.

[3] Quoted from Southey—*Madoc in Wales*, v.

[4] "That mad wag, the Rev. Sydney Smith," says Byron, "sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a *twelve-parson power* of conversation."

596. 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.
Don Juan, canto xi. st. 59.

597. Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile. Ibid., canto xiii. st. 9.

598. Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. Ibid., st. 11.

599. Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.
Ibid., st. 95.

600. 'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. Ibid., canto xiv. st. 101.

601. The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Ibid., canto xv. st. 13.

602. I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, ch. xiv.

603. The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.[1]
Letter, 28 Jan., 1821.

604. What say you to such a supper with such a woman [2] [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu]? *Note to Letter on Bowles.*

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART, 1831–84

605. The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*).
Fly Leaves: *Ballad.*

606. Life is with such all beer and skittles.
Ibid.: *Contentment.*

607. Forever; 'tis a single word! Ibid.: *Forever.*

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 1777–1844

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

608. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
Pleasures of Hope, Part I. line 7.

609. But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. Ibid., line 40.

610. O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save.
Ibid., line 359.

611. Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell! Ibid., line 381.

612. On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. Ibid., line 385.

613. Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Ibid., Part II. line 5.

614. Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man?—a world without a sun. Ibid., line 21.

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[1] Cf. Patrick Henry, *post.*

[2] See Montagu, *post.*

615. The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smil'd.
Pleasures of Hope, Part II. line 37.

616. There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. Ibid., line 95.

617. That gems the starry girdle of the year. Ibid., line 194.

618. Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul! Ibid., line 263.

619. O Star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? Ibid., line 325.

620. But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.[1] Ibid., line 357.

621. Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.[2] Ibid., line 375.

622. Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah me! it was a brother's! *O'Connor's Child*, st. 10.

623. 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
Lochiel's Warning.

624. With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe. Ibid.

625. Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze! *Ye Mariners of England*, i.

626. Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep, Ibid., iii.

627. The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return. Ibid., iv.

628. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave! *Hohenlinden*.

629. There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill!
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
The Exile of Erin.

630. The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.[3]
The Soldier's Dream.

[1] Cf. Sterne, *post*. [2] Cf. Blair, *ante*, and Norris, *post*. [3] See Habington, *post*.

631. In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.
The Soldier's Dream.

632. There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

633. Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

634. A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear.
Gertrude, Part I. st. 23.

635. O Love! in such a wilderness as this. Ibid., Part III. st. 1.

636. The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! Ibid., st. 5.

637. Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name. *"Drink ye to her."*

638. To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground.*

CAMPION, THOMAS, 1567?–1620

639. There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
There cherries, which none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.
The Fourthe Book of Ayres, vii.

640. Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow. Ibid., vii.

CANNING, GEORGE, 1770–1827

641. Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

642. I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first. Ibid.

643. So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.
The Loves of the Triangles, line 178.

644. And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so *very* white.
New Morality, xxxvi.

645. Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend*![1] Ibid.

[1] Cf. Villars, *post.*

646. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old. *The King's Message* (12 Dec., 1826).

647. No, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
The Pilot that weathered the Storm.

648. In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
Dispatch to Geo. Bagot, 31 Jan. 1826. *From Josceline Bagot's "Geo. Canning and his Friends."*

CANROBERT, FRANÇOIS CERTAIN, 1809–95

649. It is magnificent, but it is not war.[1]
Said on seeing the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

CAREW, THOMAS, 1595?–1639?

650. He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away. *Disdain Returned.*

651. Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away. *Conquest by Flight*

CAREY, HENRY, ?–1743

652. God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king. *God Save the King.*[2]

653. Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Chrononhotonthologos, sc. i.

654. His cogitative Faculties immers'd
In Cogibundity of Cogitation. Ibid., sc. i.

655. Let the singing Singers
With vocal Voices, most vociferous,
In sweet Vociferation, Outvociferize
Ev'n Sound itself. Ibid., sc. i.

656. To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded. Ibid. sc. iii.

657. Go call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd,
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;
And, in his Calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh! for a Coach, ye Gods!
Ibid., sc. vii.

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[1] C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.
[2] Doubtful authorship. Also attributed to James Oswald (fl. 1742).

658. Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.
The Contrivances, Act I. sc. ii.

659. What a monstrous tail our cat has got!
The Dragon of Wantley, Act II.

660. Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally.[1] *Sally in our Alley.*

661. Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. Ibid.

CARLETON, WILLIAM ("WILL"), 1845–1913

662. Them's my sentiments tew. *The Schoolmaster's Guests.*

CARLYLE, THOMAS, 1795–1881

663. To what shifts is poor society reduced, struggling to give still some account of herself, in epochs when Cash Payment has become the sole nexus of man to man! *Miscellanies, Chartism*, vi.

664. The Social Science, not a "gay science" . . . ; no, a dreary, desolate, and indeed quite abject and distressing one; what we might call, by way of eminence, the *dismal science*.
Ibid., *The Nigger Question.*

665. That unspeakable Turk. Ibid., *The Nibelungen Lied.*

666. Seagreen Robespierre . . . O seagreen Incorruptible. . . !
History of the French Revolution, vol. ii. bk. iv. ch. iv.

667. Genius . . . means transcendent capacity of taking trouble.
Life of Frederick the Great, bk. iv. ch. 3.

668. The Tools to him that can handle them.
Sartor Resartus, bk. ii. ch. viii.

669. The public is an old woman. *Journal*, 1835.

670. Consider . . . a body of . . . miscellaneous persons [Parliament] set to consult about "business" with twenty-seven million mostly fools assiduously listening. *Latter-day Pamphlets*, 6.

671. Burke said there were three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than them all.
Hero-Worship.—The Hero as a Man of Letters.

CARNEY, JULIA A. FLETCHER, 1824–1908[2]

672. Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. *Little Things.*

[1] See Swift, *post.*

[2] This is the name given in the new edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* (by N. H. Dole) —where, however, the last line is "Help to make earth happy like the heaven above." The verses have been attributed to several writers.—Mr. Benham gives Frances Sargent Osgood (1811–50), but they are not in any of her published volumes.

673. Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the Heaven above. *Little Things.*

CAROVÉ, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, 1789–1852

[See Longfellow (*Flowers*), *post.*]

CAUX, GILLES DE, ?–1774

[See Goldsmith (*Deserted Village*, line 54), *post.*]

CAVELL, EDITH LOUISA, 1865–1915

674. Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone. *Conversation with Rev. Mr. Gahan*, 11 Oct. 1915.

CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH, 1667?–1723

675. The real Simon Pure. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, Act V. sc. 1.

CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE, 1547–1616

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

676. He had a face like a benediction.
Don Quixote, Part I. bk. ii. ch. 4.

677. Everyone is the son of his own works.
Ibid., bk. iv. ch. 20.

678. I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. Ibid., ch. 23.

679. Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse. Ibid., Part II. ch. 4.

680. Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. Ibid., ch. 68.

681. Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted. *The Little Gypsy* (*La Gitanilla*).

682. My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.[1] Ibid.

CHAMBERS, CHARLES HADDON, 1860–1921

683. The long arm of coincidence. *Captain Swift*, Act II.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE, 1559?–1634

684. Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.[2] *All Fools*, Act V. sc. i.

[1] Cf. Byron (*Beppo*), *ante.*

[2] See Proverbs, *post.*

CHARLES THE SECOND, 1630–85

685. As good as a play.

Exclamation when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.[1]

CHARRON, PIERRE, 1541–1603

[See A. Pope (*Man*, i. 289), *post*.]

CHATHAM, WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF, 1708–78

686. The atrocious crime of being a young man.

Speech, 6 March, 1741.

687. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

Speech, 14 Jan. 1766.

688. A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.[2]

Speech, 2 March, 1770. (*Chatham Correspondence*.)

689. Where law ends, tyranny begins.

Speech, 9 Jan. 1770. *Case of Wilkes*.

690. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never. *Speech*, 18 Nov. 1777.

691. Necessity is the argument of tyrants,[3] it is the creed of slaves. *Speech on the India Bill*, Nov 1783.

692. The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.[4] *Speech on the Excise Bill*.

693. Indemnity for the past and security for the future.[5]

694. We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. *Ascribed by Edmund Burke*. See Sir Jas. Prior's *Life of Burke*, Bohn's edn. (1854), p. 307.

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 1340?–1400

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

CANTERBURY TALES

695. Whanne that Aprilé with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath pierced to the rote.

Prologue, line 1.

[1] The King remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration—a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy.—Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir Wm. Temple*.

[2] Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself."—*History of England*, vol. v., p. 258.

[3] Necessity the tyrant's plea.—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book iv. line 393.

[4] From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III*., 1st series, p. 41.

[5] Mr. Pitt's phrase. De Quincey, *Theol. Essays*, vol. ii., p. 170. See also Russell's *Memoirs of Fox*, vol. iii., p. 345.—*Letter to the Hon. J. Maitland*.

696. And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages *Prologue*, line 9.

697. He was a veray parfit gentil knight. Ibid., line 72.

698 He coude songes make, and well endite. Ibid., line 95.

699 Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly.
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. Ibid., line 122.

700. But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. Ibid., line 297.

701. Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he seemed besier than he was. Ibid., line 321.

702. But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve. Ibid., line 527.

703 And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.[1] Ibid., line 563.

704. To maken vertue of necessitee. *The Knightes Tale*, line 2184.

705. Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.[2] *Reves Prologue*, line 28.

706. So was hire joly whistle wel ywette. *The Reves Tale*, line 235

707. And for to see, and eek for to be seye.[3]
The Wif of Bathes Prologue, line 552.

708. I hold a mouse's hert not worth a leek
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.[4] Ibid., line 572

709. Moodre wol out, that see we day by day.
The Nonnes Preestes Tale, line 232.

710. For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worste kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, when it passed is.[5]
Troilus and Creseide, bk. iii. line 1625.

711. One care it heard, at the other out it went
Ibid., bk. iv. line 435.

712 True as steel.[6] Ibid., bk. v.

[1] An allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."
[2] Cf. Gray (*Elegy*), *post*.
[3] Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ. - Ovid, *Art of Love*, i. 99.
[4] Cf. Pope's version, *post*.
[5] Cf. Tennyson (*Locksley Hall*), *post*.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. Dante, *Inferno*, canto v. 121.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem. Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.*, lib. ii.

[6] Cf. Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv.), *post*.

713. The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.
The Assembly of Foules, line 1.

714. Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
The Legend of Good Women, line 41.

715. That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emperice, and floure of floures all. Ibid., line 184.

CHERRY, ANDREW, 1762–1812

716. In the Bay of Biscay O! *Spanish Dollars. Song.*

CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, 4th EARL OF, 1694–1773

717. Sacrifice to the Graces.[1] *Letter*, 9 March, 1748.

718. Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.
Letter, 1 July, 1748.

719. Style is the dress of thoughts. *Letter*, 24 Nov. 1749.

720. I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world.
The World, No. 101.

721. Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

722. The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

723. He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon.[2] *Characters: Bolingbroke.*

CHESTERTON, CECIL EDWARD, 1879–1918

724. "Citizenship" is one of those words a man uses when he's just beginning to discover that he doesn't know what on earth he means. *Conversation with the Compiler.*

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH, 1874–

725. Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.
The Flying Inn.

726. Perspective is really the comic element in everything. It has a pompous Latin name, but it is incurably Gothic and grotesque.
Alarms and Discursions. Triumph of the Donkey.

[1] Literally from the Greek Θῦε ταῖς Χάρισι.—Diog. Laert., lib. iv. sect. 6. *Xenocrates.* "Xenocrates was always of a solemn and grave character, so that Plato was continually saying to him: Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces."

[2] Cf. Johnson (*Epitaph on Goldsmith*), *post.*

CHOATE, RUFUS, 1799–1859

727. There was a State without king or nobles; there was a Church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed. *Speech before the New England Society, New York*, 22 Dec. 1843.

728. We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.
Letter to the Whig Convention.

729. Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.
Letter to the Maine Whig Committee.

CHURCHILL, CHARLES, 1731–64

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

730. He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
The Rosciad, line 322.

731. But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.[1]
Ibid., line 861.

732. With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
Epistle to William Hogarth.

733. Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still. *The Farewell.*

734. Apt alliteration's artful aid. *Prophecy of Famine.*

735. Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame. *The Author.*

736. Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.[2]
Gotham, bk. ii. line 20.

737. Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.[3]
The Apology, line 233.

CHURCHILL, WINSTON SPENCER, 1874–

738. Terminological inexactitude.
Speech, House of Commons, 22 Feb. 1906.

CIBBER, COLLEY, 1671–1757

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

739. So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III., altered, Act II. sc. i.

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[1] Si vis me fiere, dolendum est
Primum, ipse tibi. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, line 102.

[2] Cf. Gray (*Elegy*), *post.*

[3] Cf. Sheridan (*Critic*), *post.*

740. Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on.
Richard III., altered, Act III. sc. i.

741. The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it. Ibid., sc. i.

742. I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.
Ibid., Act IV. sc. iii.

743. Off with his head! so much for Buckingham! Ibid., sc. iii.

744. And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. Ibid., Act V., sc. iii.

745. With clink of hammers [1] closing rivets up. Ibid., sc. iii.

746. Perish that thought! No, never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away.
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. Ibid., sc. iii.

747. A weak invention of the enemy.[2] Ibid., sc. iii.

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS, B.C. 103–43

[See Clemens, Gay (*The Sick Man and the Angel*), Palmerston and Rogers (*Human Life*, 4th ext.), *post.*]

CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE ("MARK TWAIN"), 1835–1910

748. Splendid legend!—splendid lie [3]—drive on.
The Innocents Abroad, ch. xxi.

749. Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch, in the presence of the passenjare:
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Chorus

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Punch, Brothers, Punch!

750. There ain't a-going to *be* no core. [i.e. left of the speaker's apple.]
Tom Sawyer Abroad, ch. i.

CODRINGTON, CHRISTOPHER, 1668–1710

751. Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
On Garth's Dispensary (see Garth, *post*).

[1] With busy hammers.—Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, Act IV., Chorus.
[2] A thing devised by the enemy.—Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act. V. sc. iii.
[3] Splendide mendax.—Horace, *Odes*, lii. xi. 35.
Mentiri gloriose.—Cicero, *Pro Milone*, xxvii.

COKE, SIR EDWARD, 1552–1634

752. The gladsome light of jurisprudence. *First Institute.*

753. A man's house is his castle. *Third Institute*, p. 162.

754. The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose. *Semayne's Case*, 5 Rep. 91.

755. Corporations . . . cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls. *Case of Sutton's Hospital*, 10 Rep. 32.

756. Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.[1] *Institutes*, bk. i. fol. 976.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 1772–1834

757. We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *The Ancient Mariner*, Part II

758. As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. Ibid., Part II.

759. Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. Ibid., Part II.

760. Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea. Ibid., Part IV.

761. A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware. Ibid., Part IV

762. O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. Ibid., Part V.

763. A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. Ibid., Part V.

764. Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. Ibid., Part VI.

765. He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. Ibid., Part VII.

766. He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small. Ibid., Part VII.

767. A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. Ibid., Part VII.

768. A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Christabel*, Part I.

[1] Cf. Powell, *post.*

769. Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain. *Christabel*, Part II.

770. They stood aloof, the scars remaining,—
Like cliff which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between. Ibid., Part II.

771. And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1] *The Devil's Thoughts.*

772. All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

773. In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.

774. Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

775. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

776. Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. Ibid.

777. Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! Ibid.

778. Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. Ibid.

779. Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. Ibid.

780. A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graces.*

781. The Knight's bones are dust.
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb.*

782. In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan.*

783. For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. Ibid.

784. Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. *Epitaph on an Infant.*

785. The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence. *Dejection*, st. i.

[1] Cf. Southey (*The Devil's Walk*), *post.*

786. Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light. *Dejection*, st. 5.

787. Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.
A Christmas Carol, viii.

788. I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

789. The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? Ibid.

790. Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old! *Youth and Age.*

791. The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.
Wallenstein, Part I. Act II. sc. iv.

792. Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
The Death of Wallenstein, Act I. sc. i.

793. Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow. Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

794. I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold,—
His eyes are in his mind.
To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.

795. What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. Ibid.

796. My eyes make pictures, when they are shut. *A Day-Dream.*

797. Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea. *Fancy in Nubibus.*

798. Our myriad-minded Shakespeare. *Biog. Lit.*, ch. xv.

799. A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.[1] *The Friend*, sect i. essay 8.

800. An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.[2] *The Friend*, No. 14.

COLLINGS, JESSE, 1831–1920

801. Three acres and a cow.
Attributed. Apropos of his "Small Holdings" Amendment to the Address, 1886.

COLLINS, WILLIAM, 1721–59

802. How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd? *Ode in* 1746.

803. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour domes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. Ibid.

804. When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung. *The Passions*, line 1.

805. Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd. Ibid., line 10.

806. 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild. Ibid., line 28.

807. Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a with'ring look
The War-denouncing trumpet took. Ibid., line 40.

808. With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired. Ibid., line 57.

809. In notes by distance made more sweet. Ibid., line 60.

810. In hollow murmurs died away. Ibid., line 68.

811. O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid! Ibid., line 95.

812. Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Eclogue i. line 5.

813. Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

814. In yonder grave a Druid lies. *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER, 1762–1836

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

815. On their own merits modest men are dumb.
Epilogue to The Heir at Law.

[1] Cf. Burton, *ante*, and G. Herbert and Fuller, *post.*
[2] Cf. Wordsworth (*The Excursion*, bk. vi.), *post.*

816. Queen Anne's dead.[1] *The Heir at Law*, Act I. sc. i.

817. And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*

818. Three stories high, long, dull, and old.
As great lords' stories often are. Ibid.

819. Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.[2]
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

820. But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. Ibid.

821. When taken
To be well shaken. *The Newcastle Apothecary.*

822. Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.
The Poor Gentleman, Act I. sc. i.

823. O Miss Bailey,
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!
Love Laughs at Locksmiths, Act II. *Song.*

COLTON, CHARLES CALEB, 1780?–1832

824. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.
Lacon. Imitation.

825. The greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer. Ibid., *Examinations.*

CONGREVE, WILLIAM, 1670–1729

826. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
The Mourning Bride, Act I. sc. i.

827. By magic number and persuasive sound. Ibid., sc. i.

828. Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. Ibid., Act III. sc. viii.

829. For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
Ibid., Act V. sc. xii.

830. If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.
The Way of the World, Act III. sc. xii.

831. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. *Love for Love*, Act II. sc. v.

832. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.
The Old Bachelor, Act II. sc. ii.

833. Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.[3]
Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

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[1] Cf. Swift (*Polite Conversation*), *post.*

[2] Cf. Sheridan, *post.*

[3] Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. sc. ii.; Quarles, *Enchiridion*, canto iv. 40

834. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[1] *Letter to Cobham.*

CONNELL, JAMES, 1852–

835. Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Beneath its shade we'll live and die!
Though cowards flinch, and traitors jeer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here! *The Red Flag*

CONRAD, JOSEPH, 1857–1924

836. The ethical view of the universe involves us at last in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, where the last vestiges of faith, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all.[2] *Some Reminiscences.*

837. Women's rougher, simpler, more upright judgment embraces the whole truth, which their tact, their mistrust of masculine idealism, ever prevents them from speaking in its entirety. *Chance.*

838. Action is consolatory. It is the enemy of thought and the friend of flattering illusions. *Nostromo.*

839. There is a taint of death, a flavour of mortality, in lies—which is exactly what I hate and detest in the world.
Youth. Heart of Darkness.

CONSTABLE, HENRY, 1562–1613

840. The pen where with thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill pluckt from an Angel's wing.[3] *Sonnet.*

COOK, ELIZA, 1818–89

841. I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!
The Old Arm-Chair.

COOPER, JOHN GILBERT, 1723–69

842. To be noble, we'll be good.[4]
To Winifreda ("*Away! Let naught to love displeasing*").

843. And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted;
And I'll go wooing in my boys. Ibid.

CORBET, RICHARD, BISHOP OF OXFORD AND OF NORWICH, 1582–1635

844. Farewell, rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.

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[1] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, I. line 390), *post.*
[2] Cf. Browning (*Asolando*), *ante*, for contrast.
[3] Cf. Wordsworth (*Eccl. Sonnets*, Pt. III. v.), *post.*
[4] Cf. Juvenal and Tennyson (*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*), *post.*

And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?
"Farewell, rewards and fairies."

CORK AND ORRERY, JOHN BOYLE, 5TH EARL OF, 1707–62

845. Poets are Sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.[1]
"In one of his Prologues," says Johnson.

COTTON, NATHANIEL, 1705–88

846. If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home. *The Fireside*, st. 3.

847. Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread. Ibid., st. 13.

COUÉ, EMILE, 1857–1926

848. Every day from every point of view I am getting better and better.
Formula for Auto-Suggestion, in Letter to "The Times," published 9 June, 1922.

COUSIN, VICTOR, 1792–1867

849. Art for art's sake.[2] *Lecture 22 at the Sorbonne.*

COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 1618–67

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

850. What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

851. His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

852. We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

853. His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.[3]
On the Death of Crashaw.

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[1] Cf. Denham, *post.* [2] L'art pour l'art.
[3] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. iii. line 306), *post.*

854. We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed before.
Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

855. The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon. Drinking.

856. Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why? Ibid.

857. Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

858. Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.[1] *Davideis*, vol. i bk. i.

859. An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.[2]
Ibid., bk. ii. line 102.

860. The monster London. *Of Solitude.*

861. Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost. Ibid.

862. God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.[3]
The Garden, essay v.

863. Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small. *Horace*, bk. iii. ode 1.

864. Words that weep and tears that speak.[4] *The Prophet.*

865. Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.[5]
Trans. Georgics, bk. ii. line 458.

COWPER, WILLIAM, 1731–1800

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

866. United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.[6]
The Task, bk. i. *The Sofa*, line 77.

867. Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Ibid., line 181.

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[1] Cf. Southey (*The Doctor*), *post.*
[2] Cf. Gray (*The Bard*), *post.*
[3] Cf. Cowper (4th ext.), *post.*
[4] Cf. Gray (*Progress of Poesy*), *post.*
[5] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. iv. line 283), *post.*
[6] "Two kings of Brentford," from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal.*

868. The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
The Task, bk. i. *The Sofa*, line 506.

869. God made the country, and man made the town.[1]
Ibid., line 749.

870. O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,[2]
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.
Ibid., bk. ii. *The Timepiece*, line 1.

871. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. Ibid., line 17.

872. I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
Ibid., line 29.

873. Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.[3]
Ibid., line 40.

874. England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country![4] Ibid., line 206.

875. Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. Ibid., line 231.

876. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
Ibid., line 235.

877. There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.[5] Ibid., line 285.

878. Transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. Ibid., line 364.

879. Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. Ibid., line 411.

880. Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. Ibid., line 444.

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[1] Cf. Bacon (*Essay* xlvi.) and Cowley (*The Garden*), *ante*.
Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.
Varro, *Res. Rom.*, iii. i.

[2] Cf. Jeremiah ix. 2, *post*.

[3] Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt.—Bodinus, lib. I. c. 5.

[4] Cf. Churchill (*The Farewell*), *ante*.

[5] Cf. Dryden (*Spanish Fryar*, Act II. sc. I.), *post*.

881. Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.
The Task, bk. ii. *The Timepiece*, line 606.

882. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. Ibid., line 642.

883. Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Ibid., bk. iii. *The Garden*, line 41.

884. Great contest follows, and much learned dust. Ibid., line 101.

885. From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up. Ibid., line 188.

886. How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too! Ibid., line 352.

887. Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too. Ibid., line 566.

888. I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate,[1] wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Ibid., bk. iv. *Winter Evening*, line 34.

889. Which not even critics criticise. Ibid., line 51.

890. And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. Ibid., line 86.

891. While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. Ibid., line 118.

892. O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. Ibid., line 120.

893. With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves. Ibid., line 217.

894. Gloriously drunk, obey the important call. Ibid., line 510.

895. Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. Ibid., line 516.

896. The Frenchman's darling.[2] Ibid., line 765.

897. Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.[3]
Ibid., bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk*, line 144.

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[1] Cf. George Berkeley, *ante*.
[2] It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the mignonette.
[3] Cf. Heber, *post*.

898. But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
The Task, bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk*, line 187.

899. The beggarly last doit. Ibid., line 316.

900. As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. Ibid., line 444.

901. He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. Ibid., line 733.

902. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Ibid., bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon*, line 85.

903. Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells. Ibid., line 96.

904. Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. Ibid., line 100.

905. I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. Ibid., line 560.

906. An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
Epistle to Joseph Hill.

907. Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.[1]
Tirocinium, line 79.

908. Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
Retirement, line 623.

909. An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands. Ibid., line 681

910. Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.
Ibid., line 688.

911. I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet. Ibid., line 739.

912. Is base in kind, and born to be a slave. *Table Talk*, line 28.

913. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. Ibid., line 260.

914. Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew. *Truth*, line 327.

915. How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
The Progress of Error, line 415.

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[1] Habakkuk ii. 2, *post*.

916. A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

917. O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

918. The son of parents passed into the skies. Ibid.

919. There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On observing some Names of Little Note.

920. A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Conversation, line 96.

921. A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can. Ibid., line 193.

922. I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume. Ibid., line 283.

923. The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.[1] Ibid., line 299.

924. His wit invites you by his looks to come.
But, when you knock, it never is at home.[2] Ibid., line 303

925. Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.[3] Ibid., line 357.

926. That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

927. A hat not much the worse for wear. Ibid.

928. Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! Ibid.

929. Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!
On the Loss of the Royal George.

930. Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Pairing Time Anticipated*

931. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

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[1] Cf. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, Pope (*Dunciad*, iv. line 90), and Shakespeare (*King Henry V.*, Act IV. sc. ii.), *post.*

[2] Cf. Pope (*Miscellaneous: Epigram*), *post.*

[3] Cf. Butler (*Hudibras*, Part II. canto 1, 309), *ante.* The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned above 1550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

932. And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

933. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm. *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

934. Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face. Ibid.

935. I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

936. O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face? Ibid.

937. But the sound of the church-going bell
Those valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared. Ibid.

938. How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light. Ibid.

939. The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

940. The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,[1]
His sense of your great merit,[2]
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon, or to bear it. *On Friendship.*

941. Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm (Moral).

942. For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat.*

943. But strive still to be a man before your mother.[3]
Motto of No 3. *Connoisseur.*

CRABBE, GEORGE, 1754–1832

944. Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.[4]
The Parish Register, Part I. *Introduction.*

[1] Cf. Young (*Universal Passion*), *post.* [2] Var. "How he esteems your merit."
[3] Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher (*Love's Cure*, Act II. sc. ii.), *ante.*
[4] Cf. Young (*Satire* vii. line 97), *post.*

945. Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
The Parish Register, Part II. *Marriages.*

946. In this fool's paradise [1] he drank delight.
The Borough, letter xii. *Players.*

947. Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
Ibid., letter xxiv. *Schools.*

948. In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
The Birth of Flattery.

949. He tried the luxury of doing good.[2]
Tales of the Hall, bk. iii

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA, 1826–87

950. And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay. *Rothesay Bay*

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, 1813–92

951. Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught. *Stanzas.*

CRASHAW, RICHARD, 1613?–49

952. The conscious water saw its God and blushed.[3]
Translation of Epigram on John II.

953. Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

954. Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny. Ibid.

955. Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow. Ibid.

956. Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend! Ibid.

957. Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. Ibid.

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[1] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. iii. line 496), *post.*
[2] Cf. Goldsmith (*Traveller*, line 22), *post.*
[3] Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.
Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.

958. A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

959. The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
"Here lies a truly honest man!" *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

CREECH, THOMAS, 1659–1700

960. Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy and to keep them so.[1]
Trans. of Horace.

CROMWELL, OLIVER, 1599–1658

961. A crowning mercy [i.e. the victory of Worcester].
Dispatch, 4 Sept. 1651.

962. Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
Saying. Attributed. Col. Blacker, *Oliver's Advice*, 1834. Also Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland*, vol. i., p. 191.

CROSS (EVANS), MARY ANN ("GEORGE ELIOT"), 1819–80

963. Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence. *Poem.*

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, 1784–1842

964. A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."

965. While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. Ibid.

DANIEL, SAMUEL, 1562–1619

966. Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
To the Countess of Cumberland, st. 12.

DANTE (ALIGHIERI), 1265–1321

[See Byron (*Prisoner of Chillon*) and Chaucer (*Troilus and Creseide*, iii. line 1025), *ante*. and Tennyson (*Locksley Hall*, 6th extract), *post*.]

DARWIN, ERASMUS, 1731–1802

967. Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.
The Botanic Garden, Part I. canto i. line 289.

[1] Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Horace, *Epistles*, i. vi. 1.

968. Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same.[1]
The Botanic Garden, Part I. canto iv. line 391.

DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, 1606–68

969. Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise.
Gondibert, bk. ii. canto v. st. 37.

DAVIDSON, JOHN, 1857–1909

970. Unwilling friend, let not your spite abate:
Help me with scorn, and strengthen me with hate.
Ballads and Songs. To my Enemy.

DAVIE, ADAM, fl. 1308?

971. Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.[2] *Life of Alexander.*

DAVIES, SIR JOHN, 1569–1626

972. Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.[3]
Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid.

973. Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.[4]
The Immortality of the Soul.

DECATUR, STEPHEN, 1799–1820

974. Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.
Toast given at Norfolk, Va., April 1816.

DEFOE, DANIEL, 1661?–1731

975. Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;[5]
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
The True-Born Englishman, Part I. line 1.

976. Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.
Ibid., last line.

977. It may seem a hard thing for a man to say, that he is right and all the world is wrong; but, if it be so, how can he help it?[6]

[1] Cf. Wordsworth (*Excursion*, bk. ix.), and Proverbial Expressions, *post*.
[2] Cf. Tusser, *post*.
[3] Cf. Emerson, Montaigne, and John Webster, *post*.
[4] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. I. line 217), *post*.
[5] Cf. Burton, *ante*, and Wm. Drummond and Herbert, *post*.
[6] Reference lost. It may amuse the reader to hunt for this in Defoe's works.

978. I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch, and lie down in my hammock bed.
Robinson Crusoe.

DEKKER, THOMAS, 1570?–1641?

979. And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Old Fortunatus.*

980. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.[1]
The Honest Whore, Part I. Act I. sc. xii.

981. We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
Ibid., Part II. Act I. sc. ii.

982. To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
Patient Grissell, Act I. sc. i.

983. Honest labour bears a lovely face. Ibid., sc. i.

DENHAM, SIR JOHN, 1615–69

984. O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.
Cooper's Hill, line 189.

985. Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.
The Sophy. A Tragedy.

986. But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.[2]
On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.

DENMAN, THOMAS, 1st LORD, 1779–1854

987. A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.
Judgment in O'Connell's Case, 1844.

DENNIS, JOHN, 1657–1734

988. A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.[3]

989. They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.[4]

[1] Cf. Juliana Bernes, *ante*.
[2] Cf. Cork and Orrery, *ante*, and Pope (*Prologue to the Satires*), *post*.
[3] This on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ii., p. 324.
[4] Our author, for the advantage of this play [*Appius and Virginia*], had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of *Macbeth*, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder."—*Biog. Britannica*, vol. v., p. 103.

DIBDIN, CHARLES, 1745–1814

990. There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

991. Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

DIBDIN, THOMAS JOHN, 1771–1841

992. O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island! *The Snug Little Island.*

DICKENS, CHARLES, 1812–70

993. *Lamplighter.* What do you call that that they give to people when it's found out that they've never been of any use, and have been paid too much for doing nothing?
Mr. Stargazer. Compensation?
Lamplighter. Yes, that's the thing—compensation.
The Lamplighter (Farce).

994. In its Pickwickian sense. [Blotton.]
Pickwick Papers, ch. i.

995. Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women. [Jingle.]
Ibid., ch. ii.

996. A rare old plant is the Ivy green! [Wardle (*song*).]
Ibid., ch. vi.

997. It wasn't the wine, it was the salmon. [Winkle.] Ibid. ch. viii.

998. I wants to make your flesh creep. [Joe the fat boy.]
Ibid., ch. viii.

999. "Suppose there are two mobs?" suggested Mr. Snodgrass. "Shout with the largest," replied Mr. Pickwick. Ibid., ch. xiii.

1000. Proud o' the title, as the Living Skellinton said, ven they show'd him. [Sam Weller.] Ibid., ch. xv.

1001. Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. Ibid., ch. xx.

1002. Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! [Buzfuz.]
Ibid., ch. xxxiv.

1003. "You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge [Stareleigh], "it's not evidence."
Ibid., ch. xxxiv.

1004. Vy worn't there a alleybi? [Tony Weller.] Ibid., ch. xxxiv.

1005. Wich is your partickler wanity? [Sam Weller to Stiggins.]
Ibid., ch. xlv.

1006. Oliver Twist has asked for more. [Bumble.]
Oliver Twist, ch. ii.

1007. The Artful Dodger [i.e. John Dawkins.] Ibid., ch. viii.

1008. "If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, . . . "the law is a ass—a idiot." Ibid., ch. li.

1009. Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. [Expressed by Mr. Lenville's look.]
Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xxix.

1010. A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body! [Mantalini.]
Ibid., ch. xxxiv.

1011. My life is one demd horrid grind! [Same.] Ibid., ch. lxiv.

1012. Gone to the demnition bow-wows. [Same.] Ibid., ch. lxiv.

1013. What is the odds, so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! [Swiveller.] *Old Curiosity Shop*, ch. ii.

1014. *Is* the old min friendly? [Same.] Ibid., ch.ii.

1015. Codlin's the friend, not Short. [Tom Codlin.] Ibid., ch. xix.

1016. Little Bethel . . . might have been in a straighter road, though in that case the reverend gentleman [a shoemaker] who presided over its congregation would have lost his favourite allusion to the crooked ways by which it was approached, and which enabled him to liken it to Paradise itself, in contradistinction to the parish church and the broad thoroughfare leading thereunto.
Ibid., ch. xli.

1017. Always suspect everybody. [Foxey Brass, as quoted by his son Sampson.] Ibid., ch. lxvi.

1018. It's been took off! . . . Yes, sir. That's where it is. It's been took off! [John Willet.] *Barnaby Rudge*, ch. lxxii.

1019. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.
A Christmas Carol, stave 2.

1020. Some credit in being jolly. [Mark Tapley.]
Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. v.

1021. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. [Pecksniff.]
Ibid., ch. ix.

1022. Run a moist pen slick through everything, and start afresh. [Major Pawkins of Pennsylvania.] Ibid., ch. xvi.

1023. Leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed. [Mrs. Gamp.] Ibid., ch. xix.

1024. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked-up. . . . You had better crack us up, you had. [Hannibal Chollop.]
Ibid., ch. xxxiii.

1025. "Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsy Prig. . . . "I don't believe there's no sich a person." Ibid., ch. xlix.

1026. Oh, let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations. [Lady Bowley.]
The Chimes, 2nd qr.

1027. The Cricket on the Hearth.[1] *Title of a Christmas Book.*

[1] Cf. Milton (*Il Penseroso*), *post*.

1028. He's hard-hearted, sir, is Joe—he's tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly. [Major Bagstock.] *Dombey and Son*, ch. vii.

1029. When found, make a note of. [Captain Cuttle.] Ibid., ch. xvi.

1030. Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it. [Same]. Ibid., ch. xix.

1031. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. [Jack Bunsby.] Ibid., ch. xxiii.

1032. I am a lone lorn creetur, . . . and everythink goes contrairy with me. [Mrs. Gummidge.] *David Copperfield*, ch. iii.

1033. I feel it more than other people. [Same.] Ibid., ch. iii.

1034. She's thinking of the old 'un. [Mr. Peggotty.] Ibid., ch. iii.

1035. Barkis is willin'. [Barkis.] Ibid., ch. v.

1036. "In case anything turned up" . . . [Micawber's] favourite expression. Ibid., ch. xi.

1037. I will never desert Mr. Micawber! [Mrs. Micawber.] Ibid., ch. xii.

1038. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pound ought and six, result misery.[1] [Micawber.] Ibid., ch. xii.

1039. Mr. Dick, every day of his life, . . . had a long sitting at the Memorial, which never made the least progress, however hard he laboured, for King Charles the First always strayed into it, sooner or later, and then it was thrown aside and another one begun. Ibid., ch. xv.

1040. We're so very umble. [Uriah Heep.] Ibid., ch. xvii.

1041. I ask for information. [Rosa Dartle.] Ibid., ch. xx.

1042. I should be happy . . . but I have a partner, Mr. Jorkins. [Spenlow.] Ibid., ch. xxiii.

1043. A London particular . . . A fog. [Guppy.] *Bleak House*, ch. iii.

1044. Not to put too fine a point upon it. [Snagsby.] Ibid., ch. xi.

1045. O running stream of sparkling joy
To be a soaring human boy! [Chadband.] Ibid., ch. xix.

1046. It is the light of Terewth. [Same.] Ibid., ch. xxv.

1047. Far better hang wrong fier than no fier. [The debilitated cousin of the Dedlocks.] Ibid., ch. liii.

1048. Facts alone are wanted in life. [Gradgrind.] *Hard Times*, bk. i. ch. i.

[1] By Forster's *Life of Dickens* it would appear that these are the actual words of the novelist's father, John Dickens.

1049. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving — how not to do it. *Little Dorrit*, bk. i. ch. x.

1050. Look here. Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know. [Fitz Barnacle junior.]
Ibid., ch. x.

1051. One last remark . . . I wish to make, one last explanation . . . I wish to offer. [Flora Finching.] Ibid., ch. xiii.

1052. I hate a fool. [Mr. F.'s Aunt.] Ibid., ch. xiii.

1053. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips: especially prunes and prism. [Mrs. General.]
Ibid., bk. ii. ch. v.

1054. Massive and concrete. [Herbert Pocket's whispered prompting of Pip, to compliment Wopsle's acting of Hamlet.]
Great Expectations, ch. xxxi.

1055. It is a point of great sensitiveness with me . . . to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.
Uncommercial Traveller. *Wapping Workhouse*.

1056. As to my literary man's duties, they're clear. Professionally he declines and he falls, and as a friend he drops into poetry. [Mr. Boffin.] *Our Mutual Friend*, bk. i. ch. viii.

1057. Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. Ibid., ch. xi.

1058. The question about everything [with Podsnap] was, would it bring a blush to the cheek of the young person? Ibid., ch. xi.

1059. "But you have not imparted to me," remarks Veneering, "what you think of my entering the House of Commons?"
"I think," rejoins Twemlow, feelingly, "that it is the best club in London." Ibid., bk. ii. ch. iii.

1060. Your concentrated Fox is seldom comparable to your concentrated Ass in money breeding. Ibid., ch. v.

1061. Keeping our hearts warm and our heads cool, we clergy need do nothing emphatically. [The Dean of Cloisterham.]
Edwin Drood, ch. xvi.

1062. Tipkisson now said that he was a plain man (cries of "You are indeed!"), and that what he wanted to know was, what our honourable friend and the dozen noblemen and gentlemen were driving at.
Our honourable friend immediately replied, "At the illustrable perspective." *Reprinted Pieces. Our Honourable Friend.*

Diogenes (Laertius), ? 3rd century
[See Chesterfield, *ante*; also Gray (*Loss of a Favourite Cat*), and Appendix, "Man is a two-legged," etc., *post*.]

Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, *c.* 66 B.C.—*c.* A.D. 10
[See Bolingbroke, *ante*.]

DIX, JOHN ADAMS, 1798–1879

1063. If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. *Telegram from Washington*, 29 Jan. 1861.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, 1702–51

1064. Live while you live,[1] the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
Epigram on his Family Arms.

DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE ("LEWIS CARROLL"), 1832–98

1065. 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
Through the Looking-Glass. Jabberwocky.

1066. "O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy. Ibid.

1067. "The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings." Ibid.

1068. To seek it with thimbles, to seek it with care;
To pursue it with forks and hope;
To threaten its life with a railway share;
To charm it with smiles and soap!
Hunting of the Snark, fit iv. st. 8.

1069. Stating that he would not stand it,
Stating in emphatic language
What he'd be before he'd stand it.
Hiawatha's Photographing.

DODSLEY, ROBERT, 1703–64

1070. One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
The Parting Kiss.

DONNE, JOHN, 1573–1631

1071. He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.[2]

[1] Dum vivimus vivamus.—From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge*.
[2] Included in old editions of Donne, but considered doubtful.

1072. We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.
Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury

1073. She and comparisons are odious.[1] *Elegy* 8. *The Comparison.*

1074. No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.[2]
Elegy 9. *The Autumnal.*

DOYLE, JOHN COLSTON, fl. *c.* 1800

1075. Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the Roses.
Song in "The Lord of the Manor" as revived about 1812.

DRAYTON, MICHAEL, 1563–1631

1076. For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
[Of Marlowe.] *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

DRUMMOND, THOMAS, 1797–1840

1077. Property has its duties as well as its rights.[3]
Letter to the Earl of Donoughmore, 22 May, 1838.

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM (of Hawthornden), 1585–1649

1078. God never had a Church but there, Men say,
The Divell a chapell hath raised by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I Westward spied great Edinbroughs Saint Gyles.[4]
Posthumous Poems, iii. 47.

DRYDEN, JOHN, 1631–1701
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

1079. None but the brave deserves the fair. line 15.

1080. With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. line 37.

1081. Bacchus, ever fair and young. line 54.

[1] Cf. Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. sc. iii. mem. 1, subs. 2) *ante*, and Herbert (*Jacula Prudentum*), *post.*
[2] Cf. Ecclesiasticus, *post.*
[3] Mr. Benham attributes this to Phipps, Lord Normanby, and refers to Mael[illegible]'s *Memoir of Thos. Drummond*, p. 338—which I cannot interpret in that sense. Mael[illegible] is positive that Drummond was the author.—J. K. M.
[4] Cf. Defoe, *ante*, and Herbert, *post.*

1082. Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. ALEXANDER'S FEAST line 58.

1083. Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain. line 66.

1084. Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. line 77.

1085. For pity melts the mind to love.[1] line 96.

1086. Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee. line 97.

1087. Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. line 120.

1088. And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. line 154.

1089. Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. line 160.

1090. He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. line 169.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

1091. Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please. Part I. line 27.

1092. A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.[2] Ibid., line 156.

1093. Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[3] Ibid., line 163.

1094. And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son. Ibid., line 169.

1095. Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state. Ibid., line 174.

1096. And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.[4] Ibid , line 197.

[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*) Act III, sc. I.), Southerne, Yalden and Young (*Night Thoughts*) iii, line 104) *post*.
[2] Cf. Fuller (*Life of Duke of Alva*), *post*.
[3] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. I. line 226), *post*. [4] Cf. Knolles, *post*.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

1097. The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream! [1]
Part I., line 238.

1098. Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.[2]
Ibid., line 268.

1099. Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. Ibid., line 301.

1100. Not only hating David, but the king. Ibid., line 512.

1101. Who think too little, and who talk too much. Ibid., line 534.

1102. A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.[3] Ibid., line 545.

1103. So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. Ibid., line 557.

1104. His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.[4] Ibid., line 645.

1105. Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. Ibid., line 868.

1106. Beware the fury of a patient man.[5] Ibid., line 1105

1107. Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.
Part II. line 413.

1108. For every inch that is not fool is rogue. Ibid., line 463.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

1109. He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. line 84.

1110. The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. line 107.

1111. She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.[6] line 367.

1112. And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands: maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand. line 400.

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[1] Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—Joel ii. 28.
[2] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, v. 661), *post*.
[3] These lines refer to George, second of the "Villiers" Dukes of Buckingham (1628–87).
Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.
Juvenal, iii. 76.
[4] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, iv. 788), *post*.
[5] Furor fit laesa sæpius patientia.—Publius Syrus.
[6] Cf. Pope (*Eloisa to Abelard*, line 192), *post*.

1113. Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day. line 407.

1114. Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Epistle xiii. line 92.

1115. And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand. *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 39.

1116. Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.
Threnodia Augustalis, line 124.

1117. For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.[1]
The Hind and Panther, line 33.

1118. And kind as kings upon their coronation day. Ibid., line 271.

1119. But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Mac Flecknoe, line 20.

1120. And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Ibid., line 208.

1121. Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.[2]
Palamon and Arcite, bk. ii. line 758.

1122. For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
The Cock and Fox, line 452.

1123. And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.
Theodore and Honoria.

1124. Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last,
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

1125. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
The Secular Masque, line 40.

1126. Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
Epistle to Congreve, line 19.

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. ii. line 217), *post.*

[2] Perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter.
Tibullus, lib. iii. *el.* 7, line 17.
This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, Act I. sc. ii.

1127. Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Epistle to Congreve, line 72.

1128. Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe.[1]
The Art of Poetry, canto i. line 75.

1129. Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew, line 15.

1130. Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.[2]
Ibid., line 70.

1131. Above any Greek or Roman name.[3]
Upon the Death of Lord Hastings, line 76.

1132. He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.[4]
On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

1133. From harmony, from heavenly harmony.
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, line 11.

1134. Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.[5]
Imitation of Horace, bk. i. ode 29, line 65.

1135. Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Ibid., line 71.

1136. I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away. Ibid., line 81.

1137. And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
Ibid., line 87.

1138. Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate. *Virgil*, Æneid, i.

1139. Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. xv. line 155.

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. iv. line 379), *post*.
Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix legère,
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
Boileau, *L'Art Poétique*, chant 1er.

[2] Cf. Pope (*Epitaph on Gay*), *post*.
[3] Cf. Pope (*Satires and Epistles*, bk. ii. ep. 1, line 26), *post*.
[4] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, v. line 600), *post*.
[5] Cf. Sydney Smith (*Recipe*), *post*.

1140. She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.[1]
Persius, satire v. line 246.

1141. Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
Juvenal, satire x.

1142. Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

1143. Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
All for Love, *Prologue.*

1144. Men are but children of a larger growth. Ibid., Act IV. sc. i.

1145. Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.
The Maiden Queen, Act I. sc. ii.

1146. But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
The Tempest, *Prologue.*

1147. I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The Conquest of Granada, Part I. Act I. sc. i.

1148. Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.[2]
Ibid., Part II. Act I. sc. ii.

1149. What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
Ibid., Act III. sc. i.

1150. When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
Aureng-zebe, Act IV. sc. i.

1151. All delays are dangerous in war.[3]
Tyrannic Love, Act I. sc. i.

1152. Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. Ibid., Act IV. sc. i.

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Rape of the Lock*, canto 2, line 27), *post.*
[2] Quos læserunt et oderunt.—Seneca, *De Ira*, ii. xxxiii.
Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris.—Tacitus, *Agricola*, xlii. 4.
Cf. Herbert, *post.*
[3] Cf. Shakespeare (*King Henry VI.*, Part I. Act III. sc. ii.), *post.*

1153. His hair just grizzled
As in a green old age. *Œdipus*, Act III. sc. i.

1154. Whatever is, is in its causes just.[1] Ibid., sc. i.

1155. Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
Ibid., Act IV. sc. i.

1156. She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age. Ibid., sc. i.

1157. Bless the hand that gave the blow.[2]
The Spanish Fryar, Act II. sc. i.

1158. Lord of humankind.[3] Ibid., sc. i.

1159. There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.[4]
Ibid., sc. i.

1160. This is the porcelain clay of humankind.[5]
Don Sebastian, Act I. sc. i.

1161. I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.[6] Ibid., sc. i.

1162. A knock-down argument: 'tis but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon, Act I. sc. i.

1163. Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.[7]
Ibid., Act III. sc. i.

1164. The true Amphitryon.[8] Ibid., Act IV. sc. i.

1165. The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

1166. Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.[9]
Mariage à la Mode, Act. II. sc. i.

DU MAURIER, GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON, 1834–96

1167. I don't know much about his ability, but he's got a very good bedside manner. *Inscription*, *Punch*, 15 March, 1884.[10]

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. i. line 294), *post.*
[2] Cf. Pomfret, *post.*
[3] Cf. Goldsmith (*Traveller*, line 328), *post.*
[4] Cf. Cowper, *ante.*
[5] Cf. Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 11), *ante.*
[6] Cf. Gray, *post.*
[7] Cf. Blair (*Grave*, line 58), *ante.*
[8] Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.—Molière, *Amphitryon*, Act III. sc. v.
[9] Cf. Sir J. Davies, *ante*, and Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. i. line 217), *post.*
[10] In allusion to a doctor, in a picture over this.

1168. "I pose to him for the altogether."
"The altogether?" asked Little Billee.
"Yes—*l'ensemble*, you know—head, hands, and feet—everything."
Trilby, Part First.

DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, 1867–

1169. They hanged a man to-day. . . . He died as game as if he was wan of th' Christyan martyrs instead iv a thief that'd hit his man wan crack too much. Saint or murdherer, 'tis little difference whin death comes up face front.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. The Idle Apprentice.

D'URFEY, THOMAS, 1653–1723

[See also Gay (*Beggar's Opera*, footnote), *post.*]

1170. Nay, I'll send Printed Scrowls beyond,
To Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond,
That she's not worth a Groat.
Fable of the Lady, the Lurcher, and the Marrow-Puddings. Wit and Mirth, vol. ii.

DYER, SIR EDWARD, ?–1607

1171. My mind to me a kingdom is; [1]
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc.*, 1588.
See Percy's Reliques.

DYER, JOHN, 1700?–58

1172. Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
Grongar Hill, line 5.

EDWARDS, RICHARD, 1523?–66

1173. The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.[2]
Paradise of Dainty Devices.

ELDON, JOHN SCOTT, EARL OF, 1751–1838

1174. The union of church and state, is not to make the church *political*, but the state *religious*.
Life, xxi. *Law Magazine*, p. 74.

ELIOT, JARED, 1685–1763

1175. Facts are stubborn things.[3]
Essays on Field Husbandry (1747), p. 35 (footnote).

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[1] Cf. Southwell, *post.*
Mens regnum bona possidet.—Seneca, *Thyestes*, Act II. line 380.
[2] Amantium irae amoris integratio est.—Terence, *Andria*, Act III. sc. iii line 23.
[3] Cf. Smollett (trans. *Gil Blas*), *post.*

ELIZABETH, QUEEN, 1533–1603

1176. If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all?
Reply to Ralegh—written on window-pane.[1]

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER, 1781–1849

1177. When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God, save the people!
The People's Anthem.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 1803–82

1178. Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *The Problem.*

1179. But from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old. Ibid.

1180. The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew. Ibid.

1181. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone. Ibid.

1182. Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine. *Good-Bye.*

1183. What are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? Ibid.

1184. If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being. *The Rhodora.*

1185. The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

1186. Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
Hymn, sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.

1187. Thou canst not wave thy staff in the air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake. *Wood-Notes.*

1188. All mankind love a lover. *Essays. Love.*

1189. Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from

[1] See Ralegh, *post*.

the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? [1]

Representative Men. Montaigne.

1190. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Essays. Self-Reliance.

1191. Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Ibid., *Circles.*

1192. Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. *Nature*, iii.

1193. Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labour, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. *Society and Solitude. Civilisation.*

EMMET, ROBERT, 1778–1803

1194. Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, Sept. 1803.

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN, 1819–1902

1195. Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? *Ben Bolt.*

ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS, *c.* 1467–1536

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1196. That same man, that runneth awaie,
Maie again fight an other daie.[2]

Apophthegms, trans. by Udall, 1542.

ESTIENNE, HENRI, 1531–98

[See Sterne, *post.*]

EVERETT, DAVID, 1770–1813

1197. You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Lines written for a School Declamation.

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM, 1814–63

1198. Angels of Jesus! Angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Hymn. "Hark! hark, my Soul!"

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[1] Cf. Sir John Davies, *ante*, and Montaigne and John Webster, *post.*
[2] Cf. Appendix, "He that fights and runs away."

FARMER, EDWARD (of Derby), mid-19th century

1199. The cottage was a thatched one.
"Little Jim," or The Collier's Home.

1200. I have no pain, dear mother, now; but, oh! I am so dry!
Ibid.

FARQUHAR, GEORGE, 1678–1707

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1201. *Cos.* Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?
Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another. *The Recruiting Officer*, Act I. sc. i.

1202. Lady Bountiful [Name of a character]. *The Beaux' Stratagem.*

1203. I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.
Ibid., Act III. sc. i.

1204. 'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.[1]
Ibid., sc. ii.

1205. Necessity, the mother of invention. *The Twin Rivals*, Act. I.

FÉNELON, FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE, 1651–1715

1206. He adorns whatever he attempts.[2] *Eulogy on Cicero.*

FERRIAR, JOHN, 1761–1815

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE

1207. The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.
Bibliomania, line 6.

1208. Now cheaply bought—for thrice their weight in gold.
Ibid., line 65.

1209. Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed). Ibid., line 121.

1210. How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold!
Ibid., line 137.

FIELD, EUGENE, 1850–95

1211. A little peach in the orchard grew. *The Little Peach.*

1212. Shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod. *Dutch Lullaby.*

1213. And when my oldest sister, Sue, was married and went West,[3]
Seemed like it took the tuck right out of mother and the rest.
Father's Way.

[1] Cf. Barrington, *ante.* [2] Cf. Johnson (*Epitaph on Goldsmith*), *post.*
[3] Cf. Proverbs, etc., "Gone West."

FIELDING, HENRY, 1707–54

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1214. All nature wears one universal grin.
Tom Thumb the Great, Act I. sc. i.

1215. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. Ibid., sc. ii.

1216. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.
I've done my duty, and I've done no more. Ibid., sc. iii.

1217. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. Ibid., sc. iii.

1218. To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes. Ibid., sc. iii.

1219. Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.[1]
Ibid., sc. vi.

1220. Oh! the roast beef of Old England,
And old England's roast beef.
Grub Street Opera. Air xlv.[2]

1221. NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.
Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild, bk. iii. ch. iv.

1222. Rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. . . . It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English,[3] and of them only to the lowest degree.
A Voyage to Lisbon.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD, 1809–83

1223. A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, xii.

1224. Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum! Ibid., xiii.

1225. Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about[4]: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went. Ibid., xxvii.

1226. I came like Water, and like Wind I go! Ibid., xxviii.

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[1] Cf. Christopher Smart, *post.*

[2] Richard Leveridge, who composed the now popular air of this song, wrote a version of his own, including Fielding's first verse. Mr. Cecil Sharp declares Leveridge's version to be later than Fielding's.

[3] Cf. Leacock (*Interview*), *post.*

[4] Cf. Pope (*Dunciad*, bk. iv. line 249), *post.*

1227. *He* knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, lxx.

1228. The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. Ibid., lxxi.

1229. O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take.
Ibid., lxxxi

1230. And when, like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous Errand reach the spot
Where I made One, turn down an empty Glass. Ibid., ci.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN, ANDREW, 1655–1716

1231. I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.[1] *Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.*

FLETCHER, GILES (THE YOUNGER), 1588?–1623

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

FLETCHER, JOHN, 1579–1625

[See also Beaumont and Fletcher, *ante.*]

1232. Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

1233. All things that are
Made for our general uses are at war,—
Even we among ourselves. Ibid.

1234. Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man. Ibid.

1235. And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.[2]
Rollo, Duke of Normandy, Act II. sc. ii.

1236. Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree. Ibid., Act III. sc. ii.

[1] Cf. Shelley, *post.*

[2] The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

1237. Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
-O sweetest Melancholy!
The Nice Valour, Act III. sc. iii.

1238. Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves! Ibid., sc. iii.

1239. Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.[1]
The Queen of Corinth, Act III. sc. ii.

FLETCHER, PHINEAS, 1582–1650

1240. Ah, Foole! faint heart fair lady ne're could win.[2]
Britain's Ida, canto v. st. i.

FOOTE, SAMUEL, 1720–77

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

1241. Then he got all the wood that ever he could,
And he stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut in which he might put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe.
The Mayor of Garratt, Act I. sc. i.

1242. Born in a cellar, hold, hold; and living in a garret.
The Author, Act II.

FORD, JOHN, fl. 1639

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

FORTESCUE, SIR JOHN, 1394?–1476?

1243. And so his Highness schal have thereof, but as had the man that scheryd his Hogge, *moche Crye and no Wull*.
Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy, ch. x.

FOUCHÉ, JOSEPH, 1763–1820

1244. "It is more than a crime, it is a fault." [3]

FOXE, JOHN, 1516–87

[See Wordsworth (*Eccl. Sonnets: To Wickliffe*, note), *post*.]

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[1] Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
Percy's Reliques: The Friar of Orders Grey.

[2] See Proverbs, *post*.

[3] "C'est plus qu'un crime; c'est une faute." Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand. Also, with more plausibility, to Boulay de la Meurthe.

FRANCE, ANATOLE (JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT), 1844–1924

1245. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.[1] *La Vie Littéraire.*

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, 1706–90

1246. God helps them that help themselves.[2] *Poor Richard.*

1247. Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. Ibid.

1248. Plough deep while sluggards sleep. Ibid.

1249. Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. Ibid.

1250. Three removes are as bad as a fire. Ibid.

1251. He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. *The Whistle* (Nov. 1719).

1252. There never was a good war or a bad peace.[3] *Letter to Quincy*, 11 Sept., 1773.

1253. Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.
From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.

FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM, 1769–1846

1254. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship. *The Rovers* [with Canning and Ellis], Act I. sc. i.

FULLER, THOMAS, 1608–61

[See also Wordsworth (*Eccl. Sonnets, Wickliffe*, note), and Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

THE HOLY AND THE PROFANE STATE. *Ed. Nichols*, 1841.

1255. Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.[4] *The Life of Monica.*

1256. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the further.[5] *The True Church Antiquary.*

1257. A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.[6] Ibid.

1258. But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory. *The Good Sea-Captain.*

1259. The lion is not so fierce as painted.[7] *Of Expecting Preferment.*

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[1] Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs d'œuvre.
[2] Cf. Herbert (*Jacula Prudentum*), *post.* [3] Cf. S. Butler, 1612–80 (*Remains*), *ante.*
[4] Cf. Waller, *post.* [5] Cf. Burton, *ante.*
[6] Cf. Pope (*On Criticism*, Part II. line 15), *post.*
[7] The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

1260. Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.
Of Natural Fools.

1261. The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. *Of Tombs.*

1262. Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.. *Of Books.*

1263. They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter. *Of Marriage.*

1264. To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.
The Court Lady.

1265. Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.[1] *Andronicus*, ad fin. i.

1266. He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.[2] *Life of Duke d'Alva.*

GALSWORTHY, JOHN, 1867–

1267. 'Ebrews. They work harder; they're more sober; they're honest; and they're everywhere. I've nothing against them, but the fact is—they get *on* so. [Gilman.] *Loyalties*, Act III. sc. i.

GARRICK, DAVID, 1717–79

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1268. Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
Prologue to The Gamesters.

1269. Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.[3]
Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

1270. Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.[4]
On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

1271. This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Jupiter and Mercury.

1272. Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men.
Hearts of Oak.

1273. Steady, boys! steady. Ibid.

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[1] Cf. Bacon (*Apophthegm*, No. 17), *ante.*
[2] Cf. Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 156), *ante*, and Waller (first extract), *post.*
[3] Cf. Burton, *ante.*
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
Virgil, Æneid, lib. i. 630.
[4] Pompey . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. Clough, *Dryden's Plutarch*, iv. 66. *Life of Pompey.*

GARTH, SIR SAMUEL, 1661–1719

1274. To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The Dispensary,[1] canto iii. line 225.

1275. For all their luxury was doing good.[2] *Claremont*, line 148.

GASKELL, ELIZABETH CLEGHORN, 1810–65

1276. It is the first changes among familiar things that make such a mystery of time to the young, afterwards we lose the sense of the mysterious. *North and South*, ch. xlvi.

GAULTIER, PHILIPPE (WALTER OF CHÂTILLON), 12th century

[See Shakespeare (*Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. v.), *post.*]

GAY, JOHN, 1685–1732

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1277. 'Twas when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
The What D'ye call it, Act II. sc. viii.

1278. So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
Ibid., sc. ix.

1279. 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.
The Beggar's Opera, Act I. sc. ii.

1280. Over the hills and far away.[3] Ibid., sc. xiii.

1281. The Miser thus a Shilling sees. Ibid., sc. xiii.

1282. For wine inspires us,
And fires us. Ibid., Act II. sc. i.

1283. If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. Ibid., sc. iii.

1284. The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. Ibid., sc. viii.

1285. Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. Ibid., sc. x.

1286. How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away. Ibid., sc. xiii.

1287. Cease your funning. Ibid., sc. xiii.

1288. The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd; a terrible show! Ibid., Act. III. sc. xi.

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[1] See Christopher Codrington (*On Garth's Dispensary*), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Goldsmith (*Traveller*, line 22), *post*.
[3] And 'tis o'er the hills and far away.
Jockey's Lamentation. From *Wit and Mirth* (vol. v., p. 317), by Thos. D'Urfey. Published 1719: an earlier song.

1289. Since laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company
Upon *Tyburn* Tree!
The Beggar's Opera, Act III. sc. xiii.

1290. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

1291. Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand. Ibid.

FABLES.

1292. Long experience made him sage.
The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

1293. Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil? [1] Ibid.

1294. When yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

1295. Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head.
The Sick Man and the Angel.

1296. While there is life there's hope, he cried.[2] Ibid.

1297. Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *The Mastiffs.*

1298. And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
The Hare and many Friends.

1299. Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph.*

GEORGE, HENRY, 1839–97

1300. The fundamental truth, that in all economic reasoning must be firmly grasped and never let go, is that society in its most highly developed form is but an elaboration of society in its rudest beginnings, and that principles obvious in the simpler relations of men are merely disguised and not abrogated or reversed by the more intricate relations that result from the division of labour and the use of complex tools and methods.
Progress and Poverty, bk. i. ch. i.

1301. A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions.
Attributed.

GIBBON, EDWARD, 1737–94

1302. History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.[3]
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. iii.

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[1] "Midnight oil," a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

[2] Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνελπίστοι δὲ θανόντες. Theocritus, Id. iv. line 42.
Ut ægroto, dum anima est, spes esse dicitur.
Cicero, ep. ad Att. ix. 10.

[3] L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.—Voltaire, *L'ingenue*, ch. x.

1303. A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.[1] *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xlviii.

GIFFORD, RICHARD, 1725–1807

1304. Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village-maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. *Contemplation.*

GILBERT, SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK, 1836–1911

1305. I waved the turtle-soup enthusiastically round me.
Bab Ballads. Fernando and Elvira.

1306. My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells. *The Sorcerer*, Act I.

1307. Now to the banquet we press—
Now for the eggs and the ham—
Now for the mustard and cress—
And now for the strawberry jam!
Now for the tea of our host—
Now for the rollicking bun—
Now for the muffins and toast—
And now for the gay Sally Lunn! Ibid., Act II.

1308. I'm called Little Buttercup,
Dear Little Buttercup. *H.M.S. Pinafore*, Act I.

1309. "Though 'Bother it!' I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D."
"What! never?"
"No, never!"
"What! *never*?"
"Hardly ever." Ibid., Act I.

1310. His sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Ibid., Act I.

1311. I always voted at my party's call,
And never thought of thinking for myself at all!
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee!
Ibid., Act I.

1312. Things are seldom what they seem.
Skim-milk masquerades as cream. Ibid., Act II.

1313. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever. Ibid., Act II.

1314. "Goodness me! why, what was that?"
"Silent be. It was the Cat!" Ibid., Act II.

1315. For he himself has said it;
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!
For he might have been a Rooshan,

[1] Cf. Junius, *post.*

A French, or Turk or Prooshan,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an!
But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!
H.M.S. Pinafore, Act II.

1316. When constabulary duty's to be done,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.
Pirates of Penzance, Act II.

1317. If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be! *Patience*, Act I.

1318. A not-too-French French bean. Ibid., Act I.

1319. An ultra-poetical, super-æsthetical,
Out-of-the way young man! Ibid., Act II.

1320. A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
Foot-in-the-grave young man! Ibid., Act II

1321. Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials. *Iolanthe*, Act I.

1322. Politics we bar,
They are not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent. *Princess Ida*, Act I.

1323. Modified rapture. *The Mikado*, Act I.

1324. My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime. Ibid., Act II.

1325. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case. Ibid. Act II

1326. All baronets are bad. *Ruddigore*, Act I

1327. I know a youth who loves a little maid —
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!) Ibid., Act I

1328. We can take her, if we like;
She is sartin for to strike,
For she's only a darned Mounseer! Ibid., Act I

1329. Cheerily carols the lark
Over the cot.
Merrily whistles the clerk
Scratching a blot. Ibid., Act I.

1330. I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird—I would rend you asunder. Ibid., Act I.

1331. "Oh, why am I husky and hoarse?"
"Ah, why?"
"It's the workings of conscience, of course."
"Fie, fie!"
"And huskiness stands for remorse."
"Oh my!"
"At least, it does so in my case." *Ruddigore*, Act I.

1332. For duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to every one,
And, painful though the duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee! Ibid., Act I.

1333. This sort of thing takes a deal of training. Ibid., Act II.

1334. This particularly rapid unintelligible patter
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter!
Ibid., Act II.

1335. Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon. *The Yeomen of the Guard*, Act I.

1336. Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Ibid., Act I.

1337. He who'd make his fellow-fellow-fellow-creatures wise
Should always gild the philosophic pill! Ibid., Act I.

1338. They don't blame you—so long as you're funny! Ibid., Act II.

1339. You can never be sure till you've tried! Ibid., Act II.

1340. Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever. *The Gondoliers*, Act I.

1341. And everybody will roundly vow
She's fair as the flowers in May,
And say "How clever!"
At whatsoever
She condescends to say!
Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen! Ibid., Act I.

1342. The culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!
Ibid., Act II.

1343. Take a pair of sparkling eyes. Ibid., Act II.

GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS (STETSON). 1860–

1344. Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled.

Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To a Neolithic Mind! *Similar Cases.*

1345. I do not want to be a fly;
I want to be a worm. *A Conservative.*

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART, 1809–98

1346. Local option. *Said to have been used in Oct.* 1688.

1347. In a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.
? *Conversation as to Austria*, ? May 1880.

1348. The resources of civilization are not exhausted.
Speech, Leeds, 7 Oct. 1881.

1349. These gentlemen [Irish Home Rulers] wish to march through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire.
Speech, Knowsley, 17 Oct. 1881.

1350. An old parliamentary hand.
Speech, House of Commons, 21 Jan. 1886.

1351. Remember Mitchelstown. *Telegram*, ? Oct. 1887.

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, 1749–1832

[See also Longfellow (*Hyperion*) and Schelling, *post.*]

1352. Knowst thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose? [1]
Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. bk. 3, ch. i. (trans.).

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 1728–74

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1353. Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
The Traveller, line 1.

1354. Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. Ibid., line 7.

1355. And learn the luxury of doing good.[2] Ibid., line 22.

1356. Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.
Ibid., line 26.

1357. These little things are great to little man. Ibid., line 42.

1358. Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! Ibid., line 50.

1359. Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home. Ibid., line 73.

1360. Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Ibid., line 126.

[1] *Cf.* Byron (*Bride of Abydos*), *ante.* [2] Cf. Crabbe and Garth, *ante.*

1361. By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
The Traveller, line 153.

1362. But winter lingering chills the lap of May. Ibid., line 172.

1363. So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more. Ibid., line 217.

1364. Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
Ibid., line 251.

1365. Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
Ibid., line 282.

1366. Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.[1] Ibid., line 327.

1367. The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms. Ibid., line 356.

1368. For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.
Ibid., line 372.

1369. Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
Ibid., line 386.

1370. Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train. Ibid., line 409.

1371. Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind. Ibid., line 423.

1372. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.
The Deserted Village, line 1.

1373. The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made. Ibid., line 13.

1374. The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love. Ibid., line 29.

1375. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;[2]
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied. Ibid., line 51.

1376. His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. Ibid., line 61.

1377. How blest is he[3] who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease! Ibid., line 99.

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[1] Cf. Dryden (*The Spanish Fryar*, Act II. sc. i.), *ante*.

[2] C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.
Gilles de Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).
Cf. Pope (*Sat. and Ep. of Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. line 299), *post*.

[3] In third edition altered to "How happy he."

1378. Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,[1]
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
The Deserted Village, line 109.

1379. The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
Ibid., line 121.

1380. A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year. Ibid., line 141.

1381. Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Ibid., line 157.

1382. Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began. Ibid., line 161.

1383. And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side. Ibid., line 164.

1384. And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. Ibid., line 167.

1385. Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
Ibid., line 179.

1386. And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
Ibid., line 184.

1387. As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. Ibid., line 189

1388. Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault. Ibid., line 199.

1389. In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew. Ibid., line 211.

1390. The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day. Ibid., line 227.

[1] Cf. Johnson (*Human Wishes*, line 293), *post*.

1391. To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
The Deserted Village, line 253.

1392. And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy. Ibid., line 263.

1393. Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Ibid., line 329.

1394. In all the silent manliness of grief. Ibid., line 384.

1395. O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree. Ibid , line 385.

1396. Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.
Ibid., line 413

1397. Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
[Thos. Barnard, Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Limerick.]
Retaliation, line 24.

1398. Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. [Edmd. Burke.]
Ibid., line 31.

1399. To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Ibid., line 42.

1400. His conduct still right, with his argument wrong. [Wm. Burke.] Ibid., line 46.

1401. A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. [Richard Cumberland.] Ibid., line 63.

1402. An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. [Garrick.]
Ibid., line 94.

1403. As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. [Same.] Ibid., line 96.

1404. On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting. [Same.]
Ibid., line 101.

1405. He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
[Same.] Ibid., line 107.

1406. Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please. [Same.]
Ibid., line 112.

1407. When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. [Reynolds.]
Ibid., line 145.

1408. Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them. *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. viii. (*Ballad*, st. 6).

1409. Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.[1] Ibid., st. 8.

1410. And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep? Ibid., st. 19.

1411. The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too. Ibid., last st.

1412. The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes. Ibid., ch. xvii. (*Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*)

1413. And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree. Ibid.

1414. The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. Ibid.

1415. The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died. Ibid.

1416. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable. Ibid., ch. xxii.

1417. When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away? Ibid., ch. xxiv.

1418. The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die. Ibid., ch. xxiv.

1419. The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise. *The Captivity*, Act II. orig. MS

1420. Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. Ibid.

1421. That same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey[2] *The Good-Natured Man*, Act I.

1422. Measures, not men, have always been my mark.[3] Ibid., Act II.

[1] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, iv. line 118), *post*. [2] Cf. Rochefoucauld, *post*.
[3] Cf. Burke (*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*), *ante*.

1423. The very pink of perfection.
She Stoops to Conquer, Act I. sc. i.

1424. I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.[1] Ibid., sc. i.

1425. A concatenation accordingly. Ibid. sc. ii.

1426. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. Ibid., Act III.

1427. The king himself has follow'd her
When she has walk'd before.
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.[2]

1428. Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.[3]
The Haunch of Venison.

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY, 1833–70

1429. No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way.
Ye Wearie Wayfarer, fytte 4.

GRAVES, RICHARD, 1715–1804

1430. Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd:
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
An Incident in High Life.[4]

GRAY, THOMAS, 1716–71

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1431. Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College, st. 1.

1432. I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow. Ibid., st. 2.

1433. They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. Ibid., st. 4.

1434. Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast. Ibid., st. 5.

1435. Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense they have of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day. Ibid., st. 6.

[1] Cf. Shackerley Marmion, and Appendix ("Old wood," etc.), *post.*

[2] Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

[3] Cf. Tom Brown, *ante.*

[4] From the *Festoon, A Collection of Epigrams*. London, 1767. In the *Appendix of Original Pieces*, this epigram is generally ascribed to Beattie, without reason. It does not appear in any collection of his poems.

1436. Ah, tell them they are men!
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College, st. 6.

1437. And moody madness laughing wild,
Amid severest woe. Ibid., st. 8.

1438. To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.[1] Ibid., st. 10.

1439. Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour[2]
The bad affright, afflict the best! *Hymn to Adversity*

1440. From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The Progress of Poesy, i. 1. line 3.

1441. Glance their many-twinkling feet.[3] Ibid., 3. line 11.

1442. O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.
Ibid., line 16.

1443. Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.
Ibid., ii. 2. line 10.

1444. Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears. Ibid., iii. 1. line 12.

1445. He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:[4]
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. Ibid., 2. line 4.

1446. Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.[5]
Ibid., 3. line 2.

1447. Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate.
Beneath the Good how far,—but far above the Great.
Ibid., line 16.

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[1] Cf. Prior (*To the Hon. Charles Montague*), *post*. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—Ecclesiastes i. 18.
[2] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. line 90), *post*.
[3] Cf. Byron (*Waltz*), *ante*.
[4] Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi.—Lucretius, *De Rer. Nat.*, i. 73.
[5] Cf. Cowley (*The Prophet*), *ante*.

1448. Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state. *The Bard*, i. 1. line 1.

1449. Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.[1]
Ibid., 2. line 5.

1450. To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
Ibid., line 14.

1451. Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.[2] Ibid., 3. line 12.

1452. Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,[3]
The characters of hell to trace. Ibid., ii. 1. line 1.

1453. Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.
Ibid., 2. line 9.

1454. Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed. Ibid., line 11.

1455. Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul! Ibid., iii. 1. line 11.

1456. And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. Ibid., 3. line 3.

1457. Comus, and his midnight crew. *Ode for Music*, line 2.

1458. While bright-eyed Science watches round. Ibid., line 11.

1459. The still small voice of gratitude. Ibid., line 64.

1460. Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air. *The Fatal Sisters*, line 3.

1461. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard, st. 1.

1462. Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. Ibid., st. 4.

1463. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. Ibid., st. 5.

1464. Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor. Ibid., st. 8.

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[1] Cf. Cowley, *ante*, and Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. i. line 538), *post*.
[2] Cf. Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*, Act II. sc. 1 and Otway, *post*.
[3] Cf. Dryden (*Don Sebastian*, Act I. sc. 1.), *ante*.

1465. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard, st. 9.

1466. Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. Ibid., st. 10.

1467. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
Ibid., st. 11.

1468. Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. Ibid., st. 12.

1469. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; [1]
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul. Ibid., st. 13.

1470. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.[2] Ibid., st. 14.

1471. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Ibid., st. 15.

1472. To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes. Ibid., st. 16.

1473. Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. Ibid., st. 17.

1474. Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Ibid., st. 19.

1475. Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. Ibid., st. 20.

1476. And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die. Ibid., st. 21.

1477. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? Ibid., st. 22.

1478. Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.[3] Ibid., st. 23.

1479. Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. Ibid., st. 25.

[1] Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *ante*,
[2] Cf. Cawdrey, *ante*, and Young (*Love of Fame*, Sat. v. line 228), *post*.
[3] Cf. Chaucer (*Reves Prologue*,, *ante*.

1480. One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard, st. 28.

1481. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Ibid., *The Epitaph.*

1482. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
Ibid., *The Epitaph.*

1483. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God. Ibid., *The Epitaph.*

1484. And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
Sonnet on the Death of Mr. West.

1485. The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude, line 45

1486. The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise. Ibid., line 53.

1487. And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose. Ibid., line 87.

1488. From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health. Ibid., line 93.

1489. When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.[1]

1490. Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing. *A Long Story.*

1491. Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.
On his own Character.

1492. A fav'rite has no friend.[2]
On the Death of a Favourite Cat.

1493. Now as the Paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon.
To Mr. West, letter iv. 3rd series.

[1] This was intended to be introduced in the poem on the "Alliance of Education and Government"—Mason, vol. iii. p. 114.

[2] One of Aristotle's sayings was ὦ φίλοι, οὐδεὶς φίλος, according to Casaubon's reading of Diog. Laertius, lib. v. sect. 21, *Cui sunt amici, non est amicus.*

GREEN, MATTHEW, 1696–1737

1494. Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen*, line 93.

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON, 1802–68

1495. Old Grimes is dead,—that good old man,—
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before. *Old Grimes.*

GREVILLE, FRANCES,[1] 17?–?

1496. Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.
A Prayer for Indifference.

GUILLAUME DE LORRIS,–*c.* 1240

1497. Thou shalt make castles then in Spain.[2]
Romaunt of the Rose, line 2573.

HABBERTON, JOHN, 1842–1921

1498. Want to shoe the wheels go wound. *Helen's Babies.*

HABINGTON, WILLIAM, 1605–54

1499. The starres, bright centinels of the skies.[3] *Castara*

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA, 1788–1879

1500. Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go. *Mary's Lamb.*

HALL, JOSEPH, BISHOP OF NORWICH, 1574–1656

1501. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Intro.*

1502. Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.[4] *Epistles.* dec. iii. ep. 2.

HALL, ROBERT, 1764–1831

1503. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. [Of Burke.] *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*

1504. He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. [Of Kippis.] *From Gregory's Life of Hall.*

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[1] The pretty Fanny Macartney.—Walpole's *Memoirs.*
[2] *Romaunt de la Rose*, "Lors feras chastiaus en Espaigne." Line 2428.
[3] Cf. Campbell, *ante.*
[4] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, v. 717), *post.*

1505. Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.
From Gregory's Life of Hall.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, 1790–1867

1506. Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land! *Marco Bozzaris.*

1507. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine. Ibid

1508. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be. Ibid.

1509. One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die. Ibid.

1510. Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,[1]
Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

1511. Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

1512. They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty. *Connecticut.*

HARDY, THOMAS, 1840–1928

1513. Life's little ironies. *Title of vol. of Short Stories.*

1514. Like all newcomers to a spot on which the past is deeply graven, he heard that past announcing itself with an emphasis

[1] Cf. Burns (*Bonny Lesley*), *ante*, and Rogers (*Jacqueline*), *post.*

altogether unsuspected by, and even incredible to, the habitual residents.[1]

1515. These preternaturally old boys almost always come from new countries. *Jude the Obscure*, ch. v. 4.

1516. Time and circumstance, which enlarge the views of most men, narrow the views of women almost invariably. Ibid., ch. vi. 10

1517. The increasing influx of American journals, fearfully and wonderfully worded, helps on the indifference to literary form. Their influence has been strongly apparent of late years in our English newspapers, where one often now meets with headlines in staring capitals that are phrases of no language whatever, and often incomprehensible at a casual glance.
Speech, Dorchester, 2 June, 1912.

1518. For my own part I think—though all writers may not agree with me—that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse. Ibid.

HARINGTON, SIR JOHN, 1561–1612

1519. Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.[2]
Epigrams, bk. iv. ep. 5.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, 1848–1908

1520. Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox he lay low.
Uncle Remus and his Legends of the Old Plantation, ii

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, 1839–1902

1521. For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Plain Language from Truthful James

1522. A smile that was childlike and bland. Ibid.

1523. And he smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled up on the floor.
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more
The Society upon the Stanislaus.

1524. Are things what they seem, or is visions about?
Further Language from Truthful James

1525. Certain gents of affluence, I hear, were greatly moved
A White-Pine Ballad.

1526. No: not wild promiscuous treating, not the wine-cup's ruby flow,
But the female of his species brought the noble Perkins low
Ibid

1527. The tear of sensibility [3] has salted many a claim. Ibid

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[1] No exact reference found.

[2] Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.—Seneca, *Herc. Furens*, Act. II.

[3] Cf. Lord Macaulay, *post*.

HARVEY, STEPHEN, 17th century

1528. And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Juvenal, Satire ix.

HAWES, STEPHEN, ? –1523?

1529. For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge.
Passetyme of Pleasure, ch. xlii

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, 1804–64

1530. Selfishness is one of the qualities apt to inspire love. This might be thought out at great length.
American Note-Books, 1840.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM, 1778–1830

1531. Folly is as consistent with itself as wisdom.
The Round Table. On Commonplace Critics.

HEBER, REGINALD, 1783–1826

1532. Failed the bright promise of your early day! *Palestine.*

1533. No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung; [1]
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence! Ibid.

1534. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany*

1535. By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows.
First Sunday after Epiphany, No. ii.

1536. When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

1537. Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral.*

1538. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
Ibid., No. ii.

1539. Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.

1540. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

[1] Altered in later editions to:

"No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

Cf. Cowper (*The Task*, bk. v. line 144), *ante.*

1541. Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile. *Missionary Hymn.*

1542. I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA, 1793–1835

1543. Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

1544. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casabianca.*

1545. Not there! not there, my child! *The Better Land.*

1546. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy! Ibid.

1547. In the busy haunts of men,
In the still and shadowy glen.[1]
Tale of the Secret Tribunal, Part I. sect. 16.

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, 1849–1903

1548. Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
Echoes, iv. *I.M., R. T. H. Bruce*, 1846–99.

1549. I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul. Ibid.

HENRY, MATTHEW, 1662–1714

1550. To their own second and sober thoughts.[2]
Exposition, Job vi. 29 (London, 1710).

HENRY, PATRICK, 1736–99

1551. Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third —["Treason!" cried the Speaker]—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.
Speech, 1765.

1552. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past.[3]
Speech, March 1775.

1553. Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! Ibid.

[1] Cf. Milton (*L'Allegro*), *post.* [2] Cf. Fisher Ames, *ante.*
[3] Cf. Byron (*Letter*, 28 Jan. 1821), *ante.*

HERBERT, GEORGE, 1593–1633

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1554. O day most calm, most bright. *Sunday.*

1555. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue*

1556. Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. Ibid

1557. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives. Ibid.

1558. Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine. *The Answer.*

1559. A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine. *The Elixir.*

1560. A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

1561. Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.[1] Ibid.

1562. The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. Ibid.

1563. Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

1564. Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

1565. If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

1566. Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? *The Size.*

1567. Do well and right, and let the world sink.[2]
Country Parson, ch. xxix.

1568. His bark is worse than his bite. *Jacula Prudentum*

1569. After death the doctor. Ibid

1570. Hell is full of good-meanings and wishes.[3] Ibid.

1571. No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.[4] Ibid.

1572. Comparisons are odious. Ibid

1573. God's mill grinds slow but sure.[5] Ibid.

1574. It is poor sport that is not worth the candle. Ibid

1575. To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.[6] Ibid

1576. Help thyself, and God will help thee. Ibid

1577. A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two. Ibid

[1] Cf. Watts, *post.*
[2] Cf. Johnson, *post.*
[3] Cf. Longfellow, *post.*
[4] Cf. Sir T. Browne, *ante*, and Proverbs, *post.*
[5] Cf. Burton, Defoe, and Wm. Drummond, *ante.*
[6] Cf. Sterne, *post.*

1578. The offender never pardons.[1] *Jacula Prudentum.*

1579. Words are women, deeds are men.[2] Ibid.

HERRICK, ROBERT, 1591–1674

1580. Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.

1581. Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of Pearl. Ibid.

1582. Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,[3]
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again. *On Her Feet.*

1583. Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.[4]
To the Virgins to make much of Time.

1584. Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
Night Piece to Julia.

1585. Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones,—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

1586. Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
To Music, to becalm his Fever.

1587. Fair daffadils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon. *To Daffadils.*

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[1] Cf. Dryden (*Conquest of Granada*), *ante.*

[2] Cf. Johnson (*Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument"*), *post.* The expression is found also in Sir Thos. Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian*, 1604.

[3] Cf. Suckling, *post.*

[4] Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

1588. A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness. *Delight in Disorder.*

1589. A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part. Ibid.

1590. Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.[1] *Sorrows Succeed.*

1591. You say to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.[2]
Love me little, love me long.

1592. Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.[3] *Seek and Find.*

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE, 1799–1850

1593. The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

1594. He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute. Ibid

1595. A love that took an early root
And had an early doom. Ibid.

1596. Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore! Ibid.

1597. A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old. Ibid.

HESIOD, fl. *c.* 700 B.C.

1598. Fools, nor know they how much more the half is than the whole.[4]

HEYWOOD, JOHN, 1497?–1580?

1599. The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

1600. Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low. Ibid.

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[1] cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, iii. line 63), *post.*

[2] cf. Marlowe (*The Jew of Malta*), *post.*

[3] Nil tam difficile est quin quaerendo investigare possit.—Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*, Act IV. sc. ii. 8.

[4] Νηπιοι, οὐδ', ὁσσῳ πλεον ἡμισυ παντος.—*Works and Days*, v. 40.

HEYWOOD, THOMAS, ?–1650?

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1601. The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
Apology for Actors, 1612.

1602. Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.
The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells, p. 207. London, 1635.

HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE, 1864–

1603. "The Bishops never go on understanding anything," said Mr. Amarinth. "They conceal their intelligence, if they have any, up their lawn sleeves. I once met a bishop. It was at a garden-party at Lambeth Palace. He took me aside into a small shrubbery, and informed me that he was really a Buddhist. He added that nearly all the bishops were." *The Green Carnation*, ch. vii.

HICKSON, WILLIAM EDWARD, 1803–70

1604. If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.[1] *Try and Try Again.*

HILL, AARON, 1685–1750

1605. First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do 't, she will; and there's an end on 't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.[2] *Epilogue to Zara.*

1606. Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Verses written on a Window in Scotland.

1607. 'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. Ibid.

HIPPOCRATES, 460–*c.* 360 B.C.

[See Longfellow (*Psalm of Life*), *post.*]

HOBBES, THOMAS, 1588–1679

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1608. For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.
The Leviathan, Part I., ch. iv.

1609. And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
Ibid., ch. xiii.

[1] The attribution to Hickson is by Mr. Benham. The present compiler cannot confirm it.

[2] The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.—*Examiner*, 31 May, 1829.

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't."

HOLLAND, SIR RICHARD, 15th century

1610. On ilk bewch to imbrass,
Writtin in a bill wass:
O Dowglass, Dowglass, Tendir and trew!
Buke of the Houlate, st. xxxi.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 1809–94

1611. The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

1612. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky. *Old Ironsides.*

1613. Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale. Ibid.

1614. When the last reader reads no more. *The Last Reader*

1615. Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

1616. Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers! *The Poet's Lot.*

1617. Their discords sting through Burns and Moore
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace. *The Music-Grinders*

1618. You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time. Ibid.

1619. And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound. Ibid.

1620. And, since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

1621. Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor! *Urania.*

1622. And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*. Ibid.

1623. You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
The Boys.

1624. You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once:
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
The Wonderful One-Horse Shay.

HOME, JOHN, 1722–1808
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1625. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.
Douglas, Act I. sc. i.

1626. My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home. Ibid., sc. i.

1627. Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.
Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

HOMER, about 11th century, B.C.

1628. These things are kept on the knees of the gods.[1]
Iliad, xvii. line 514.

1629. He to my mind an equal sin doth show:
Who, when a guest would linger, hints good-bye;
And who, if one desires to part, says no.[2]
Odyssey, xv. line 84. Worsley's trans.

HOOD, THOMAS, 1799–1845

1630. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

1631. Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. Ibid.

1632. One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

1633. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair! Ibid.

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[1] Ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.

[2] Ἰσόν τοι κακόν ἐσθ', ὅς τ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι
ξείνον ἀποτρύνει καὶ ὅς' ἐπιόμενον κατερύκει.
Line 72.

1634. Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Seasons.*

1635. When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? *Ballad.*

1636. It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.[1] *Song of the Shirt.*

1637. My tears must stop, for every drop,
Hinders needle and thread. Ibid.

1638. But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

1639. And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. *Ode to Melancholy.*

1640. There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy. Ibid.

1641. I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy. *I remember, I remember.*

1642. Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

1643. Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. Ibid., *Her Moral.*

1644. Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. Ibid.

1645. How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. Ibid.

1646. Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!
A Tale of Errata.

HOOKER, RICHARD, 1554?–1600

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1647. That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. *Ecclesiastical Polity*, bk. i.

[1] Cf. Lady Nairne, and Scott (*The Antiquary*), *post.*

HOPKINSON, JOSEPH, 1770–1842

1648. Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.
Hail Columbia.

HORATIUS FLACCUS, QUINTUS ("HORACE"), 65–8 B.C.

[See also Chas. Churchill and Creech, *ante*, and Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii. fine 175), Wordsworth (*Excursion*, 2nd ext.), and Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

1649. There were brave men before Agamemnon; but, all unwept and unknown, they are lost in the distant night, being without a divine poet.[1] *Odes*, bk. iv. 9. 25.

HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD, 1809–85

1650. But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the nills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube, st. 2.

1651. Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

1652. A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. Ibid.

1653. The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
I wandered by the Brookside.

HOWARD, SAMUEL, 1710–82

1654. Gentle shepherd, tell me where? *Song.*

HOWE, JULIA WARD, 1819–1910

1655. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1656. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.
Ibid.

HOWITT, MARY, 1799–1888

1657. "Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
Sketches of Natural History: "The Spider and the Fly."

HUME, DAVID, 1757–1838

1658. Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.[1]
History of England, vol. i. ch. 62.

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[1] Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

[2] Cf. Lord Macaulay, *post*.

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, 1784–1859

1659. ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
Abou Ben Adhem.

1660. And lo! BEN ADHEM's name led all the rest. Ibid.

1661. O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
Politics and Poetics.

1662. With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks. *The Story of Rimini.*

1663. This *Adonis in loveliness* was a corpulent gentleman of fifty! [i.e. the Prince Regent.] *Examiner*, 22 March, 1812.

HURD, RICHARD, 1720–1808

1664. In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested. *Sermons*, vol. ii., p. 287.

HURDIS, JAMES, 1763–1801

1665. Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The Village Curate.

HUTCHESON, FRANCIS, 1694–1746

1666. *That Action* is *best*, which procures the *greatest Happiness* for the *greatest numbers.*
Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, Treatise ii. sect. iii. 8.

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, 1825–95

1667. There are men . . . to whom the satisfaction of throwing down a triumphant fallacy is at least as great as that which attends the discovery of a new truth, who feel better satisfied with the government of the world when they have been helping Providence by knocking an imposture on the head, and who care even more for freedom of thought than for mere advancement of knowledge. These men are the Carnots who organise victory for truth.[1]
Collected Essays, vol. iii. (Priestley).

IBSEN, HENRIK, 1828–1906

1668. The most dangerous foe to truth and freedom in our midst is the compact majority. Yes, the damned, compact, liberal majority. *An Enemy of the People* (English version), Act IV.

1669. The majority *never* has right on its side.[2] Ibid.

INGE, WILLIAM RALPH (DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S), 1860–

1670. Public opinion, a vulgar, impertinent, anonymous tyrant who deliberately makes life unpleasant for anyone who is not content to be the average man.
Outspoken Essays. 1st series, "*Our Present Discontents.*"

[1] Cf. Pym, *post.* [2] Cf. Roscommon, *post.*

1671. The modern town-dweller has no God and no Devil; he lives without awe, without admiration, without fear.
Outspoken Essays. 1st series, "*Our Present Discontents.*"

1672. There is not, and cannot be, any progress in the universe as a whole; and there is no probability that the human race will either reach perfection or find the laws of nature much more conformable to its desires than they are now. Any philosophy which postulates either any kind of progress in the universe as a whole, or unending progress in any part of it, is demonstrably moonshine and not worth discussing. The whole cannot change, and all growth has its natural limit.[1] Ibid., 2nd ser., "*Confessio Fidei.*"

1673. The whole of nature, as has been said, is a conjugation of the verb to eat, in the active and passive. Ibid.

INGERSOLL, ROBERT GREEN, 1833–99

1674. The trouble with most people is, they bow to what is called authority; they have a certain reverence for the old because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long time. They think the fathers of their nation were the greatest and best of all mankind. All these things they implicitly believe because it is popular and patriotic, and because they were told so when they were very small, and remember distinctly hearing mother read it out of a book.
Take a Road of Your Own.

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS, 1823–1907

1675. Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
From the Dublin *Nation*, 1 April, 1843, vol. i., p. 339.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, 1783–1859

1676. Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

1677. The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

JEFFERSON, THOMAS, 1743–1826

1678. The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.
Summary View of the Rights of British America.

1679. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of

[1] Cf. G. B. Shaw (*Back to Methuselah: Preface*), *post*, for contrast.

mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America.

1680. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Ibid.

1681. We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. Ibid.

1682. Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

1683. Peace, commerce, and honest friendship, with all nations, —entangling alliances with none. Ibid.

1684. If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few: by resignation none.[1] *Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven,* 1801.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL, 1709–84

[See also under Edward Moore, note, and under Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1685. Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.[2]
Vanity of Human Wishes, line 1.

1686. There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. Ibid., line 159

1687. He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. Ibid., line 221.

1688. Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. Ibid., line 257.

1689. An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,[3]
And glides in modest innocence away. Ibid., line 293.

1690. Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. Ibid., line 308.

1691. Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. Ibid., line 316.

1692. Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? Ibid., line 345.

1693. For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. Ibid., line 262.

1694. Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *London,* line 166.

1695. This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd. Ibid., line 176.

[1] Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign." [2] Cf. T. Warton, *post.*
[3] Cf. Goldsmith (*Deserted Village,* line 109), *ante.*

1696. Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new,
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

1697. And panting Time toil'd after him in vain. Ibid.

1698. For we that live to please must please to live. Ibid.

1699. Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*

1700. Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name the friend.
Verses on Robert Levet, st. 2.

1701. In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh [1]
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die. Ibid., st. 5.

1702. Then with no throbs of fiery pain,[2]
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way. Ibid., st. 9.

1703. Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!
Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

1704. A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.[3]
Epitaph on Goldsmith.

1705. How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
Lines added to Goldsmith's "Traveller."

1706. Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
Line added to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

1707. From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end. *The Rambler*, No. 7.

1708. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age

[1] Var. "His ready help was always nigh."

[2] Var. "Then with no fiery throbbing pain." [3] Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

Cf. Fénelon and Chesterfield (*Characters: Bolingbroke*), *ante*.

will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas*, ch. i.

1709. I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*[1]
From the Preface to his Dictionary.

1710. Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.[2]
From Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument." Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.

1711. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. *Life of Addison.*

1712. To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. *Life of Milton.*

1713. The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. Ibid.

1714. His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.
Life of Edmund Smith (alluding to the death of Garrick).

1715. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.
Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.

1716. This man [Chesterfield] I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords.[3]
Boswell's Life of Johnson, an. 1754.

1717. Being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned. Ibid., an. 1759.

1718. If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons. Ibid., an. 1763.

1719. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Ibid., an. 1775.

1720. Hell is paved with good intentions.[4] Ibid., an. 1775.

1721. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. Ibid., an. 1775.

1722. There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.[5]
Ibid., an. 1776.

[1] The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth and deeds are the sons of heaven."
[2] Cf. Herbert (*Jacula Prudentum*), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Pope (*Dunciad*), *post*.
[4] Cf. Herbert (*Jacula Prudentum*), *ante*.
[5] Cf. Shenstone, *post*.

1723. Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
Boswell's Life of Johnson, an. 1779.

1724. Clear your mind of cant. Ibid., an. 1783.

1725. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.[1] Ibid., an. 1784.

1726. If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.
Johnsoniana, Piozzi, 30.

1727. A good hater. Ibid., *Piozzi*, 39.

1728. Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. Ibid., *Hawkins*, 197.

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, 1746–94

1729. Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

1730. On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.
From the Persian.

1731. What constitutes a state?
. . . . . .
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

1732. And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill. Ibid.

1733. Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.[2]

1734. The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.[3]

JONSON, BEN, 1573?–1637

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

1735. Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.[4] *The Forest. To Celia.*

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[1] Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," an inexact quotation from the passage under Henry Brooke, *ante*.

[2] Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Translation of lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke.

[3] On the authority of Bartlett—no reference given. Cf. Thos. Moore (*While gazing on the Moon's Light*), *post*.

[4] Τιμοῦ δὲ μόνος πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου.—Philostratus, Letter xxiv.

1736. Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast.[1]
The Silent Woman, Act I. sc. i.

1737. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. Ibid., sc. i.

1738. In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
Good Life, Long Life.

1739. Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live. *Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

1740. Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.[2]

1741. Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.[3]
To the Memory of Shakespeare.

1742. Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line. Ibid.

1743. Small Latin, and less Greek. Ibid.

1744. He was not of an age, but for all time. Ibid.

1745. Sweet swan of Avon! Ibid.

1746. Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.[4]
Every Man in his Humour, Act II. sc. iii.

1747. What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?[5]
Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.

"Junius," 18th century

1748. I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but an example to deter. *Letter* xii. *To the Duke of Grafton.*

[1] A true translation from Bonnefonius.
[2] In a manuscript of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MSS., in the British Museum, this epitaph is ascribed to Wm. Browne (1591–1643?).
[3] Cf. Basse, *ante*. [4] Cf. Pope (*Horace*, bk. i. ep. i. line 103), *post*.
[5] Cf. Pope (*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*), *post*.

1749. The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.'
Letter xxxvii. 14 Feb. 1770.
City Address and the King's Answer.

1750. Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.
Letter xlii. *Affair of the Falkland Islands.*

JUVENALIS, DECIMUS JUNIUS ("JUVENAL"), *c.* 60–140

[See Beaumont and Fletcher (*A King and No King*), Dryden (*Abs. and Ach.*, Part I. line 545), and Stephen Harvey, *ante*; and Tennyson (*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*), *post.*]

KEATS, JOHN, 1795–1821

1751. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
Endymion, line 1.

1752. Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.
Lamia, Part II.

1753. As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
The Eve of St. Agnes, st. 27.

1754. And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon.
Ibid., st. 30.

1755. That large utterance of the early gods!
Hyperion, bk. i.

1756. Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
Ibid., bk. i.

1757. Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

1758. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Ibid.

1759. Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
Ibid.

1760. Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

1761. O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

[1] Cf. Gibbon, *ante.*

O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth. *Ode to a Nightingale.*

1762. Here, where men sit and hear each other groan. Ibid.

1763. I have been half in love with easeful Death. Ibid.

1764. Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn. Ibid.

KEBLE, JOHN, 1792–1866

1765. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*

KEMBLE, JOHN PHILIP, 1757–1823

1766. I give thee all—I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee. *Lodoiska*, Act III. sc. i.

1767. Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?
The Panel,[1] Act I. sc. i.

KEMP, WILLIAM, fl. 1600

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

KEMPIS, THOMAS À, 1380–1471

1768. Man proposes, but God disposes.[2]
Imitation of Christ, bk. i. ch. xix.

1769. When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.
Ibid., ch. xxiii.

1770. Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.[3]
Ibid., bk. iii. ch. xii.

KEN, THOMAS, 1637–1711

1771. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Morning Hymn.

KENRICK, WILLIAM, 1725?–79

1772. Durance vile. *Falstaff's Wedding*, Act I. sc. ii.[4]

KEPLER, JOHANN, 1571–1630

1773. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.
From Brewster's "Martyrs of Science," p. 197.

[1] Altered from Bickerstaff's '*Tis Well it's no Worse*. The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, vol. i., p. 15.

[2] This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, p. 27 (Lower's Translation), and in *Piers Plowman's Vision*, line 13,994.
A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.—Proverbs xvi. 9.

[3] See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*

[4] This is the source of the phrase. It is quoted by Burns (*Ed. Esopus to Maria*), *ante.*

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, 1780–1843

1774. The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
The Star-spangled Banner.

KING, WILLIAM, 1663–1712

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1775. His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.
Upon a Giant's Angling.
(Ascribed in "*Chalmers's British Poets.*")

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, 1819–75

1776. Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze.
The Saint's Tragedy, Act II. sc. ix.

1777. O Mary, go and call the cattle home
. . . . .
Across the sands of Dee. *The Sands of Dee.*

1778. For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
The Three Fishers.

1779. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
A Farewell.

KIPLING, RUDYARD, 1865–

1780. He travels the fastest who travels alone.
Story of the Gadsbys. L'Envoi.

1781. What should they know of England who only England know?
The English Flag.

1782. Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst. *Mandalay.*

1783. East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. *Ballad of East and West.*

1784. The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart. *Recessional.*

1785. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget. Ibid.

1786. Take up the White Man's burden.
The White Man's Burden.

1787. He's an absent-minded beggar. [The soldier.]
The Absent-minded Beggar.

1788. The flannelled fools at the wickets, or the muddied oafs at the goals. *The Islanders.*

1789. Man knows that, at any moment, he can tell a lie that, for a while, will delay or divert the workings of cause and effect. Being an animal who is still learning to reason, he does not yet understand why, with a little more, or a little louder, lying, he should not be able permanently to break the chain of that law.

Rectorial Address at St. Andrews University, 10 Oct. 1923.

KNOLLES, RICHARD, *c.* 1545–1610

1790. Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.[1]

History (*under a portrait of Mustapha I.*).

KNOX, JOHN, 1505–72

1791. The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women. *Title of a Treatise.*

KNOX, WILLIAM, 1789–1825

1792. Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud! *Mortality.*

KOTZEBUE, AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON, 1761–1819

1793. There is another and a better world.

The Stranger, Act I. sc. i. (Trans. by A. Schink, London, 1799.)

LAMB, CHARLES, 1775–1834

1794. Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester*, st. 7.

1795. I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Old Familiar Faces.

1796. And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite.

Written at Cambridge.

1797. Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
. . . . . .
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
. . . . . .
Sabbathless Satan! *Work.*

1798. A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.

Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.

1799. Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, 1775–1864

1800. Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. *Simonidea.*

[1] Cf. Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 198), *ante*.

1801. I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life—
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

1802. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and everything around and above it.
Pericles and Aspasia, lxxii

1803. A solitude is the audience-chamber of God.
Imaginary Conversations. Sidney and Brooke.

1804. The voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name has its roots in the dead body.
Ibid., *Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

LANGHORNE, JOHN, 1735–99

1895. Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.[1]
The Country Justice, Part I.

LANGLAND, WILLIAM, 1330?–1400?

1806. As dead as a dore-nayl.
Piers Plowman ("A" Text), passus i. line 161.

LANSDOWNE, GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD, 1667–1735

1807. But ah! what mighty Magick can asswage
A Woman's envy, and a Bigot's Rage?
Progress of Beauty, line 146.

LAYARD, SIR AUSTEN HENRY, 1817–94

1808. I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.
Speech, 15 Jan. 1855. Hansard, *Parl. Debates*, 3rd Series, vol. 138, p. 2077.

LEACOCK, STEPHEN BUTLER, 1869–

1809. The classics are only primitive literature. They belong to the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine. *Behind the Beyond, etc. Homer and Humbug.*

1810. The up-to-date clean-shaven snoopopathic man. . . . How one would enjoy seeing a man—a real one with Nevada whiskers and long boots—land him one solid kick from behind!
Further Foolishness, ii. *The Snoopopaths.*

[1] This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found.—Chambers's *Cyc. of Literature*, vol. ii., p. 10.

1811. I can see nothing funny in Cockney humour. The Cockney accent seems to me one of the most debased forms of utterance. I like nearly all the forms of broken down English—Yorkshire and Somerset accents and so on—but no outside nation can admire the Cockney. Cockney humour invariably depends upon bad taste, cruelty, or callousness.[1] *Interview*, "*Evening Standard*," 27 Sept. 1921.

LEE, HENRY, 1756–1816

1812. To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen

Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by Gen. Lee, 26 Dec. 1799.[2] *Memoirs of Lee.*

LEE, NATHANIEL, 1653?–1692

1813. Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk![3]
Alexander the Great, Act I. sc. iii.

1814. When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
Ibid., Act. IV. sc. ii.

1815. 'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the way.[4] Ibid., sc. ii.

1816. Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.
Theodosius, Act III. sc. ii.

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, 1824–1903

1817. Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vere ish dat barty now? *Hans Breitmann's Party.*

1818. All gon'd afay mit de lager beer
Afay in de ewigkeit! Ibid.

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, 1668–1747

1819. It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.[5] *Gil Blas*, bk. iii. ch. xi.

1820. I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste.[6]
Ibid., bk. vii. ch. iv.

L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER, 1616–1704

1821. Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us. *Fables from Several Authors*, Fable 398.

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES, 1806–72

1822. The ship that makes her voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope, teaches little; but there is a whole world of information

[1] Cf. Fielding (*Voyage to Lisbon*), *ante*.

[2] To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens.—From *the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December* 1799. Marshall's "*Life of Washington*."

[3] Beaumont and Fletcher (*The Scornful Lady*), *ante*.

[4] "leads the way," in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,"

which also occurs in the libretto of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* (1747).

[5] On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.

[6] Je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités avec un peu plus de goût.

in the log of a vessel with a great hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain invariably drunk, and the crew mutinous.

A Day's Ride: A Life's Romance, ch. xxiv.

LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY, 1775–1818

1823. I am not mad! I am not mad! *Progress of Madness.*

1824. I am not mad—but soon shall be. Ibid.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 1809–65

1825. I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country, but I am reminded in this connection of an old Dutch farmer who remarked that it was not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.[1]

Speech. Nat. Union League, 9 June, 1864.

1826. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Second Inaugural Address.

1827. For those who like this kind of book, this is the kind of book they will like.[2]

1828. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

Letter to A. G. Hodges, 4 April, 1864.

LLOYD, ROBERT, 1733–64

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

LOGAN, JOHN, 1748–88

1829. Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year. *To the Cuckoo.*

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 1807–82

1830. Look, then, into thine heart, and write![3]
Voices of the Night. Prelude.

1831. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
A Psalm of Life.

1832. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,[4]
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. Ibid

[1] W. O. Stoddard's version. Another version is: "I do not allow myself to suppose that either the Convention or the League have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river."

[2] This is contained in most books of Lincolniana, without particulars. The full context is printed somewhere, but the present compiler cannot recall where.

[3] Cf. P. Sidney, *post.*

[4] Ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή (generally quoted in Latin, "Ars longa, vita brevis"). —Hippocrates, *Aphorism* 1.

1833. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead! *A Psalm of Life.*

1834. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. Ibid.

1835. Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait. Ibid.

1836. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
The Reaper and the Flowers.

1837. The star of the unconquered will. *The Light of Stars.*

1838. O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. Ibid.

1839. Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,[1]
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

1840. The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

1841. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
Sunrise on the Hills.

1842. No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

1843. For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest! *It is not always May.*

1844. This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been. *A Gleam of Sunshine.*

1845. Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood.*

1846. O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares! Ibid.

1847. The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is Done.*

[1] F. W. Carové, in his *Story without End.*

1848. A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. *The Day is Done.*

1849. And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. Ibid.

1850. She floats upon the river of his thoughts.[1]
The Spanish Student, Act II. sc. iii.

1851. This is the forest primeval. *Evangeline*, Part I.

1852. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Ibid., i.

1853. Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. Ibid., iii.

1854. Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation![2]
The Courtship of Miles Standish.

1855. Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
The Building of the Ship.

1856. There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair. *Resignation.*

1857. The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. Ibid.

1858. There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. Ibid.

1859. In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere. *The Builders*

1860. Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
The Golden Legend

1861. The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark. *The Fire of Driftwood*

[1] Cf. Byron (*The Dream*), *ante*.

[2] Plymouth Rock.

1862. Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
From Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Motto, Hyperion, bk. i.

1863. Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn. Ibid., bk. ii.

1864. Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; [1]
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
Retribution. From the "Sinngedichte" of Friedrich von Logan.

1865. The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device:
Excelsior! Excelsior.

1866. Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing.
Tales of a Wayside Inn, 3rd Day, *Theologian's Tale. Elizabeth*, canto iv.

LOVELACE, RICHARD, 1618–58

1867. Oh! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,[2]
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

1868. I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

1869. When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.[3]
To Althea from Prison, ii.

1870. Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty. Ibid.

1871. Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;

[1] Θεοὶ θεῶν ἀλεοῦσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. *Oracula Sibyllina*, bk. viii. line 14. Cf. Herbert, *ante*.
[2] Cf. Sir Thomas Browne (*Religio Medici*, Part II.) and Byron (*Bride of Abydos*, canto 1, st. 6), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Shakespeare (*Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. i.), *post*.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty. *To Althea from Prison*, iv.

LOVELL, MARIA ANNE, 1803–77

1872. Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
Ingomar. (Trans. from German of Von Münch Bellinghausen). *Song in* Act II.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 1819–91

1873. 'Tis heaven alone that is given away.
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.

1874. And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. Ibid.

1875. John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.
Biglow Papers, 1st series. iii. *What Mr. Robinson Thinks.*

LUCRETIUS (CARUS), TITUS, *c.* 99–*c.* 55 B.C.

[See Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto i. st. 82) and Gray (*Progress of Poesy*, iii. 2. line 4), *ante*.]

LYDGATE, JOHN, 1370?–1451?

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

LYLY, JOHN, 1554?–1606

1876. None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.[1]
Alexander and Campaspe, Act V. sc. i.

LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS, 1793–1847

1877. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. *Hymn.*

LYTTELTON, GEORGE, 1st LORD, 1709–73

1878. For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Prologue to Thomson's "Coriolanus."

1879. Women, like princes, find few real friends.
Advice to a Lady.

[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. iii.), *post*.

1880. What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. *Advice to a Lady.*

1881. The lover in the husband may be lost. Ibid.

1882. How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode.

1883. None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair. *Epigram.*

1884. Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis in vain to be a belle.
Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

1885. Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain. *Song.*

LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON, 1st LORD, 1803–73

1886. Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. *Richelieu*, Act II. sc. ii.

1887. Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it; bring the pen! Ibid., sc. ii.

1888. In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail*. Ibid., sc. ii.

1889. *Alone!*—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—ALONE!
The New Timon, Part II. 7.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD, 1800–59

[See also note under Whitehead, *post*.]

1890. The generous and the gentle heart
Is like that balmy Indian tree
Which scatters from the wounded part
The tears of sensibility.[1]
Burlesque Verses contributed to the "Morning Post."

1891. She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.[2]
Review of Ranke's "History of the Popes."

[1] Cf. Bret Harte, *ante*.

[2] The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece*, and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, in 1829.

Cf. Shelley (prose extract), Volney, Horace Walpole, and H. Kirk White, *post*.

1892. The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.[1]
History of England, vol. i. ch. ii.

1893. To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvi.

1894. And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer. Ibid., lx.

1895. How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old. Ibid., lxx.

1896. Steele . . . was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.[2]
Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.

1897. Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.[2]
Life and Writings of Sir Wm. Temple

1898. We now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame. *Critical Essays. Lord Bacon*

McCrae, John, 1872–1918

1899. In Flanders fields the poppies blow.
In Flanders Fields. Punch, 8 Dec. 1915.

Macdonald, George, 1824–1905

1900. Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here. *Baby*

Mackay, Charles, 1814–89

1901. We want no flag, no flaunting rag. *British Freedom.*

1902. Cheer, boys! cheer! *Song.*

1903. The coin is spurious: nail it down! *John Littlejohn*

1904. There's a good time coming![3] *The Good Time Coming*

Mackintosh, Sir James, 1765–1832

1905. Diffused knowledge immortalises itself. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*

1906. The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. Ibid.

1907. Disciplined inaction. *Causes of Revolution of* 1688, ch. vii

1908. The frivolous work of polished idleness.
Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown

[1] Cf. David Hume, *ante.*
[2] Cf. Pope (*Dunciad*, bk. iv. line 90), *post*
[3] Cf. Scott (*Rob Roy*), *post.*

1909. In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools*.[1] *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thos. Moore.*

MACKLIN, CHARLES, 1697?–1797

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1910. The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.

Love à la Mode, Act II. sc. i.

1911. She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth.

The Man of the World, Act I. sc. i.

MACLEOD, NORMAN, 1812–72

1912. Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right. *Trust in God.*

"MALABAR THE JUGGLER," early 19th century

1913. Tuppence more, and up goes the donkey!

Habitual cry at the Great Hyde Park Fair, 1838, *advertising a weight-lifting exhibition. "Malabar" was an Irishman—real name unknown.* See *Seventy Years a Showman*, by "Lord" Geo. Sanger.

MALLET, DAVID, 1705?–65

1914. While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim! *Tyburn.*

MANNING, JOHN LAWRENCE, Governor of South Carolina, 1810– ?

1915. Cotton is King. *Speech.* Columbia, S. Car., 1858.

MARCY, WILLIAM LEARNED, 1786–1857

1916. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

Speech in the United States Senate, Jan 1832.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 1564–93

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1917. Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? [2]

Hero and Leander.

1918. Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yields.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

[1] Cf. Swift (*Tale of a Tub: Preface*), *post.*
[2] Quoted by Shakespeare (*As You Like It*, Act III., sc. v.), *post.*

1919. By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.[1]
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

1920. And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.[1] Ibid.

1921. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!
Faustus, sc. xiv.

1922. In wanton Arethusa's azured arms. Ibid., sc. xiv.

1923. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,[2]
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Ibid., *Epilogue.*

1924. Love me little, love me long.[3] *The Jew of Malta*, Act IV.

1925. I'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel.[4] *Lust's Dominion*, Act IV. sc. iii.

MARMION, SHACKERLEY, 1603–39

1926. What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminence of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.[5] *The Antiquary*, Act II. sc i.

MARTIALIS, MARCUS VALERIUS ("MARTIAL"), *c.* 40 – *c.* 102

[See "Tom" Brown, *ante*, and Milton (*Paradise Lost*, xi. line 553), *post.*]

MARVELL, ANDREW, 1621–78

1927. And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. *Bermudas.*

1928. In busy companies of men. *The Garden* (Trans.).

1929. Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. Ibid.

1930. The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

1931. The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

1932. He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. Ibid.

1933. So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. Ibid.

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[1] Quoted by Shakespeare (*Merry Wives*, Act III., sc. i.).
[2] Cf. Shakespeare (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. IV. sc. xv.), *post.*
[3] Copied by Herrick (q.v. *ante*).
[4] Cf. Shakespeare (*Henry VI.*, Part II. Act III. sc. ii.), *post.*
[5] Cf. Goldsmith, *ante*, and Proverbs, *post*, "Old wood," etc.

1934. Self-preservation, nature's first great law.
Hodge's Vision from the Monument, Dec. 1675.

MASEFIELD, JOHN, 1876–

1935. But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.
Captain Stratton's Fancy, st. 6.

MASON, WILLIAM, 1724–97

1936. The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty. *Heroic Epistle.*

MASSINGER, PHILIP, 1583–1640

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

1937. The devil turned precisian.
A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act I. sc. i.

1938. Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it, and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

1939. This many-headed monster.[1]
The Roman Actor, Act III. sc. ii.

1940. Grim death.[2] Ibid., Act IV. sc. ii.

1941. And but himself admits no parallel.[3]
Duke of Milan, Act IV. sc. iii.

MAYHEW, HENRY, 1812–87

1942. ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Don't!
Punch Almanac for 1845

MELBOURNE, WILLIAM LAMB, 2nd VISCOUNT, 1779–1848

1943. Stop a bit! Is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it? It doesn't matter much which, but we must all say the same thing.
Attributed Saying. At a Cabinet meeting in 1841, *where a fixed duty on corn was substituted for a sliding scale.*

MENANDER, 342–*c.* 291 B.C.

[See Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 12), *ante*; also Proverbs, *post.*]

MEREDITH, GEORGE, 1828–1909

1944. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.
Modern Love, xliii.

1945. Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! Ibid., l.

1946. I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilised by Man.
Ordeal of Richard Feverel, ch. i.

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Satires*, bk. i. ep. i, line 303), *post.*
[2] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. line 804), *post.* [3] Cf. Theobald, *post.*

1947. There is more in men and women than the stuff they utter. *Harry Richmond*, ch. lvi.

1948. Men have rounded Seraglio Point: they have not yet doubled Cape Turk. *Diana of the Crossways*, ch. i.

1949. Ah could eat hog a solid hower. [Andrew Hedger.] Ibid., ch viii.

1950. None of your dam punctilio! *One of Our Conquerors*, ch. i.

MERRICK, JAMES, 1720–69

1951. Not what we wish, but what we want. *Hymn.*

MEYNELL, ALICE CHRISTIANA, *c.* 1853–1922

1952. She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep. *The Shepherdess.*

1953. Thou art like silence all unvexed,
Though wild words part my soul from thee.
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the next. *To the Beloved.*

1954. Snatches of thee everywhere
Make little heavens throughout a day. Ibid.

MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS, 1735–88

1955. For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*

1956. His very foot has music in't.
As he comes up the stairs. Ibid.

MIDDLETON, THOMAS, 1570?–1627

[See also Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i., footnote, *post.*]

1957. All is not gold that glisteneth [1] *A Fair Quarrel*, Act V. sc. i.

1958. At sixes and sevens.[1] *The Widow*, Act I. sc. ii.

MILL, JOHN STUART, 1806–73

1959. When the object is to raise the permanent condition of a people, small means do not merely produce small effects; they produce no effect at all.[2]

[1] See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*

[2] This is taken as a book-motto by Hy. George in *Progress and Poverty*, but no reference to and work of Mill's is given in respect of it. It has been frequently requoted.

MILMAN, HENRY HART, 1791–1868

1960. And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
The Belvidere Apollo.

1961. Too fair to worship, too divine to love. Ibid.

MILNER, ALFRED, VISCOUNT, 1854–1925

1962. Damn the consequences.[1] *Speech.* Glasgow, 26 Nov. 1909.

MILTON, JOHN, 1608–74

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

PARADISE LOST

1963. Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe. Bk. i. line 1.

1964. Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God. Ibid., line 10.

1965. Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Ibid., line 16.

1966. What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.[2] Ibid., line 22.

1967. As far as Angels ken. Ibid., line 59.

1968. Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible. Ibid., line 62.

1969. Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all. Ibid., line 65.

1970. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. Ibid., line 105.

1971. To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering. Ibid., line 157.

1972. And out of good still to find means of evil. Ibid., line 165.

1973. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail.
Ibid., line 249.

1974. A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. Ibid., line 253.

1975 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. Ibid., line 261.

[1] Of the House of Lords rejecting the Budget.
[2] See *Samson Agonistes*, 4th ext., *post.*

1976. Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle. Bk. i. line 275.

1977. His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle. Ibid., line 292.

1978. Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower. Ibid., line 302.

1979. Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! Ibid., line 330.

1980. Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both. Ibid., line 423.

1981. Execute their airy purposes. Ibid., line 430.

1982. When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. Ibid., line 500.

1983. Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.[1] Ibid., line 536.

1984. Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. Ibid., line 540.

1985. In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. Ibid., line 550.

1986. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured. Ibid., line 591.

1987. In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Ibid., line 597.

1988. Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. Ibid., line 619.

1989. Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. Ibid., line 648.

1990. Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. Ibid., line 679.

[1] Cf. Gray (*The Bard*, i. 1. line 5), *ante*.

1991. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. Bk. i. line 690.

1992. Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. Ibid., line 710.

1993. From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star. Ibid., line 742.

1994. Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. Ibid., line 781.

1995. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence. Bk. ii. line 1.

1996. Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. Ibid., line 39.

1997. The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Ibid., line 44.

1998. Rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all. Ibid., line 47.

1999. My sentence is for open war. Ibid., line 51.

2000. That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Ibid., line 75.

2001. When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour [1]
Calls us to penance. Ibid., line 90.

2002. Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. Ibid., line 105.

2003 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. Ibid., line 112.

2004. Th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair. Ibid., line 139.

[1] Cf. Gray (*Hymn to Adversity*), *ante*.

2005. For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night? Bk. ii. line 146.

2006. His red right hand.[1] Ibid., line 175.

2007. Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved. Ibid., line 185.

2008. The never-ending flight
Of future days. Ibid., line 221.

2009. Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements. Ibid., line 274.

2010. With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. Ibid., line 300.

2011. The palpable obscure. Ibid., line 406.

2012. Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. Ibid., line 432.

2013. Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Ibid., line 476.

2014. The lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape. Ibid., line 490.

2015. Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. Ibid., line 496.

2016. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost. Ibid., line 555.

2017. Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy. Ibid., line 565.

2018. Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. Ibid., line 568.

2019. A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.

[1] Rubente dextera.—Horace, *Odes*, I. ii. 2.

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. Bk. ii. line 592.

2020. O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
Ibid., line 620.

2021. Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. Ibid., line 628

2022. The other shape—
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. Ibid., line 665.

2023. Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?
Ibid., line 681.

2024. Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. Ibid., line 699.

2025. So spake the grisly terror. Ibid., line 704

2026. Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Ibid., line 707

2027. Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. Ibid., line 712.

2028. Hell
Grew darker at their frown. Ibid., line 719

2029. I fled, and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.
Ibid., line 787.

2030. Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim death, my son and foe. Ibid., line 803.

2031. Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled. Ibid., line 845

2032. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. Ibid., line 879.

2033. Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery. Bk. ii. line 894.

2034. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave.
Ibid., line 910.

2035. O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With heads, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Ibid., line 948.

2036. With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. Ibid., line 995.

2037. So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he. Ibid., line 1021.

2038. And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. Ibid., line 1051.

2039. Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born.
Bk. iii. line 1.

2040. The rising world of waters dark and deep. Ibid., line 11.

2041. Thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. Ibid., line 37.

2042. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flock, or birds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. Ibid , line 40.

2043. Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. Ibid., line 99.

2044. Dark with excessive bright. Ibid., line 380.

2045. Eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Ibid., line 474.

2046. Since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.[1] Ibid., line 495.

[1] Cf. Crabbe, *ante*.

2047. And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. Bk. iii. line 686

2048. The hell within him. Bk. iv. line 20.

2049. Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.
Ibid., line 23.

2050. At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads. Ibid., line 34.

2051. A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. Ibid., line 55.

2052. Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'nins to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. Ibid., line 73.

2053. Such joy ambition finds. Ibid., line 92.

2054. So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good. Ibid., line 108.

2055. That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal couch'd with revenge.
Ibid., line 122.

2056. Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest. Ibid., line 162.

2057. And on the Tree of Life
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. Ibid., line 194.

2058. A heaven on earth. Ibid., line 208.

2059. Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Ibid., line 256.

2060. For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
Ibid., line 297.

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[1] Cf. Sir T. Browne, *ante*.

2061. Implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. Bk. iv. line 307.

2062. Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons,-the fairest of her daughters Eve. Ibid., line 323.

2063. And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea,[1] excus'd his devilish deeds.
Ibid., line 393.

2064. As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. Ibid., line 499.

2065. Imparadis'd in one another's arms. Ibid., line 505.

2066. Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw Ibid., line 598.

2067. The timely dew of sleep. Ibid., line 614.

2068. With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
Ibid., line 639.

[1] Cf. Chatham, *ante*

PARADISE LOST

2069. Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
Bk. iv. line 677.

2070. In naked beauty, more adorned,[1]
More comely than Pandora. Ibid., line 713

2071. Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.
Ibid., line 739

2072. Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring. Ibid., line 750.

2073. Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. Ibid., line 800.

2074. Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper. Ibid., line 810.

2075. Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng. Ibid., line 830.

2076. Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely. Ibid., line 846.

2077. All hell broke loose. Ibid., line 918.

2078. Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd. Ibid., line 987.

2079. The starry cope
Of heaven. Ibid., line 992.

2080. Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
Ibid., line 1014.

2081. Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred. Bk. v. line 1.

2082. Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Ibid., line 13.

2083. My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight. Ibid., line 18.

2084. Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. Ibid., line 71.

2085. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Ibid., line 153.

2086. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn. Ibid., line 166.

2087. A wilderness of sweets. Ibid., line 294.

2088. Another morn
Risen on mid-noon. Ibid., line 310.

[1] Cf. Thomson (*Autumn*), *post*.

2089. So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. Bk. v. line 331.

2090. Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. Ibid., line 449.

2091. The bright consummate flower. Ibid., line 481.

2092. Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.
Ibid., line 601.

2093. They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. Ibid., line 637.

2094. Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. Ibid., line 658.

2095. Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. Ibid., line 667.

2096. Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. Ibid., line 745.

2097. So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he. Ibid., line 896.

2098. Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. Bk. vi. line 2.

2099. Servant of God, well done. Ibid., line 29.

2100. Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict. Ibid., line 209.

2101. Far off his coming shone. Ibid., line 768.

2102. More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues. Bk. vii. line 24.

2103. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few. Ibid., line 30.

2104. Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving. Ibid., line 205.

2105. Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light. Ibid., line 364.

2106. Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts. Ibid., line 463.

2107. Indued
With sanctity of reason. Ibid., line 507.

2108. The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.
Bk. viii. line 1.

2109. And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.
Bk. viii. line 43.

2110. And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Ibid., line 47.

2111. With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. Ibid., line 83.

2112. To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. Ibid., line 192.

2113. Liquid lapse of murmuring streams. Ibid., line 263.

2114. And feel that I am happier than I know. Ibid., line 282.

2115. Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. Ibid., line 488.

2116. Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.
Ibid., line 502.

2117. She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn; all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub. Ibid., line 508.

2118. So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best. Ibid., line 548.

2119. Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine. Ibid., line 561.

2120. Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions. Ibid., line 600.

2121. To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. Ibid., line 618.

2122. My unpremeditated verse. Bk. ix. line 23.

2123. Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late. Ibid., line 26.

2124. Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. Ibid., line 44.

2125. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. Ibid., line 171.

2126. The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint. Ibid., line 208.

2127. Smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food. Bk. ix. line 239.

2128. For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. Ibid., line 249.

2129. At shut of evening flowers. Ibid., line 278.

2130. As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air. Ibid., line 445.

2131. So glozed the tempter. Ibid., line 549.

2132. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. Ibid., line 633.

2133. Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.[1] Ibid., line 652.

2134. Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Ibid., line 782.

2135. In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. Ibid., line 853.

2136. A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.
Ibid., line 1106.

2137. Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease. Bk. x. line 77.

2138. So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. Ibid., line 279.

2139. How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! Ibid., line 775.

2140. Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
Bk. xi. line 269.

2141. Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see. Ibid., line 414.

2142. Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness. Ibid., line 485.

2143. And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.
Ibid., line 491.

2144. So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap. Ibid., line 535.

[1] Cf. Wordsworth (*Ode to Duty*), *post*.

PARADISE LOST

2145. Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.[1]
Bk. xi. line 553.

2146. A bevy of fair women. Ibid., line 582.

2147. Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way. Bk. xii. line 645.

PARADISE REGAINED

2148. Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. Bk. ii. line 220.

2149. Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
Ibid., line 228.

2150. Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.
Bk. iii. line 56.

2151. Elephants endors'd with towers. Ibid., line 329.

2152. Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle. Bk. iv. line 70.

2153. Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.
Ibid., line 76.

2154. The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.[2] Ibid., line 220.

2155. Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. Ibid., line 240.

2156. The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
Ibid., line 244.

2157. Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. Ibid., line 267.

2158. Socrates . . .
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men. Ibid., line 274.

2159. Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself. Ibid., line 327.

2160. As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.[3] Ibid., line 330.

2161. Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey. Ibid., line 426.

[1] Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes. Martial, lib. x. ep. xlvii. line 14.
[2] Cf. Wordsworth (*My heart leaps up*), *post*. [3] Cf. Sir Isaac Newton, *post*.

2162. Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth. Line 5.

2163. That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity. Line 13.

2164. The nodding horror of whose shady brows. Line 38.

2165. The star that bids the shepherd fold. Line 93.

2166. Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity. Line 103.

2167. Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep. Line 138.

2168. When the grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. Line 188.

2169. A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. Line 205.

2170. O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings! Line 213.

2171. Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? Line 221.

2172. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? Line 244.

2173. How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled. Line 249.

2174. Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. Line 256.

2175. Such sober certainty of waking bliss. Line 263.

2176. I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. Line 298.

2177. It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them. Line 303.

2178. With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light. Line 340.

2179. Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. Line 373.

2180. He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun. Line 381.

2181. The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure. Line 398.

2182. 'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel. Line 420.

2183. Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. Line 432.

2184. So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt. Line 453.

2185. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,[1]
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. Line 476.

2186. Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance. Line 550.

2187. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. Line 560.

2188. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. Line 597.

2189. The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. Line 631.

2190. Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. Ibid., line 646.

2191. And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. Ibid., line 727.

2192. It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence. Ibid., line 748.

2193. What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? Ibid., line 752.

2194. Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Ibid., line 776.

[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. iii.), *post*.

COMUS

2195. Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Ibid., line 790.

2196. His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power. Ibid., line 816.

2197. Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. Ibid., line 859.

2198. But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. Ibid., line 1012.

2199. Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. Ibid., line 1022.

IL PENSEROSO

2200. The gay motes that people the sunbeams. Line 8.

2201. And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. Line 39.

2202. And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. Line 45

2203. And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. Line 49.

2204. Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! Line 61.

2205. To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. Line 67.

2206. Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. Line 79.

2207. Save the cricket on the hearth.[1] Line 82.

2208. Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. Line 97.

2209. Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. Line 105.

2210. Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. Line 109.

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[1] Cf. Dickens, *ante*.

IL PENSEROSO

2211. Where more is meant than meets the ear. Line 120.

2212 Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves. Line 129.

2213. And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. Line 159.

2214. Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain. Line 173.

L'ALLEGRO

2215. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. Line 25.

2216. Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. Line 31.

2217. And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. Line 67.

2218. Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. Line 75.

2219. Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses. Line 85.

2220. To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade. Line 95.

2221. Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. Line 100.

2222. Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.[1] Line 117.

2223. Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize. Line 121.

2224. Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. Line 129.

2225. And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. Line 135.

[1] Cf. Hemans, *ante*.

L'ALLEGRO

2226. Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. Line 143.

LYCIDAS

2227. I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. Line 3.

2228. He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. Line 10.

2229. Without the meed of some melodious tear. Line 14.

2230. Under the opening eyelids of the morn. Line 26.

2231. The gadding vine. Line 40.

2232. And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. Line 66.

2233. To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. Line 68.

2234. Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise [1]
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. Line 70.

2235. Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. Line 78.

2236. It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark. Line 100.

2237. The pilot of the Galilean lake. Line 109.

2238. Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears. Line 139.

2239. So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. Line 168.

2240. To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. Line 193.

[1] Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.—Tacitus, *Histor.*, iv. 6.

SAMSON AGONISTES

2241. O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon! Line 80.

2242. The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. Line 86.

2243. Ran on embattled armies clad in iron. Line 129.

2244. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;[1]
Unless there be who think not God at all. Line 293.

2245. What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? Line 560.

2246. But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger. Line 710.

2247. He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? Line 1350.

2248. For evil news rides post, while good news baits. Line 1538.

2249. And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl. Line 1692.

2250. Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble. Line 1721.

OTHER POEMS

2251. Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. *Arcades*, line 88.

2252. Nor war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.
Hymn on Christ's Nativity, line 53.

2253. Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.
Ibid., line 135.

2254. Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. Ibid., line 172.

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[1] See *Par. Lost*, 4th ext., *ante*.

2255. The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly-trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.
Hymn on Christ's Nativity, line 173.

2256. From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent. Ibid., line 184.

2257. Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim. Ibid., line 197.

2258. Under a star-y-pointing pyramid.
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
Epitaph on Shakespeare, line 4.

2259. And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. Ibid., line 15.

2260. Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.
Sonnet. To the Nightingale.

2261. As ever in my great taskmaster's eye.
Sonnet. On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three.

2262. Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms.
Sonnet. When the Assault was intended to the City.

2263. The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground. Ibid.

2264. That old man eloquent. *Sonnet. To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

2265. That would have made Quintillian stare and gasp.
Sonnet. On the Detraction which followed upon my Writing Certain Treaties.

2266. Licence they mean when they cry liberty.
Sonnet. On the Same.

2267. Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war.
Sonnet. To the Lord General Cromwell.

2268. Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.
Sonnet. On his Blindness.

2269. In mirth, that after no repenting draws. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

2270. For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains. Ibid.

OTHER POEMS

2271. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *Another. To the Same.*

2272. Of which all Europe rings from side to side. Ibid.

2273. But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
Sonnet. On his Deceased Wife.

2274. Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.
Translation of Horace, bk. i. ode 5.

PROSE WORKS

2275. Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.[1] *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

2276. A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.
The Reason of Church Government, bk. ii.

2277. By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. Ibid, bk. ii

2278. Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. Ibid., bk. ii.

2279. He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.
Apology for Smectymnuus.

2280. Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.
Tractate of Education.

2281. To which [i.e. rhetoric] poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. Ibid.

2282. Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. Ibid.

2283. As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

2284. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. Ibid.

2285. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.
Ibid.

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[1] Cf. Bacon, *ante*.

2286. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.
Areopagitica.

2287. Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Ibid.

2288. By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth and idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colours and shapes.
History of England, bk. i. ad fin.

2289. Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law. *Tetrachordon.*

2290. For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarè.
Iconoclastes, xxiv. *ad fin.*

MINER, CHARLES, 1780–1865

2291. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.
Who'll turn Grindstones.[1]

MOLIÈRE (stage name of JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN), 1622–73

[See also Dryden (*Amphitryon*, Act I. sc. i.), *ante*.]

2292. What the devil should he be doing in that galley? [2]
Les Fourberies de Scapin, Act II. sc. ii.

2293. For more than forty years I've been talking prose without knowing it.[3]
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act II. sc. viii.

MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY, 1689–1762

2294. Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—
In part she is to blame that has been tried:
He comes too near that comes to be denied.
The Lady's Resolve.[4]

2295. And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.[5]
The Lover.

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[1] From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe*, Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner*, 1811.
[2] Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?
[3] Il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose, sans que j'en susse rien.
[4] A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury, q.v., *post*.
[5] See Byron (*Note to Letter on Bowles*), *ante*.

2296. Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary! kiss me, and be quiet.
A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.

2297. Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace, bk. ii.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL EYQUEM DE, 1533–92

2298. [Of Marriage.] It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.[1]
Essays, vol. iii. ch. v.

2299. Few men are admired by their servants.[2] Ibid., ch. xi.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, 1771–1854

2300. When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).[3]
The Wanderer of Switzerland, Part V.

2301. Friend after friend departs,—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end. *Friends.*

2302. Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man. *The Common Lot.*

2303. 'Tis not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

2304. Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *At Home in Heaven*

2305. Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.
The Battle of Alexandria.

2306. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Original Hymns. What is Prayer?

2307. A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent.
Greenland, canto ii. sect. 10.

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[1] Cf. Sir John Davies and Emerson, *ante*, and John Webster, *post*.
[2] Cf. Appendix, "No one is a hero to his valet."
[3] Θνησκειν μη λέγε τους ἀγαθους.—Callimachus, Ep. x.

MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, 1st MARQUIS OF, 1612–50

2308. He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all. *My Dear and only Love*[1]

2309. I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword. Ibid.

MOORE, EDWARD, 1712–57

2310. Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessened *yours*?
Fable ix. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

2311. The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
Fable x. *The Spider and the Bee.*

2312. But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound. Ibid

2313. Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
The Happy Marriage.

2314. I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.[2]
The Gamester, Act II. sc. ii.

2315. 'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them
Ibid., Act III. sc. iv.

MOORE, THOMAS, 1779–1852

2316. This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two extremities!
Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan

2317. There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. Ibid

2318. Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. Ibid

2319. One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate. Ibid., *Paradise and the Peri*

2320. But the trail of the serpent is over them all. Ibid

2321. O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

[1] From Napier's *Mem. of Montrose*, vol. i. app. xxxii.
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.
From Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, vol. ii., p. 566.

[2] The last six words were adopted by Johnson, at the Thrale brewery sale. See Boswell's Life (1781).

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.

2322. Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye
But turn to ashes on the lips! Ibid.

2323. Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. Ibid.

2324. As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. Ibid.

2325. Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter. Ibid.

2326. Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.
Ibid., *The Light of the Harem.*

2327. And, oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. Ibid.

2328. Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. Ibid.

2329. How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.
Poems relating to America. To Thomas Hume.

2330. Nature designed thee for a hero's mould,
But ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold. Ibid.

2331. Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall before her spring were o'er.
Ibid., *To the Hon. W. R. Spencer.*

2332. Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
Irish Melodies. "*Go where glory waits.*"

2333. The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
Ibid., "*The harp that once.*"

2334. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
Irish Melodies. "Fly not yet."

2335. Oh stay!—Oh stay!—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon. Ibid.

2336. And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
Ibid., *"O think not my spirits."*

2337. Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
Ibid., *"Rich and rare."*

2338. There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Ibid., *The Meeting of the Waters.*

2339. Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Ibid., *"Come send round the wine."*

2340. The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this.[1]
Ibid., *"While gazing on the moon's light."*

2341. No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
Ibid., *"Believe me, if all those endearing."*

2342. And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. Ibid., *Ill Omens.*

2343. But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. Ibid., *Love's Young Dream.*

2344. To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee![2] Ibid., *"I saw thy form."*

2345. 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone. Ibid., *Last Rose of Summer.*

2346. When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? Ibid.

2347. You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Ibid., *"Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour."*

[1] Cf. Sir William Jones, *ante*.

[2] In imitation of Shenstone's inscription. "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

2348. Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.
Irish Melodies. "I'd mourn the hopes."

2349. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
Ibid., *"Come o'er the sea."*

2350. The light that lies.
In woman's eyes. Ibid., *"The time I've lost."*

2351. My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me. Ibid.

2352. I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Ibid., *"Come, rest in this bosom."*

2353. Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.
Ibid., *"Remember thee?"*

2354. And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the Night, my dear!
Ibid., *"The young May moon."*

2355. All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!
National Airs. "All that's bright must fade."

2356. Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
Ibid., *"Those evening bells."*

2357. Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Ibid., *"Oft in the stilly night."*

2358. I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
National Airs. "*Oft in the stilly night.*"

2359. As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!
Ibid., "*Peace be around thee.*"

2360. If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Ibid., "*How shall I woo?*"

2361. To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by. *The Blue-Stocking*

2362. This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!
Sacred Songs. "*This world is all a fleeting show.*"

2363. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Ibid., "*Sound the loud timbrel.*"

2364. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Ibid., "*Come, ye disconsolate.*"

2365. I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
Poems relating to America. Ballad Stanzas

2366. It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. Ibid.

2367. To Greece we give our shining blades. *Evenings in Greece.*

2368. Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.
On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

2369. A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.
Intercepted Letters, Letter vi.

2370. Who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.
On the Death of Sheridan.

2371. Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade. Ibid.

2372. Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

2373. Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.[1]
Corruption.

2374. The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them. *Preface to "Corruption" and "Intolerance."*

MORDAUNT, THOMAS OSBERT, 1730–1809

[Mr. W. Gurney Benham identifies the "Major Mordaunt" mentioned by *The Bee* (Edinburgh, 12 Oct. 1791) as the probable author of the stanzas containing the lines:

"One crouded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

See under Sir Walter Scott (*Old Mortality*), *post.*]

MORE, HANNAH, 1745–1833

2375. To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee know all words are faint!
Sensibility.

2376. In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind. *Florio*, Part I.

2377. Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes. Ibid., Part I.

MORE, HENRY, 1614–87

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

MORE, SIR THOMAS, 1478–1535

[See also Proverbial Expressions (Rhyme nor Reason), *post.*]

2378. But hath alway been holden for a thing excusable, though the reader in a long work perceive that the writer have, as Horace saith of Homer, here and there sometime fallen in a little slumber: in which places, as the reader seeth that the writer slept, so useth he of courtesy, if he cannot sleep, yet for company, at the least wise to nap and wink with him and leave his dream unchecked.
The Apology (1533).

[1] Cf. Byron (*Eng. Bards*, line 829), *ante.*

2379. For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in dust.[1]

Richard III.

MORRIS, CHARLES, 1745–1838

2380. Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.[2]

Billy Pitt and the Farmer.

2381. Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

Town and Country.

MORRIS, GEORGE POPE, 1802–64

2382. Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now. *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

2383. A song of our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union for ever!

The Flag of our Union.

2384. Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*

MORRIS, WILLIAM, 1834–96

2385. When thou hearest the fool rejoicing, and he saith, "It is over and past,
And the wrong was better than right, and hate turns into love at the last,
And we strove for nothing at all and the gods are fallen asleep;
For so good is the world a-growing that the evil good shall reap";
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard and settle the helm on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully dead.

The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, bk. ii. sect. 10.

2386. Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? thou hadst better never been born;
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? then thy fame shall be outworn:
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
And look on to-day and to-morrow as those that never die.

Ibid.

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[1] Cf. Bertaut, *ante*, and Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.*, Act IV. sc. ii.), *post*.
[2] From Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, vol. ii., p. 250.

MORTON, THOMAS, 1764?–1838

2387. What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough*, Act I. sc. i.

2388. Push on—keep moving.
A Cure for the Heartache, Act II. sc. i.

2389. Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.
Ibid., Act V. sc. ii.

MOSS, THOMAS, *c.* 1740–1808

2390. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.
The Beggar.[1]

2391. A pampered menial forc'd me from the door. Ibid.

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, 1797–1835

2392. I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day. *Jeannie Morison.*

2393. And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies. Ibid.

MOTTEUX, PIERRE ANTOINE, 1660–1718

2394. The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk wou'd be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk he'd be.[2]
Trans. of Rabelais, *Gargantua*, bk. iv. ch. xxiv.

MURPHY, ARTHUR, 1727–1805

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2395. Thus far we run before the wind. *The Apprentice*, Act V. sc. i.

2396. Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia*, Act V.

NAIRNE, CAROLINA, LADY, 1766–1845

2397. I'm wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal.
The Land o' the Leal.

2398. Wives and widows, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men![3] *Caller Herrin'.*

2399. We're a' noddin'. *Song Title.*

2400. Favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.
The Laird of Cockpen.

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[1] Commonly called *The Beggar's Petition*.

[2] The original has the Italian proverb, "Passato el pericolo, gabbato el santo"—"When the danger is over, the saint is flouted." The couplet is customarily quoted in an altered form that avoids the identic rhyme.

[3] Cf. Hood (*Song of the Shirt*, *ante*, and Scott (*Antiquary*), *post*.

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK, 1785–1860

2401. Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. *Peninsular War*, vol. ii. bk. xi. ch. iii. 1810.

NAPOLEON (BONAPARTE), 1769–1821

[See also Paine, *post.*]

2402. The stake I play for is immense—I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.[1]

See Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," Feb. 1807.

NEALE, JOHN MASON, 1818–66

2403. Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest.
Trans. of Hymn by Bernard of Murles.

2404. Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care. Ibid.

2405. Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest? *Hymn.*

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY JOHN, 1862–

2406. Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago. *Drake's Drum.*

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL), 1801–90

2407. Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom—
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Faith—Heavenly Leadings. (*British Magazine*, March 1834).

2408. O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Ibid.

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, 1642–1727

2409. I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore,

[1] Cf. Schiller, John Smith, and D. Webster, *post.*

and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.[1]

Brewster's *Memoirs of Newton*, vol. ii. ch. xxvii.

NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, 1844–1900

2410. Life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of its own forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation. *Beyond Good and Evil*, ch. ix. (Helen Zimmern's translation.)

2411. Ye say that a good cause will even sanctify war. I tell you, it is the good war that sanctifies every cause!

Thus spake Zarathustra, i. "*War and Warriors.*"

2412. When ye have an enemy, do not return him good for evil, for that would make him ashamed; but prove that he has done something good to you. Ibid., "*The Bite of the Adder.*"

2413. What is happiness? The feeling that power *increases*—that resistance is being overcome. *The Antichrist*, sect. ii.

NOEL,[2] THOMAS, 1799–1861

2414. Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a pauper, whom nobody owns.
The Pauper's Drive.

NORRIS, JOHN, 1657–1711

2415. How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,[3]
Mortality's too weak to bear them long. *The Parting.*

O'HARA, KANE, 1714–82

2416. Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong. *Midas*, Act I. sc. iv.

2417. In hurry, post-haste for a licence,
In hurry, ding-dong I come back.[4]
Tom Thumb (altered from Fielding), Act I. sc. v.

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[1] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Regained*, bk. iv. line 330), *ante*.

[2] He is stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* to be the author of *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*—I do not know on what authority; and the "poems" undoubtedly his have nothing of the spirit of that song, published versions of which attribute it to Emma Willard, q.v. *post*.—J. K. M.

[3] Cf. Blair and Campbell, *ante*.

[4] Quoted by Mr. Jingle, *Pickwick Papers*, ch. x.

OSWALD, JAMES, d. 1769

[See under Henry Carey. (This James Oswald was a music publisher, and not the M.P. and friend of Adam Smith who died same year.)]

OTWAY, THOMAS, 1652–85

2418. O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Venice Preserved, Act I. sc. i.

2419. Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.[1]
Ibid., sc. i.

2420. What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
The Orphan, Act III. sc. i.

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS, 1581–1613

2421. In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.[2]
A Wife, st. 36.

OVIDIUS NASO, PUBLIUS ("OVID"), 43 B.C.–A.D. 17

[See also Chaucer (*Wife of Bathes Prologue*), *ante*.]

2422. I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.[3]
Metamorphoses, bk. vii. line 29. (Tate and Stonestreet's translation)

OXENFORD, EDWARD, 19th century

2423. I fear no foe in shining armour. *Song.*

OXENSTIERNA, AXEL GUSTAFSSON, COUNT, 1583–1654

2424. Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.[4]
Attributed.

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[1] Cf. Gray (*The Bard*, i. 3), *ante*.

[2] Cf. Montagu, *ante*.

[3] Video meliora proboque;
Deteriora sequor.

[4] Cf. Selden, *post*. Also attributed to one of the Popes—which, uncertain.

OXFORD AND ASQUITH, HERBERT HENRY, EARL OF, 1852–1928

2425. Wait and see. *Answer to Questions*, House of Commons, 4 April, 1910, and succeeding days.

PAINE, THOMAS, 1737–1809

2426. And the final event to himself [Mr. Burke] has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

Letter to the Addressers.

2427. These are the times that try men's souls.

The American Crisis, No. 1.

2428. The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.[1] *Age of Reason*, Part II. *ad fin.* (Note.)

PALAFOX (Y MELZI), JOSÉ DE, DUKE OF SARAGOSSA, 1780–1847

2429. War even to the knife.[2]

Reply when summoned to surrender Saragossa to the French, 1808.

PALEY, WILLIAM, 1743–1805

2430. Who can refute a sneer? *Moral Philosophy*, bk. v. ch. ix.

PALMERSTON, HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, 3rd VISCOUNT, 1784–1865

2431. A fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Said to have been applied to the coalition against him in 1857.[3]

PARKER, MARTYN, ?–1656?

2432. Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The danger of the seas.

"Ye gentlemen of England."

PARNELL, THOMAS, 1679–1718

2433. Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you. *When thy beauty appears.*

2434. Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit, line 5.

2435. We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

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[1] Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated *mot*, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

[2] Cf. Byron (*Childe Harold* canto i. st. 86) *ante.*

[3] Cicero, following the ideas of Democritus, has "Nulla cogente natura, sed concursu quedam fortuito."—*De Nat. Deorum*, bk. i., 24. From which came the saying (attributed to Cicero himself) "Fortuito quodam concursu atomorum" ("by some fortuitous concourse of atoms"). Palmerston was not the first to use the phrase in English; Richard Bentley employed it.

2436. Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.
Translation of the "Pervigilium Veneris." [1]

PASCAL, BLAISE, 1623–62

[See also A. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. ii. line 13), *post.*]

2437. "It is my place in the sun": here we have the beginning and the type of usurpation the world over.[2]
Miscellaneous Thoughts, xxii.

PATER, WALTER HORATIO, 1839–94

2438. All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.[3]
The Renaissance.

2439. In truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particles of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone. *Appreciations. Style.*

PATTON, ABBY (HUTCHINSON), 1829–92

2440. Kind words can never die. *Song.*

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, 1792–1852

2441. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.[4]
Home, Sweet Home.[5]

PEELE, GEORGE, 1558?–97?

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2442. His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurn'd in vaine; youth waneth by encreasing.
Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.

2443. His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turn'd to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms. Ibid.

2444. My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse! *Cupid's Curse.*
From The Arraignment of Paris.

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[1] By an unknown author of the second century, A.D.:
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit cras amet."

[2] C'est ma place au soleil; voilà le commencement et l'image de l'usurpation de toute la terre.

[3] Cf. Wagner, *post.*

[4] "Home is home though it be never so homely" is a proverb and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

[5] From the opera of *Clari—The Maid of Milan.*

PEIRCE, CHARLES SANTIAGO SANDERS, 1839–1914

2445. The essence of belief is the establishment of a habit.[1]
Illustrations of the Logic of Science, ii. *How to Make our Ideas Clear* (*Popular Science Monthly* (New York), Jan. 1878.)

2446. There is no distinction of meaning so fine as to consist in anything but a possible difference of practice. Ibid.

2447. Our idea of anything *is* our idea of its sensible effects. Ibid.

2448. If we know what the effects of force are, we are acquainted with every fact which is implied in saying that a force exists, and there is nothing more to know. Ibid.

PENN, WILLIAM, 1644–1718

2449. No cross, no crown. *Title of Book.*

PEPYS, SAMUEL, 1633–1703

2450. So to bed. *Diary*, 2 Jan. 1650 '60, *et passim.*

2451. I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon: among other things, reproaching the imperfection of human learning, he cried: "All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetique is not able to number the days of a man"; which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetique.
Ibid., 5 Nov. 1665.

PERRONET, EDWARD, 1721–92

2452. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Hymn on the Resurrection.

PHAEDRUS, TITUS, 1st century

2453. What will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?[2] *Fables*, v. 3.

PHILIPS, AMBROSE, 1675?–1749

2454. Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
From Holland to a Friend in England.

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[1] This extract and the next contain the germ of Peirce's "Pragmatic" philosophy. The words "habit" and "meaning" were used by Peirce to indicate the mental reaction to the external "fact" and the powers kept the fact and the reaction separate in his own mind. When William James, by working these two things together, created a "Pragmatism" according to which "truth" itself is a matter of mental habit, Peirce showed his disapproval by re-naming his own philosophy "Pragmaticism."—J. K. M.

[2] Quid facies tibi?
Ingratia qui addideris contumeliam?

Question put to a bald man, by a fly that had bitten him, and at which he had aimed a savage blow, hurting himself.

PHILIPS, JOHN, 1676–1709

2455. My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclosed. *The Splendid Shilling*, line 121.

PHILOSTRATUS (IIÎ.), 3rd century

[See Ben Jonson (*The Forest. To Celia*), *ante*.]

PIERPONT, JOHN, 1785–1866

2456. A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'tis the ballot-box.
A Word from a Petitioner.

PILKINGTON, GILBERT, fl. 1350 (Attributed to)

2457. It was no chylden's game.
Tournament of Tottenham.

PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH (MRS. THRALE), 1741–1821

2458. The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

PITT, WILLIAM, 1759–1806

2459. Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
From The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, No. xxxvi.

2460. O my country! how I leave my country!
Last Words (according to common account).

2461. I think I could eat one of Bellamy's veal pies.
Last Words (according to an old waiter, repeated to Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. See Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*).

PITT, WILLIAM, ?–1840

2462. A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!
The Sailor's Consolation.

PLAUTUS, TITUS MACCIUS, *c.* 254–184 B.C.

[See Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 12), *ante.*]

PLUTARCH, *c.* 46–120

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2463. As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts, and unapproachable bogs.[1] *Life of Theseus* (Trans.).

2464. To smell of the lamp. *Life of Demosthenes* (Trans.), ch. viii.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 1811–49

2465. Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *The Raven.*

2466. Take thy beak from out of my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore." Ibid.

2467. On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome. *To Helen.*

POLLOK, ROBERT, 1798–1827

2468. He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.[2]
The Course of Time, bk. iv. line 389.

2469. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in. Ibid., bk. viii. line 616.

2470. With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out. Ibid., line 632.

POMFRET, JOHN, 1667–1702

2471. We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.[3]
Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

2472. Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. Ibid.

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[1] Cf. Swift (*Poetry, a Rhapsody*), *post.*
[2] Cf. Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. 184), *ante.*
Cf. Dryden (*The Spanish Fryar*, Act II. sc. i.), *ante.*

POMPADOUR, JEANNE ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE, 1721–64

2473. After me the deluge.[1] *Essay by Després, prefixed to "Mémoires de Mme. du Hausset, femme de chambre de Mme. de Pompadour,"* 1824.[2]

POOLE, JOHN, 1786–1872

2474. Hope I don't intrude. *Paul Pry*, Act I. sc. i.

POPE, ALEXANDER, 1688–1744 ESSAY ON MAN

2475. Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan. Epistle i. line 1.

2476. Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield. Ibid., line 9.

2477. Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[3] Ibid., line 13.

2478. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
Ibid., line 77.

2479. Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Ibid., line 83.

2480. Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. Ibid., line 87.

2481. Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
Ibid., line 95.

2482. Far as the solar walk or milky way. Ibid., line 102.

2483. But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. Ibid., line 111.

2484. In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods. Ibid., line 123.

2485. Die of a rose in aromatic pain. Ibid., line 200.

[1] Après moi le déluge.
[2] She was probably only repeating what she had heard from Louis XV., to whom many French authors attribute it.
[3] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. i. line 26), *ante*.

2486. The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.[1]
Epistle i. line 217.

2487. What thin partitions sense from thought divide.[2]
Ibid., line 226.

2488. All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. Ibid., line 267.

2489. Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
Ibid., line 272.

2490. As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!
Ibid., line 277.

2491. All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[3] Ibid., line 289.

2492. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.[4] Epistle ii. line 1.

2493. Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world![5] Ibid., line 13.

2494. Fix'd like a plant, on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. Ibid., line 63.

2495. On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale. Ibid., line 107.

2496. And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. Ibid., line 131.

2497. The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Ibid., line 135.

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[1] Cf. Sir J. Davies and Dryden (*Mariage à la Mode*, Act II. sc. i.), *ante*.

[2] Cf. Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 163), *ante*.

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit.
Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10.

Διὰ τί πάντες ὅσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.—Aristotle, *Problemata*, xxx. 1.

[3] Cf. Dryden (*Œdipus*, Act III. sc. i.), *ante*.

[4] La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.—Charron, *De la Sagesse*, lib. i. ch. 1.

[5] Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers.—Pascal, *Systemes des Philosophes*, xxv.

2498. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,[1]
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. Epistle ii. line 217.

2499. Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree. Ibid., line 231.

2500. Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Ibid., line 275.

2501. Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Epistle iii. line 177.

2502. Th' enormous faith of many made for one. Ibid., line 242.

2503. For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.[2]
Ibid., line 303.

2504. In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity. Ibid., line 307.

2505. O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die. Epistle iv. line 1.

2506. Order is Heaven's first law. Ibid., line 49.

2507. Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
Ibid., line 79.

2508. The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
Ibid., line 168.

2509. Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. Ibid., line 193.

2510. Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello. Ibid., line 203.

2511. . . . Ancient, but ignoble blood. Ibid., line 211.

2512. What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. Ibid., line 215.

[1] Cf. Dryden (*The Hind and Panther*, line 33), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Cowley (*On the Death of Crashaw*), *ante*.

ESSAY ON MAN

2513. A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.[1] Epistle iv. line 347.

2514. Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. Ibid., line 254.

2515. If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,[2]
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame![3] Ibid., line 281.

2516. Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below." Ibid., line 309.

2517. Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.[4]
Ibid., line 331.

2518. Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.[5] Ibid., line 379

2519. Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? Ibid., line 385.

2520. Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. Ibid., line 390.

2521. That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know. Ibid., line 397.

MORAL ESSAYS

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2522. To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
Epistle i. line 11.

2523. Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. Ibid., line 29.

2524. Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. Ibid., line 40.

2525. 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. Ibid., line 135.

2526. 'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. Ibid., line 149.

2527. Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.[6]
Ibid., line 172.

2528. Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
Ibid., line 246.

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[1] Cf. Fletcher (*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*), *ante.*
[2] Cf. Cowley (*Trans. Georgics*), *ante.*
[3] Cf. Savage, *post.*
[4] Cf. Boileau and Dryden (*The Art of Poetry*), *ante.*
[5] Cf. Bolingbroke, *ante.*
[6] Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.—Matthias Borbonius, *Delicia Poetarum Germanorum.*

2529. And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Epistle i. line 262.

2530. Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it.
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. Epistle ii. line 15.

2531. Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Ibid., line 19.

2532. Fine by defect, and delicately weak.[1] Ibid., line 43.

2533. With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
Ibid., line 97.

2534. To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. Ibid., line 149.

2535. Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever. Ibid., line 163.

2536. Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake. Ibid., line 215.

2537. See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. Ibid., line 243.

2538. Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day. Ibid., line 257.

2539. She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules. Ibid., line 261.

2540. And mistress of herself, though china fall. Ibid., line 268.

2541. Woman's at best a contradiction still. Ibid., line 270.

2542. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Epistle iii. line 1.

2543. Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. Ibid., line 39

2544. But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat. Ibid., line 95.

2545. The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still. Ibid., line 153.

2546. Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use. Ibid., line 161.

2547. Rise, honest muse! and sing The Man of Ross.
Ibid., line 250.

2548. Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.[2] Ibid., line 282.

2549. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name. Ibid., line 285.

2550. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. Ibid., line 339.

[1] Cf. Prior (*Henry and Emma*), *post*. [2] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. line 34), *ante*.

MORAL ESSAYS

2551. Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle iv. line 43.

2552. To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[1] Ibid., line 149.

2553. Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.
Epistle v. line 67.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

2554. 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.[2] Part I. line 9.

2555. One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit. Ibid., line 60.

2556. From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. Ibid., line 154.

2557. Pride, the never-failing vice of fools. Part II. line 4.

2558. A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.[3] Ibid., line 15.

2559. Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! Ibid., line 32.

2560. Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.[4]
Ibid., line 53.

2561. True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.
Ibid., line 97.

2562. Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. Ibid., line 109.

2563. Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Ibid., line 126.

2564. In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. Ibid., line 133.

2565. Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there. Ibid., line 142.

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[1] Cf. Tom Brown, *ante*. [2] Cf. Suckling (*Epilogue to Aglaura*), *post*.
[3] Cf. Bacon (*Essays. Of Atheism*) and Fuller, *ante*.
[4] Cf. Buckinghamshire (*Essay on Poetry*), *ante*, and Suckling, *post*.

2566. These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. Part II. line 144.

2567. A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.[1]
Ibid., line 158.

2568. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Sott is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Ibid., line 162.

2569. For fools admire, but men of sense approve. Ibid., line 191.

2570. But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Ibid., line 220.

2571. Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
Ibid., line 266.

2572. To err is human, to forgive divine. Ibid., line 325.

2573. All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. Ibid., line 358.

2574. And make each day a critic on the last. Part III. line 12.

2575. Men must be taught as if you taught them not,[2]
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Ibid., line 15.

2576. The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head. Ibid., line 53.

2577. Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. Ibid., line 59.

2578. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.[3] Ibid., line 66.

2579. Led by the light of the Mæonian star. Ibid., line 89.

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[1] Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.—Virgil, *Georgics*, bb. iii. 424.

[2] Cf. Gilbert (*Yeomen of the Guard*, 3rd extract), *ante*.

[3] That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act I. sc. iii.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

2580. Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.[1]
Ibid., line 180.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

2581. What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
Canto i. line 1.

2582. And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. Ibid., line 134.

2583. On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore. Canto ii. line 7.

2584. If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. Ibid., line 17.

2585. Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.[2] Ibid., line 27.

2586. Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Canto iii. line 7.

2587. At every word a reputation dies. Ibid., line 16.

2588. The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine. Ibid., line 21.

2589. Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
Ibid., line 117.

2590. The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! Ibid., line 153.

2591. Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane. Canto iv. line 123.

2592. Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Canto v. line 34.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT
(*Prologue to the Satires.*)

2593. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead. Line 1.

2594. Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land. Line 5.

2595. E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me. Line 12.

2596. Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross? Line 15.

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[1] "Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti."
This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of Pope's couplet.

[2] Cf. Dryden (*Persius*), *ante*.

2597. Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song. Line 27.

2598. Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends. Line 44.

2599. Fir'd that the house rejects him, "Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools." Line 61.

2600. No creature smarts so little as a fool. Line 84.

2601. Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again. Line 91.

2602. As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. Line 127.

2603. Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there. Line 169

2604. Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. Line 186.

2605. Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. Line 197

2606. Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. Line 201.

2607. By flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause. Line 207.

2608. Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? Line 213.

2609. Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. Line 283.

2610. Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? Line 307.

2611. Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. Line 315.

2612. Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. Line 333.

2613. That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song. Line 340.

2614. Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky. Line 408

2615. And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle!" [1]
Bk. i. Satire vi. line 129.

2616. Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Bk. ii. Satire i. line 6.

2617. Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amock, and tilt at all I meet. Ibid., line 69.

2618. But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song. Ibid., line 76.

2619. There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul. Ibid., line 127.

2620. For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[2]
Ibid., Satire ii. line 159.

2621. Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty. Ibid., Satire vi. line 220.

2622. Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Epilogue to the Satires, Dialogue i. line 136.

2623. To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
Ibid., Dialogue ii. line 76.

2624. When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
Epistle i. bk. i. line 38.

2625. Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.[3] Ibid., line 103.

2626. Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.[4]
Ibid., bk. ii. line 26.

2627. The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. Ibid., line 108.

2628. One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines. Ibid., line 111.

2629. Who says in verse what others say in prose. Ibid., line 202.

2630. Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine. Ibid., line 267.

2631. The last and greatest art, the art to blot.[5] Ibid., line 281.

2632. Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows. Ibid., line 300.

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[1] The late Dr. F. Elrington Ball told me that the expression nearest to this that he could find in Swift's writings was in a letter to Bolingbroke dated 21 Mch. 1729/30: "I love la bagatelle better than ever." See Dr. Ball's *Correspondence of Swift*, vol. iv, p. 135.—J. K. M.

[2] Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
The Odyssey, bk. xv. line 84.

[3] Cf. Jonson (*Every Man in his Humour*), *ante*.

[4] Cf. Dryden (*Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*), *ante*.

[5] Cf. Waller, *post*.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE

2633. The many-headed monster of the pit.[1]
Epistle i. bk. i. line 305.

2634. "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise." [2]
Ibid., line 413.

2635. Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Epistle ii. bk. ii. line 72.

2636. The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. Ibid., line 85.

2637. Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.
Ibid., line 168.

2638. Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died. Ode 9, bk. iv.

THE DUNCIAD

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

2639. O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair. Bk. i. line 21.

2640. Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise. Ibid., line 52.

2641. Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more. Ibid., line 89.

2642. While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. Ibid., line 93.

2643. Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. Ibid., line 127.

2644. How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.[3] Ibid , line 279.

2645. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. Bk ii. line 34.

2646. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. Bk. iii. line 109.

2647. All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Ibid., line 158.

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[1] Cf. Massinger, *ante*, and Scott (*Lady of the Lake*, canto v. st. 30), *post*.
Many headed multitude.—Sidney, *Arcadia*, bk. ii. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. iii.

[2] This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court*. Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, vol. iii., p. 118.

The following epigram is from *The Grove*. London, 1721.

When one good line did much my wonder raise,
In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;
And had, but that the modest author cries
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

On a Certain Line of Mr. Br——, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

[3] Cf. Swift (*Tale of a Tub*, sect. vii.), *post*.

THE DUNCIAD

2648. Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; [1]–answer him, ye owls.
Bk. iii. line 165.

2649. A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.[2] Bk. iv. line 90.

2650. The right divine of kings to govern wrong. Ibid., line 188.

2651. Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it.[3] Ibid., line 249.

2652. Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground.
Ibid., line 311.

2653. Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd. Ibid., line 318.

2654. Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness. Ibid., line 342.

2655. E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm. Ibid., line 614.

2656. Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all. Ibid., line 649

ELOISA TO ABELARD

2657. Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid. Line 51.

2658. Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. Line 57.

2659. Curse on all laws but those which Love has made.
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. Line 74.

2660. And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.[4] Line 192.

2661. How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot. Line 207.

2662. One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.[5] Line 273.

[1] Making night hideous.—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv.
[2] Cf. Cowper (*Conversation*, line 290), Johnson, and Lord Macaulay, *ante*, and Scott (*Life of Napoleon*) and Shakespeare (*King Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. ii.), *post*.
[3] Cf. FitzGerald, *ante*.
[4] Cf. Dryden (*Cymon and Iphigenia*, line 367), *ante*.
[5] Cf. Edmund Smith, *post*.

ELOISA TO ABELARD

2663. See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. Line 323.

2664. He best can paint them who shall feel them most. Line 366.

MISCELLANEOUS

2665. Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest, line 13.

2666. A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. Ibid., line 62.

2667. From old Belerium to the northern main. Ibid., line 316.

2668. Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
The Temple of Fame, line 513.

2669. Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant me honest fame, or grant me none! Ibid., line 524

2670. I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you? *On the Collar of a Dog.*

2671. There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.[1]
Verbatim from Boileau.

2672. Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. *The Universal Prayer*, st. 1.

2673. And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will. Ibid., st. 3.

2674. And deal damnation round the land. Ibid., st. 7.

2675. Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.[2] Ibid., st. 10.

2676. Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
The Dying Christian to his Soul.

2677. Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away! Ibid.

2678. Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Ibid.

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[1] "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais.
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."
Epître, ii. (*à M. L'Abbé des Roches*).

[2] Cf. Spenser (*The Faerie Queene*, bk. vi. canto i. st. 42), *post.*

2679. Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?
The Dying Christian to his Soul.

2680. Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. *Ode on Solitude.*

2681. What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade? [1]
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, line 1.

2682. By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd.
Ibid., line 51.

2683. And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show. Ibid., line 57.

2684. How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! Ibid., line 71.

2685. Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

2686. Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

2687. The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.
Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

2688. Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

2689. Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.[2] *Epitaph on Gay.*

2690. A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Prologue to Mr. Addison's "Cato."

2691. The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.[3]
The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue, line 298.

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[1] Cf. Ben Jonson (*Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet*), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Dryden (*Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew*), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Chaucer, *ante*.

MISCELLANEOUS

2692. Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue, line 369.

2693. You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.[1] *Epigram.*

2694. Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry, ch. xi.

2695. This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.[2] *Attributed.*

2696. Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.[3]
Thoughts on Various Subjects.

2697. I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. Ibid.

2698. A ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." *Letter to Gay*, 16 Oct. 1727.

ILIAD

2699. Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing! Bk. i. line 1.

2700. The distant Trojans never injured me. Ibid., line 200.

2701. Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. Ibid., line 684.

2702. She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. Bk. iii. line 208

2703. Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days. Bk. v. line 371.

2704. Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise. Bk. vi. line 181.

2705. Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell. Bk. ix. line 412.

2706. A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
Ibid., line 725.

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[1] Cf. Cowper (*Conversation*, line 303), *ante*.

[2] On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*. . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne.—*Biog. Dram.*, vol. i. pt. ii., p. 476.

[3] From Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. v., p. 378, originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1730, Pope says, "I must own that the prose part, the Thoughts on Various Subjects, at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

2707. Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
Bk. ii. line 315.

2708. Far from gay cities and the ways of men. Bk. xiv. line 410.

2709. Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. Bk. xv. line 79.

2710. True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.[1]
Ibid., line 83.

2711. Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.
Bk. xvii. line 392.

2712. Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.
Bk. xviii. line 279.

POPE, WALTER, 1630?–1714

2713. May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.
The Old Man's Wish.

PORSON, RICHARD, 1759–1808

2714. When Dido found that Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Dido dumb.
Facetiæ Cantabrigienses, p. 95.

2715. I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;
I went to Wortz,[2] where I got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken. *Traditional.*

2716. The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek—
Not five in five-score
But ninety-five more—
All, save only Hermann:
And Hermann's a German. *Traditional.*

PORTEUS, BEILBY, 1731–1808

2717. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.[3] *Death*, line 108.

2718. One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.[4] Ibid., line 154.

2719. War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Ibid., line 178.

[1] Cf. Satire II. bk. ii. line 160, *ante*.
[2] "Wortz" in Walton's *Life of Porson*—not "Worms."
[3] Cf. Gray (*Elegy*, st. 19, *ante*. Porteus followed Gray.
[4] Cf. Young (*Love of Fame*, satire vii. line 55), *post*.

2720. Teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die.[1] *Death*, line 316.

POWELL, SIR JOHN, 1645–1713

2721. Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.[2] *Coggs* v. *Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, 1802–39

2722. Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker. *School and Schoolfellows.*

2723. I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

2724. His talk was like a spring, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses. *The Vicar.*

2725. The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.
Good-night to the Season.

PRIOR, MATTHEW, 1664–1721

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2726. Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind. *An English Padlock.*

2727. Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Solomon on the Vanity of the World, bk. ii. line 364.

2728. For hope is but the dream of those that wake.[3]
Ibid., bk. iii. line 102.

2729. Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born. Ibid., line 240.

2730. Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
The Thief and the Cordelier.

2731. Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em. *Alma*, canto iii. line 13.

2732. And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive. *Paulo Purganti*

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[1] Cf. Tickell (*On the Death of Addison*), *post.*
[2] Cf. Coke, *ante.*
[3] This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, lib. v. sect. 18.
Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστιν ἐλπίς; Ἐγρηγορότος, εἶπεν, ἐνύπνιον.
Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobæus (*Serm.* cix.) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist.* xiii. 29) refers it to Plato:
Ἔλεγεν ὁ Πλάτων, τὰς ἐλπίδας ἐγρηγοροτων ἀνθρωπων ὀνειρους εἶναι.

2733. Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher? [1]
Epitaph on Himself.

2734. Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?
A Better Answer.

2735. That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they. *Hans Carvel.*

2736. The end must justify the means. Ibid.

2737. That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.[2]
Henry and Emma.

2738. Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.[3]
To the Hon. Charles Montague.

2739. From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.[4] Ibid.

2740. They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANN, 1825–64

2741. I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.
Legends and Lyrics. A Lost Chord.

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER, 1787–1874

2742. The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*

2743. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go. Ibid.

2744. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more. Ibid.

PUBLILIUS (SYRUS), 1st century B.C.

[See Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 1105), *ante*.]

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[1] The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior:
"Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve."

[2] Cf. Pope (*Moral Essays*, epistle ii. line 43), *ante*.

[3] But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.
Variations in a copy printed 1692.

[4] Cf. Gray (*Eton College*), *ante*.

PYM, JOHN, 1584–1643

2745. He that takes away weights, doth as much advantage motion, as he that addeth wings.[1]

Speech, House of Commons, 5 April, 1640.

QUARLES, FRANCIS, 1592–1644

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2746. Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Emblems, bk. i. 14.

2747. Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. Ibid., bk. ii. 2.

2748. This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears:
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone. Ibid., 10, ep. 10

2749. The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Ibid., 13.

2750. The next way home's the farthest way about.
Ibid., bk. iv. 2. ep. 2.

QUEVEDO (Y VILLEGAS), FRANCISCO GOMEZ DE, 1580–1645

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR THOMAS, 1863–

2751. To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavour of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from, that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter; so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature.

Hamlet's Soliloquy[2] *jargonized, in "The Art of Writing,"* Lecture v.

[1] Cf. T. H. Huxley, *ante.*

[2] Cf. Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, Act III. sc. i.), *post.*

QUINCY, JOSIAH, 1772–1864

2752. If this bill [for the admission of Orleans territory as a State] passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.[1] *Abridged Cong. Debates*, 14 Jan. 1811, vol. iv., p. 327.

RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS, 1495?–1553?

[See also Motteux, *ante*, and Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

2753. I go in quest of a great Perhaps.[2]
Saying on his deathbed. Motteux's "Life."

2754. Appetite comes with eating, said Angeston.[3]
Works, bk. i. (*Gargantua*), ch. v.

2755. He hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.[4]
Ibid., ch. xi.

2756. Open, therefore, unto your enemies, all the gates and ways, and make them a bridge of silver rather than fail, that you may be rid of them.[5] Ibid., ch. xliii.

RALEGH, SIR WALTER, 1552?–1618

2757. If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd

2758. Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.

2759. Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.
Verses to Edmund Spenser.

2760. O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchéd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!* *Historie of the World*, bk. v. Part I. *ad fin.*

[1] The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."—Henry Clay, *Speech*, 8 Jan. 1813.

[2] Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut estre.

[3] L'appetit vient en mangeant, disoit Angeston.

[4] Si les nues tombuient, espéruit prendre les alouettes.

[5] Ouvrez toujours à vos amis ennemis toutes les portes et chemins, et plutost leur faictes un pont d'argent, affin de les renvoyer.

2761. Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.
Written on a pane of glass, in Queen Elizabeth's presence.[1]

2762. Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.
Verses written the night before his death. According to Oldys, they were found in his Bible.

2763. Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie. *The Lie.*

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER, 1839–1908

2764. The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That fleck'd the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Maryland, my Maryland.

READE, CHARLES, 1814–84

2765. The human craft of writing, which, though commoner far, is so miserably behind the godlike art of speech: *Si ipsam audivisses!* These ink scratches, which in the imperfection of language we have called words, till the unthinking actually dream they are words. . . . *Peg Woffington*, ch. ii.

RHODES, CECIL JOHN, 1853–1902

2766. The unctuous rectitude of my countrymen.[2]
Speech at Port Elizabeth, 24 Dec. 1896.

RHODES, WILLIAM BARNES, 1772–1826

2767. *Bom.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

[1] See Elizabeth, *ante*.
[2] Printed reports of the passage run: "I am going home to meet a committee of my own countrymen"; but on 17 September, 1898, at Port Elizabeth, Rhodes himself quoted it: "going to meet the unctuous rectitude of my countrymen."

Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.[1]
Bombastes Furioso.

RICE, SIR STEPHEN, 1637–1715

2768. I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement. *Saying.* Macaulay's *History of England*, ch. xii.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, 1852–1916

2769. An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out. *Little Orphant Annie.*

ROCHE, SIR BOYLE, 1743–1807

[See note under Trumbull.]

ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA, 1613–80

[See also Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iii. st. 3), *ante*.]

2770. Philosophy triumphs easily over past, and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.[2] *Maxim* 23.

2771. The pleasure of love is loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite.[3] *Maxim* 78.

2772. Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue. *Maxim* 227.

2773. In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.[4] *Maxim* 245.

ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, 2nd EARL OF, 1647–80

2774. Angels listen when she speaks:
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder. *Song.*

2775. Here lies a Great and Mighty King,
Whose Promise none relies on;
He never said a Foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a Wise one.[5]
Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

2776. For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.
An Allusion to Satire x. Horace, bk. i.

2777. A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*

[1] Cf. Fielding, *ante*.
[2] Cf. Goldsmith (*The Good-Natured Man*, Act I.), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Shelley (*Prometheus Unbound*), *post*.
[4] Cf. Burke (*The Sublime and Beautiful*, Part II. sec. 14), *ante*.
[5] Thus printed in the Collected Works edited by John Hayward (1926). Other versions begin: "Here lies our mutton-eating king," and "Here lies our sovereign lord the king."

ROGERS, SAMUEL, 1763–1855

2778. And such is Human life; so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone! *Human Life*

2779. Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead. Ibid.

2780. A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. Ibid.

2781. Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. Ibid.

2782. The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before! Ibid.

2783. Then, never less alone than when alone.[1] Ibid.

2784. Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,[2]—
He gathers round him. Ibid.

2785. Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish*

2786. That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear*

2787. She was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.[3] *Jacqueline*, st. 1.

2788. The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.[4] Ibid., st. 3.

ROLAND DE LA PLATIÈRE, MARIE-JEANNE PHILIPON, MADAME, 1754–93

2789. O Liberty! how they have played with thy name!
[*Or*
O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'[5]
Saying on way to execution.

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[1] Nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum quam quum solus esset. Saying of Scipio, recorded by Cicero, *De Officiis*, lib. iii. cap. 1.

[2] In a collection of Epitaphs published by Lackington and Co. (vol. ii., p. 143), an epitaph is given "On Mary Angell at Stepney, who died 1693," in which this line appears, "Not lost, but gone before."—*Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser. x., p. 404.

[3] Cf. Burns *Bonny Lesley* and Halleck (*On the Death of Drake*, *ante*.

[4] Cf. Bacon (*Of Adversity*), *ante*.

[5] O Liberté! comme on t'a jouée!
[*Ou*, O Liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!]

ROSCOMMON, WENTWORTH DILLON, 4TH EARL OF, 1633?–85

2790. Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essay on Translated Verse, line 87.

2791. Choose an author as you choose a friend. Ibid., line 96

2792. Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. Ibid., line 113.

2793. The multitude is always in the wrong.[1] Ibid., line 184

2794. My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

ROSEBERY, ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, 5th EARL OF, 1847–

2795. I must plough my furrow alone.
Speech, City Liberal Club, 19 July, 1901.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, 1830–94

2796. When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget. *Song.*

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, 1828–82

2797. The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.
The Blessed Damozel.

ROWE, NICHOLAS, 1674–1718

2798. As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.[2]
The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

2799. At length the morn, and cold indifference, came.[3]
Ibid., Act I. sc. i.

2800. Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? Ibid., Act III. sc. i.

2801. Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

[1] Cf. Ibsen, *ante*. [2] Cf. Young, *Love of Fame*, satire i. line 238, *post*.
[3] Cf. Scott (*Highland Widow*), *post*.

RUMBOLD, RICHARD, 1622?–85

2802. I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

When on the scaffold (1685). Macaulay, *Hist. of England.*

RUSKIN, JOHN, 1819–1900

2803. It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately.

Modern Painters, I. i. iii. sect. 5.

2804. All violent feelings . . . produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "Pathetic fallacy." Ibid., III. iv. xii. sect. 5.

2805. All travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity. Ibid., III. iv. xvii. sect. 24.

RUSSELL, BERTRAND ARTHUR WILLIAM, 1872–

2806. Physical science is thus approaching the stage when it will be complete, and therefore uninteresting. Given the laws governing the motions of electrons and protons, the rest is merely geography. . . . The total number of facts of geography required to determine the world's history is probably finite; theoretically, they could all be written down in a big book to be kept at Somerset House, with a calculating machine attached, which, by turning a handle, would enable the inquirer to find out the facts at other times than those recorded. It is difficult to imagine anything less interesting, or more different from the passionate delights of incomplete discovery. . . . Perhaps in the time of Ahmes the multiplication table was exciting. *What I Believe*, ch. i.

2807. Metaphysicians have advanced innumerable arguments to prove that the soul *must* be immortal. There is one simple test by which all these arguments can be demolished. They all prove equally that the soul must pervade all space. But as we are not so anxious to be fat as to live long, none of the metaphysicians in question have ever noticed this application of their reasonings. Ibid, ch. i.

2808. The defenders of traditional morality are seldom people with warm hearts, as may be seen from the love of militarism displayed by Church dignitaries. Ibid., ch. iii.

RUSSELL, JOHN, 1st EARL, 1792–1878

2809. Conspicuous by its absence.[1]

Address to his Constituents, 7 April, 1859.

2810. One man's wit, and all men's wisdom.[2]

Definition of a Proverb. Given at breakfast at Mardocks. (*Memoirs of Sir Jas. Mackintosh*, ii., p. 473.)

[1] Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur.—Tacitus, *Ann.*, iii. 76.

[2] Sometimes quoted: "The wisdom of many, and the wit of one."

RUTLAND, JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS, 7th DUKE OF, 1818–1906

2811. Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old Nobility! *England's Trust*, iii.

SANTAYANA, GEORGE, 1863–

2812. A categorical imperative crying in the wilderness, a duty which nobody need listen to, or suffer for disregarding, seemed rather a forlorn authority. *Essay: Kant.*

SARGENT, EPES, 1813–80

2813. A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep—
Where the scattered waters rave,
And winds their revels keep!
Life on the Ocean Wave (*Song*).

SAVAGE, RICHARD, 1698?–1743

2814. He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face. *The Bastard*, line 7.

2815. May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.[1]
Character of Foster.

SAVILE, JEREMIAH, fl. 1651

2816. And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.
Here's a Health unto his Majesty.

SCHELLING, FRIEDRICH WILHELM JOSEPH, 1775–1854

2817. Since it [architecture] is music in space, as it were a frozen music.[2] *Philosophie der Kunst.*

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON, 1759–1805

2818. I am called
The richest man in all the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.[3]
Don Carlos, Act I. sc. vi.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS MAJOR, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS, 237–*c.* 185 B.C.

[See Rogers (*Human Life*), *ante*.]

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[1] Cf. Pope (*Essay on Man*, ep. iv. line 284), *ante*.

[2] I have found a paper of mine among some others, in which I call architecture "petrified music."—Goethe, *Conversations with Eckermann*, 23 March, 1829.

[3] Ich heisse
Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;
Die Sonne geht in meinen Staat nicht unter.

Cf. Napoleon, *ante*, and John Smith and Daniel Webster, *post*.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART., 1771–1832
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2819. If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, canto ii. st. 1.

2820. O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid! Ibid., st. 10.

2821. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
Ibid., canto iii. st. 1.

2822. Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star. Ibid., st. 24.

2823. Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies. Ibid., canto v. st. 1.

2824. True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. Ibid., st. 13.

2825. Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung. Ibid., canto vi. st. 1

2826. O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood. Ibid., st. 2.

2827. Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.
Marmion. Introduction to canto i.

2828. Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Marmion., *Introduction to canto* ii.

2829. When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. Ibid., *Intro to canto* ii

2830. In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying. Ibid., canto iii. st. 10.

2831. Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? Ibid., canto iv. st. 30.

2832. Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. Ibid., canto v. st. 9.

2833. With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. Ibid., st. 12.

2834. But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men. Ibid., st. 16.

2835. And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? Ibid., canto vi. st. 14.

2836. O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! Ibid., st. 17.

2837. O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! Ibid., st. 30.

2838. "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. Ibid., st 32.

2839. O for a blast of that dread horn,[1]
On Fontarabian echoes borne. Ibid., st. 33

2840. To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
Ibid., *L'Envoy. To the Reader.*

2841. In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
The Lady of the Lake, canto i. st. 17.

2842. And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face. Ibid., st. 18.

2843. A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. Ibid., st. 18.

[1] O for the voice of that wild horn.—*Rob Roy*, ch. ii.

2844. On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.
The Lady of the Lake, canto i. st. 21.

2845. Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. Ibid., st. 31.

2846. Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Ibid., canto ii. st. 19.

2847. Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven. Ibid., st. 22.

2848. Time rolls his ceaseless course. Ibid., canto iii. st. 1.

2849. Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever! Ibid., st. 16.

2850. The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Ibid., canto iv. st. 1.

2851. Art thou a friend to Roderick? Ibid., st. 30.

2852. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. Ibid., canto v. st. 10.

2853. And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. Ibid., st. 10.

2854. Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!—
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king! Ibid., st. 30.

2855. Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men. Ibid., canto vi. st. 18.

2856. Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

2857. In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles, canto i. st. 20.

2858. Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in the vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. Ibid., st. 23

2859. O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!
The Lord of the Isles, canto v. st. 18.

2860. Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
The Bridal of Triermain, canto i. st. 21.

2861. It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.[1]
The Antiquary, ch. xi.

2862. When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame. *Ivanhoe*, ch. xl.

2863. Sea of upturned faces.[2] *Rob Roy*, ch. xx.

2864. There's a gude time coming.[3] Ibid., ch. xxxii.

2865. My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
Ibid., ch. xxxiv.

2866. Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.[4]
Old Mortality, ch. xxxiv. (heading).

2867. Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries! *The Monastery*, ch. xii.

2868. And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. Ibid., ch. xii.

2869. Widowed wife and wedded maid. *The Betrothed*, ch. xv.

2870. But with the morning cool reflection came.[5]
Highland Widow. Introduction.

2871. What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier? [6]
Woodstock, vol. ii. ch. xxxvii.

2872. Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.[7]
Life of Napoleon.

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[1] Cf. Hood (*Song of the Shirt*) and Lady Nairne, *ante*.
[2] Repeated by Daniel Webster. [3] Cf. Mackay, *ante*.
[4] This has long been assigned to Scott; but he gave it as "anonymous." He was only twenty-one when it was first published. See Mordaunt, *ante*.
[5] Cf. Rowe (*The Fair Penitent*, Act I. sc. i.), *ante*.
[6]
Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
A gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux:
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.
Voltaire, *Mérope*, Act I. sc. iii.

[7] Cf. Pope (*Dunciad*, bk. iv. line 90), *ante*.

SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES, 1639?–1701

2873. When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true. *Reasons for Constancy.*

2874. Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose. *Song.*

2875. Phyllis is my only joy. *Song.*

SELDEN, JOHN, 1584–1654.

2876. Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience.
Table Talk. Equity.

2877. Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet. Ibid. *Friends.*

2878. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. Ibid. *Judgments.*

2879. No man is the wiser for his learning . . . wit and wisdom are born with a man. Ibid. *Learning.*

2880. Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. Ibid. *Libels.*

2881. Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.[1]
Ibid. *Pope.*

2882. Syllables govern the world. Ibid. *Power.*

2883. I forbear to light a candle to the sun.[2]
Preface to Mare Clausum, ed. 1635.

SENECA, LUCIUS ANNÆUS, *c.* 3 B.C.–A.D. 65

[See Beaumont and Fletcher (*Knight of Malta*), Dryden (*Conquest of Granada*), Sir E. Dyer, Harington, and A. Pope (*Essay on Man*, i. 226), *ante*; and Theobald and Watts, *post*.]

SEWALL, JONATHAN MITCHELL, 1748–1808

2884. No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.
Epilogue to Cato.[3]

SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY, 1801–72

2885. There is a higher law than the Constitution.
Speech, 11 March, 1850.

2886. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces. *Speech*, 25 Oct. 1858.

[1] Cf. Oxenstierna, *ante*.
[2] Cf. Young (*Love of Fame*, satire vii. line 97), *post*.
[3] Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

SEWELL, GEORGE, ?–1726

2887. When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
The Suicide.

SHADWELL, THOMAS, 1642?–92

2888. I'll do't instantly, in the twinkling of a Bed-staff.
The Virtuoso, Act I.

SHAFTESBURY, ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, 1st EARL OF, 1621–83

2889. Wise men are of but one religion. [What that is,[1]] wise men never tell. *Attributed by John Toland* (*Clidophorus*, 1720, ch. xiii.).

SHAFTESBURY, ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, 3rd EARL OF, 1671–1713

2890. How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?
Characteristicks. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm, sect. 2.

2891. Truth, 'tis supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself.
Ibid., *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*, sect. 1.

2892. 'Twas the saying of an ancient sage,[2] that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity, of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. Ibid., sect. 5.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 1564–1616

THE TEMPEST

2893. In the dark backward and abysm of time. Act I. sc. ii.

2894. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. Ibid., sc. ii.

2895. Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. Ibid., sc. ii.

2896. My library
Was dukedom large enough. Ibid., sc. ii.

2897. From the still-vex'd Bermoothes. Ibid., sc. ii.

2898. I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting [3] gently. Ibid., sc. ii.

2899. Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd—
The wild waves whist. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] A lady is said to have asked him what religion that was.
[2] Gorgias Leontinus, cited by Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, lib. iii. cap. 18.
[3] "spuriting," Cambridge ed.

THE TEMPEST

2900. Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. Act I. sc. ii.

2901. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. Ibid. sc. ii.

2902. A very ancient and fish-like smell. Ibid. Act II. sc. ii.

2903. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. Ibid., sc. ii.

2904. *Ferdinand.* Here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't. Act III. sc. i.

2905. He that dies pays all debts. Ibid., sc. ii.

2906. I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded. Ibid., sc. iii.

2907. Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[1] Act IV. sc. i.

2908. With foreheads villanous low. Ibid., sc. i.

2909. Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. Act V. sc. i.

2910. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie. Ibid., sc. i.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2911. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Act I. sc. i.

2912. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so. Ibid., sc. ii.

2913. O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day! Ibid , sc. iii.

2914. And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Act II. sc. iv.

2915. He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. Ibid., sc. vii.

[1] Cf. Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*—an earlier play, quoted *post.*

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

2916. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. Act III. sc. i.

2917. Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale. Ibid., sc. i.

2918. A man I am, cross'd with adversity. Act IV. sc. i.

2919. Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her? Ibid., sc. ii.

2920. To her let us garlands bring. Ibid., sc. ii.

2921. Is she not passing fair? Ibid., sc. iv.

2922. How use doth breed a habit in a man! Act V. sc. iv.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2923. I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. Act I. sc. i.

2924. It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. Ibid., sc. i.

2925. Mine host of the Garter. Ibid., sc. i.

2926. If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. Ibid., sc. i.

2927. Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase! Ibid., sc. iii.

2928. Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! Ibid., sc. iii.

2929. The humour of it. Ibid., sc. iii.

2930. Here will be an old abusing of . . . the king's English. Ibid., sc. iv.

2931. We burn daylight. Act II. sc. i.

2932. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Ibid., sc. i.

2933. Why, then the world's mine oyster.
Which I with sword will open. Ibid., sc. ii.

2934. This is the short and the long of it. Ibid., sc. ii.

2935. Unless experience be a jewel. Ibid., sc. ii.

2936. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. Act III. sc. ii.

2937. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! Ibid., sc. iv.

2938. I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. Ibid., sc. v.

2939. As good luck would have it. Ibid., sc. v.

2940. The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. Ibid., sc. v.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

2941. A man of my kidney. Act. III. sc. v

2942. Think of that, Master Brook. Ibid., sc. v.

2943. In his old lunes again. Act IV. sc. ii

2944. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Act V. sc. i.

2945. Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes. Ibid., sc. v.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

2946. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use. Act I. sc. i.

2947. He was ever precise in promise-keeping. Ibid., sc. ii.

2948. I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted. Ibid., sc. v.

2949. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Ibid., sc. v.

2950. The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. Act II. sc. i.

2951. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. Ibid., sc. i.

2952. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it! Ibid , sc. ii.

2953. No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. Ibid., sc. ii.

2954. Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. Ibid., sc. ii.

2955. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. Ibid., sc. ii.

2956. But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep. Act. II. sc. ii.

2957. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. Ibid., sc. ii.

2958. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. Ibid., sc. iv.

2959. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope. Act III. sc. i.

2960. Servile to all the skyey influences. Ibid., sc. i.

2961. Palsied eld. Ibid., sc. i.

2962. The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. Ibid., sc. i.

2963. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world. Ibid., sc. i.

2964. The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. Ibid., sc. i.

2965. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Ibid., sc. i.

2966. Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.[1]
Act IV. sc. i.

2967. 'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Act V. sc. i.

2968. They say, best men are moulded out of faults. Ibid., sc. i.

2969. What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
Ibid., sc. i.

[1] For the second verse, beginning, "Hide, O, hide those hills of snow," see Beaumont and Fletcher *Bloody Brother*, wherein the two verses are given), *a-te.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

2970. The pleasing punishment that women bear. Act I. sc. i.

2971. A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. Act II. sc. i.

2972. Every why hath a wherefore. Ibid., sc. ii.

2973. One Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy. Act V. sc. i.

2974. A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. Ibid., sc. i.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

2975. He hath indeed better bettered expectation. Act I. sc. i.

2976. A very valiant trencher-man. Ibid., sc. i.

2977. Benedick the married man. Ibid., sc. i.

2978. As merry as the day is long. Act II. sc. i.

2979. Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent. Ibid., sc. i.

2980. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much. Ibid., sc. i.

2981. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never. Ibid., sc. iii.

2982. Sits the wind in that corner? Ibid., sc. iii.

2983. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Ibid., sc. iii.

2984. Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. Act III. sc. i.

2985. Every one can master a grief, but he that has it. Ibid., sc. ii.

2986. Are you good men and true? Ibid., sc. iii

2987. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. Ibid., sc. iii.

2988. Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. Ibid., sc. iii.

2989. The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. Ibid., sc. iii.

2990. Comparisons are odorous.[1] Ibid., sc. v.

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[1] See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

2991. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. Act. III. sc. v.

2992. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! Act IV. sc. i.

2993. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes. Ibid., sc. i.

2994. For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours. Ibid., sc. i.

2995. Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination. Ibid., sc. i.

2996. Into the eye and prospect of his soul. Ibid., sc. i.

2997. Flat burglary as ever was committed. Ibid., sc. ii.

2998. O that he were here to write me down, an ass! Ibid., sc. ii

2999. A fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Ibid., sc. ii.

3000. Patch grief with proverbs. Act V. sc. i.

3001. For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. Ibid., sc. i.

3002. Some of us will smart for it. Ibid., sc. i.

3003. I was not born under a rhyming planet. Ibid., sc. ii.

3004. Done to death by slanderous tongues. Ibid., sc. iii.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

3005. Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile. Act I. sc. i.

3006. A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Ibid., sc. i.

3007. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. Ibid., sc. ii.

3008. A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal. Act II. sc. i.

3009. So sweet and voluble is his discourse. Ibid , sc. i.

3010. By my penny of observation. Act III. sc. i.

3011. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. Ibid., sc. i.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

3012. A very beadle to a humorous sigh. Act. III. sc. i.

3013. This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. Ibid., sc. i.

3014. Dictynna, goodman Dull. Act IV. sc. ii.

3015. It adds a precious seeing to the eye. Ibid., sc. iii.

3016. From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world. Ibid., sc. iii.

3017. As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute,[1] strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony. Ibid., sc. iii.

3018. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. Act V. sc. i.

3019. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. Ibid., sc. i.

3020. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Ibid., sc. ii.

3021. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! Ibid., sc. ii.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

3022. But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. Act I. sc. i.

3023. For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. Ibid., sc. i.

3024. Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up. Ibid., sc. i.

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[1] Cf. Milton (*Comus*, line 476), *ante*.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

3025. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. Act I. sc. i.

3026. Masters, spread yourselves. Ibid., sc. ii.

3027. This is Ercles' vein. Ibid., sc. ii.

3028. I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. Ibid., sc. ii.

3029. A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. Ibid., sc. ii.

3030. And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. Act II. sc. i.

3031. In maiden meditation, fancy free. Ibid., sc. i.

3032. I'll put a girdle round about the Earth
In forty minutes. Ibid., sc. i.

3033. My heart
Is true as steel. Ibid., sc. i.

3034. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows. Ibid., sc. i.

3035. A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. Act III. sc. i.

3036. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. Ibid., sc. i.

3037. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted. Ibid., sc. ii.

3038. Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. Ibid., sc. ii.

3039. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. Act IV. sc. i.

3040. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact. Act V. sc. i.

3041. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. Ibid., sc. i.

3042. That is the true beginning of our end. Ibid., sc. i.

3043. The best in this kind are but shadows. Ibid., sc. i.

3044. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. Ibid., sc. i.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

3045. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time. Act I. sc. i.

3046. Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. Ibid., sc. i.

3047. You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care. Act I. sc. i.

3048. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. Ibid., sc. i.

3049. Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? Ibid., sc. i.

3050. There are a sort men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond. Ibid., sc. i.

3051. I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark. Ibid., sc. i.

3052. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search. Ibid., sc. i.

3053. They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. Ibid., sc. ii.

3054. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3055. Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves. Ibid , sc. iii.

3056. I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. Ibid., sc. iii.

3057. Even there where merchants most do congregate.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3058. The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. Ibid., sc. iii.

3059. A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! Ibid., sc. iii.

3060. Many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me. Ibid., sc. iii.

3061. For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. Ibid., sc. iii.

3062. In a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness. Ibid., sc. iii.

3063. It is a wise father that knows his own child.
Act II. sc. ii.

3064. And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife.
Ibid., sc. v.

3065. All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. Ibid , sc. vi

3066. All that glisters is not gold. Ibid., sc. vii.

3067. I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Act III. sc. i.

3068. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? Ibid., Sc. ii

3069. Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.[1] Act III. sc. v.

3070. Let it serve for table-talk. Ibid., sc. v.

3071. A harmless necessary cat. Act IV. sc. i.

3072. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? Ibid., sc. i.

3073. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. Ibid., sc. i.

3074. A Daniel come to judgment! Ibid., sc. i.

3075. 'Tis not in the bond. Ibid., sc. i.

3076. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. Ibid., sc. i.

3077. I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. Ibid., sc. i.

3078. You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. Ibid., sc. i.

3079. He is well paid that is well satisfied. Ibid., sc. i.

3080. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Act V. sc. i.

3081. Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. Ibid., sc. i.

[1] Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.—Philippe Gaultier (about the 13th century), *Alexandreis*, bk. v. line 301.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

3082. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. Act V. sc. i.

3083. The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Ibid., sc. i.

3084. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Ibid., sc. i.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

3085. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. Act I sc ii

3086. So desirous to lie with his mother earth. Ibid., sc. ii.

3087. My pride fell with my fortunes. Ibid., sc. ii.

3088. *Cel.* Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. Ibid., sc. iii.

3089. O how full of briars is this working-day world!
Ibid., sc. iii.

3090. We'll have a swashing and a martial outside. Ibid., sc. iii.

3091. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. Act II. sc. i.

3092. The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. Ibid., sc. i.

3093. "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Ibid., sc. i.

3094. Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. Ibid., sc. i.

3095. And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Ibid., sc. iii.

3096. For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. Ibid., sc. iii.

3097. Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Ibid., sc. iii.

3098. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion. Ibid., sc. iii.

3099. And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. Act II. sc. vii.

3100. And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."
Ibid., sc. vii.

3101. And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. Ibid., sc. vii.

3102. My lungs began to crow like chanticleer. Ibid., sc. vii.

3103. Motley's the only wear. Ibid., sc. vii.

3104. If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Ibid., sc. vii.

3105. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. Ibid., sc. vii.

3106. The why is plain as way to parish church. Ibid., sc. vii.

3107. All the world's a stage [1]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining School-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

[1] "Totus mundus agit histrionem" is said to have been the motto over the Globe Theatre.

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.
Act II. sc. vii.

3108. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude. Ibid., sc. vii.

3109. The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. Act III. sc. ii.

3110. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? Ibid , sc. ii.

3111. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3112. Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it. Ibid., sc. ii.

3113. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3114. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
Ibid., sc. iii

3115. Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
Ibid., sc. v.

3116. It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. Act IV. sc. i.

3117. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. Ibid., sc. i.

3118. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.
Ibid., sc. i.

3119. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. Ibid., sc. i.

3120. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.
Ibid., sc. i.

3121. Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food [1] of sweet and bitter fancy. Ibid., sc. iii.

3122. No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason. Act V. sc. ii.

3123. How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! Ibid., sc. ii.

3124. An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. Ibid., sc. iv

[1] "Cud," Dyce, Staunton.

AS YOU LIKE IT

3125. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. Act V. sc. iv.

3126. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*. Ibid., sc. iv.

3127. Good wine needs no bush. *Epilogue.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

3128. As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw. *Induction*, sc. ii.

3129. No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. Act I. sc. i.

3130. There's small choice in rotten apples. Ibid., sc. i.

3131. Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. Ibid., sc. ii.

3132. And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. Ibid., sc. ii

3133. And thereby hangs a tale.[1] Act IV. sc. i.

3134. My cake is dough. Act V. sc. i.

3135. Intolerable, not to be endured. Ibid., sc. ii.

3136. A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. Ibid., sc. ii.

3137. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. Ibid., sc. ii.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

3138. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it. Act I. sc. i.

3139. The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. Ibid., sc. i.

3140. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. Ibid., sc. i.

3141. He must needs go that the Devil drives. Ibid., sc. iii.

3142. My friends were poor but honest. Ibid., sc. iii.

3143. Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises. Act II. sc. i.

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[1] *Othello*, Act III. sc. i. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. iv. *As You Like It*, Act II. sc. vii.

3144. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught.
Act II. sc. ii.

3145. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed. Ibid., sc. iii.

3146. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Act IV. sc. iii.

3147. Whose words all ears took captive. Act V. sc. iii.

3148. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Ibid., sc. iii.

3149. The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time. Ibid., sc. iii.

3150. All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. Ibid., sc. iii.

3151. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Act I. sc. i.

3152. I am sure care's an enemy to life. Ibid., sc. iii.

3153. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Ibid., sc. v.

3154. Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know. Act II. sc. iii.

3155. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3156. *Sir To.* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. Ibid., sc. iii.

3157. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. Ibid., sc. iv.

3158. And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. Ibid., sc. iv.

3159. She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;

TWELFTH NIGHT

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Act II. sc. iv.

3160. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. Ibid., sc. iv.

3161. An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortune before you. Ibid., sc. v.

3162. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Ibid., sc. v.

3163. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! Act III. sc. i.

3164. Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Ibid., sc. i.

3165. *Viola.* I pity you.
Olivia. That's a degree to Love.[1] Ibid., sc. i.

3166. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. Ibid., sc. ii.

3167. Why, this is very midsummer madness. Ibid., sc. iv.

3168. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Ibid., sc. iv.

3169. An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Ibid., sc. iv.

3170. *Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. Act IV. sc. ii.

3171. Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.
Act V. sc. i.

THE WINTER'S TALE

3172. A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Act IV. sc. iii.

3173. A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. Ibid., sc. iii.

3174. Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. Ibid., sc. iv.

3175. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. Ibid., sc. iv.

[1] Cf. Dryden (*Alexander's Feast*), *ante*, and Southerne, Yalden, and Young, (*Night Thoughts* iii, line 104), *post*.

KING JOHN

3176. Lord of thy presence, and no land beside. Act I. sc. i.

3177. And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.
Ibid., sc. i.

3178. For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation. Ibid., sc. i.

3179. Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.
Ibid., sc. i.

3180. For courage mounteth with occasion. Act II. sc. i.

3181. I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me. Ibid., sc. i.

3182. St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door. Ibid., sc. i.

3183. Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! Ibid., sc. i.

3184. Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
Act III. sc. i.

3185. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Ibid., sc. i.

3186. Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Ibid., sc. i.

3187. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. Ibid., sc. iv.

3188. Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. Ibid., sc. iv.

3189. When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. Ibid., sc. iv.

3190. And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. Ibid., sc. iv.

3191. How now, foolish rheum! Act IV. sc. i

3192. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. Ibid., sc. ii

KING JOHN

3193. And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. Act IV. sc. ii.

3194. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. Ibid., sc. ii.

3195. Another lean unwash'd artificer. Ibid., sc. ii.

3196. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Ibid., sc. ii

3197. Mocking the air with colours idly spread.[1] Act V. sc. i.

3198. This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. Ibid., sc. vii.

3199. Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. Ibid., sc. vii.

KING RICHARD II.

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

3200. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster. Act.I., sc. i.

3201. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3202. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?
O, no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. Ibid., sc. iii.

3203. This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
Act II. sc. i.

3204. England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
Ibid., sc. i.

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[1] Cf. Gray (*The Bard*, i. 1, line 4), *ante*.

KING RICHARD II

3205. The ripest fruit first falls. Act II. sc. i.

3206. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. Ibid., sc. iii.

3207. Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king. Act III. sc. ii.

3208. Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. Ibid., sc. ii.

3209. And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings. Ibid., sc. ii

3210. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war. Ibid., sc. iii.

3211. And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave. Ibid., sc. iii.

3212. Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. Act IV. sc. i.

3213. A mockery king of snow. Ibid., sc. i.

3214. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. Act V. sc. ii

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

3215. In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross. Act I. sc. i.

3216. Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. Ibid., sc. ii.

3217. Old father antic the law. Ibid., sc. ii

3218. Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.[1] Ibid., sc. ii.

3219. Thou hast damnable iteration. Ibid., sc. ii.

3220. And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. Ibid., sc. ii.

3221. 'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Ibid., sc. ii.

3222. He will give the Devil his due. Ibid., sc. ii.

3223. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. Ibid., sc. ii.

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[1] Cf. Prov. i. 20, *post*.

3224. If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. Act I. sc. ii.

3225. Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again. Ibid., sc. iii.

3226. And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. Ibid., sc. iii.

3227. And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. Ibid., sc. iii.

3228. The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! Ibid., sc. iii.

3229. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. Ibid., sc. iii.

3230. I know a trick worth two of that. Act II. sc. i.

3231. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. Ibid., sc. ii.

3232. It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. Ibid., sc. ii.

3233. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. Ibid., sc. ii.

3234. Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. Ibid., sc. iii.

3235. Brain him with his lady's fan. Ibid., sc. iii.

3236. A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. Ibid., sc. iv.

3237. A plague of all cowards, I say. Ibid., sc. iv.

3238. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Ibid., sc. iv.

3239. I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. Ibid., sc. iv.

3240. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me. Ibid., sc. iv.

3241. Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. Act II. sc. iv.

3242. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. Ibid., sc. iv.

3243. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3244. I was a coward on instinct. Ibid., sc. iv

3245. No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! Ibid., sc. iv

3246. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. Ibid., sc. iv.

3247. In King Cambyses' vein. Ibid., sc. iv.

3248. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3249. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! Ibid., sc. iv.

3250. Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. Act III. sc. i.

3251. I am not in the roll of common men. Ibid., sc. i.

3252. *Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Ibid., sc. i.

3253. O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.
Ibid., sc. i.

3254. I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
Ibid., sc. i.

3255. But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. Ibid., sc. i.

3256. A good mouth-filling oath. Ibid., sc. i.

3257. A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. Ibid., sc. ii.

3258. To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. Ibid., sc. ii.

3259. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn. Ibid., sc. iii.

3260. Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? Ibid., sc. iii.

3261. Rob me the exchequer. Ibid., sc. iii.

3262. This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. Act IV. sc. i.

3263. That daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass. Ibid., sc. i.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

3264. I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. Act IV. sc. i

3265. The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. Ibid., sc. ii.

3266. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves. Ibid., sc. ii.

3267. Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. Ibid., sc. ii.

3268. I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well. Act V. sc. i.

3269. Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. Ibid., sc. i.

3270. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. Ibid., sc. iv.

3271. I could have better spared a better man. Ibid., sc. iv.

3272. The better part of valour is discretion. Ibid., sc. iv.

3273. Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. Ibid., sc. iv.

3274. Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. Ibid., sc. iv.

KING HENRY IV., PART II.

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

3275. Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.
Act I. sc. i.

3276. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend. Act I. sc. i.

3277. I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. Ibid., sc. ii.

3278. Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time. Ibid., sc. ii.

3279. We that are in the vaward of our youth. Ibid., sc. ii

3280. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. Ibid., sc. ii.

3281. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. Ibid., sc. ii

3282. I'll tickle your catastrophe. Act II. sc. i.

3283. He hath eaten me out of house and home. Ibid., sc. i.

3284. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Ibid., sc. ii.

3285. Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Ibid., sc. ii.

3286. He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3287. Sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Act III. sc. i.

3288. With all appliances and means to boot. Ibid., sc. i

3289. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Ibid , sc. i.

3290. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? Ibid , sc ii.

3291. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. Ibid., sc. ii.

3292. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble. Ibid , sc. ii

3293. We have heard the chimes at midnight. Ibid., sc. ii.

3294. Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. Ibid , sc. ii

3295. He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. Act IV. sc. iv

3296. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. Ibid., sc. iv.

3297. Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days. Ibid., sc. iv

KING HENRY IV., PART II.

3298. A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. Act V. sc. i.

3299. Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds. Ibid., sc. ii.

3300. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys. Ibid., sc. iii.

3301. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.
Ibid., sc. iii.

KING HENRY V.

3302. O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention! *Chorus.*

3303. Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him. Act I. sc. i.

3304. Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. Ibid., sc. i.

3305. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out my iron.
Act II. sc. i.

3306. Base is the slave that pays. Ibid., sc. i.

3307. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. Ibid., sc. iii.

3308. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. Ibid., sc. iv.

3309. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood. Act III. sc. i.

3310. And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Ibid., sc. i.

3311. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. Ibid., sc. i.

3312. I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Ibid., sc. vi.

3313. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. Ibid., sc. vii

KING HENRY V.

3314. The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation. Act IV. *Chorus.*

3315. A little touch of Harry in the night. Ibid., *Chorus.*

3316. There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. Ibid., sc. i.

3317. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Ibid., sc. i.

3318. That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun. Ibid., sc. i.

3319. Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.
Ibid., sc. i.

3320. This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian. Ibid., sc. iii.

3321. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths [1] as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. Ibid., sc. iii.

3322. In the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.
Ibid., sc. viii.

3323. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. Act V. sc. i.

3324. If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Ibid., sc. ii.

KING HENRY VI., PART I.

3325. Hung be the heavens with black. Act I. sc. i.

3326. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. Act II. sc. iv.

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[1] "In his mouth," White, Cambridge, Knight.

KING HENRY VI., PART I.

3327. Delays have dangerous ends. Act III. sc. ii.

3328. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.[1] Act V. sc. iii.

KING HENRY VI., PART II.

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

3329. Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments [2] in your face. Act I. sc. iii.

3330. Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Act III. sc. i.

3331. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,[3]
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3332. He dies, and makes no sign. Ibid., sc. iii

3333. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. Act IV. sc. ii.

3334. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Ibid., sc. ii.

3335. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. Ibid., sc. ii.

3336. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. Ibid., sc. vii.

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*]

3337. How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. Act I. sc. ii.

3338. And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. Act II. sc. i.

3339. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
Ibid., sc. ii.

Didst thou never hear

3340. That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell? Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] See also *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. sc. i. [2] See Proverbs, *post*.
[3] Cf. Marlowe (*Lust's Dominion*), *ante*.

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

3341. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Act IV. sc. viii.

3342. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. Act V. sc. vi.

KING RICHARD III.

3343. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
Act I. sc. i.

3344. I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time. Ibid., sc. i.

3345. To leave this keen encounter of our wits. Ibid., sc. ii.

3346. Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won? Ibid., sc. ii.

3347. Framed in the prodigality of nature. Ibid., sc. ii.

3348. The wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3349. And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n out of [1] holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3350. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days. Ibid., sc. iv.

3351. O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

[1] "Stol'n forth," White, Knight.

All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. Act I. sc. iv

3352. So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Act III. sc. i.

3353. Off with his head! [1] Ibid., sc. iv.

3354. Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down. Ibid., sc. iv.

3355. Even in the afternoon of her best days. Ibid., sc. vii

3356. High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Act IV. sc. ii.

3357. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. Ibid., sc. ii.

3358. Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. Ibid., sc. iii.

3359. The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom.[2]
Ibid., sc. iii.

3360. Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Ibid., sc. iv.

3361. Tetchy and wayward. Ibid., sc. iv.

3362. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3363. Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment. Act V. sc. ii.

3364. True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3365. The king's name is a tower of strength. Ibid., sc. iii.

3366. O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Ibid., sc. iii.

3367. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. Ibid., sc. iii

3368. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3369. The self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. Ibid., sc. iii.

3370. A thing devised by the enemy.[3] Ibid., sc. iii.

3371. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! Ibid., sc. iv.

3372. I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. Ibid., sc. iv.

[1] Cf. Cibber, *ante*. [2] Luke xvi. 22. [3] Cf. Cibber, *ante*.

KING HENRY VIII.

3373. Order gave each thing view. Act I. sc. i.

3374. This bold bad man.[1] Act II. sc. ii.

3375. Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to-be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. Ibid., sc. iii.

3376. And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have. Act III. sc. ii.

3377. I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. Ibid., sc. ii.

3378. Press not a falling man too far. Ibid., sc. ii.

3379. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost. Ibid., sc. ii.

3380. Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. Ibid., sc. ii.

3381. And sleep in dull cold marble. Ibid., sc. ii.

3382. Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3383. I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels. Ibid., sc. ii.

3384. Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Ibid., sc. ii.

3385. Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] Cf. Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, bk. i. canto i. st. 37), *post*, and Massinger (*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act. IV. sc. ii.).

KING HENRY VIII.

3386. An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity! Act IV. sc. ii.

3387. He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3388. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him. Ibid., sc. ii.

3389. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. Ibid., sc. ii

3390. Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1] Ibid., sc. ii.

3391. He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
Ibid., sc. ii

3392. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Ibid., sc. ii

3393. To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
Act V. sc. ii.

3394. 'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man. Ibid., sc. ii.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

3395. I have had my labour for my travail. Act I. sc. i.

3396. The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come. Ibid., sc. iii.

3397. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Act III. sc. iii.

3398. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3399. And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. Ibid., sc. iii.

3400. And, like a dew drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. Ibid., sc. iii.

3401. Now they are clapper-clawing one another. Act IV. sc. iv.

3402. The end crowns all. Ibid., sc. v.

CORIOLANUS

3403. A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't.[2]
Act II. sc. i.

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[1] Cf. Sir Thomas More (*Richard III.*), *ante*.

L'injure se grave en métal
Et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde. - Jean Bertaut.

[2] Cf. Lovelace, *ante*.

CORIOLANUS

3404. I thank you for your voices, thank you,—
Your most sweet voices. Act II. sc. iii.

3405. Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Act III. sc. i.

3406. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. Ibid., sc. i.

3407. *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy. Act IV. sc. v.

3408. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. Ibid., sc. v.

3409. Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. Act V. sc. iii.

3410. If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy! Ibid., sc. vi.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

3411. Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. Act I. sc. ii.

3412. She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. Act II. sc. i.

ROMEO AND JULIET

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

3413. The weakest goes to the wall. Act I. sc. i.

3414. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. Ibid., sc. i.

3415. An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east. Ibid., sc. i.

3416. As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Ibid., sc. i.

3417. Saint-seducing gold. Ibid., sc. i.

3418. He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Ibid., sc. i.

3419. One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish. Ibid., sc. ii.

3420. That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3421 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase. Act. I. sc. iv.

3422. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep. Ibid, sc. iv.

3423 True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. Ibid, sc. iv.

3424. For you and I are past our dancing days. Ibid, sc. v.

3425. Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. Ibid., sc. v.

3426. Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Ibid., sc. v.

3427. When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid. Act II. sc. i.

3428 He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. Ibid, sc. ii.

3429 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! Ibid., sc. ii.

3430 O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Ibid., sc. ii.

3431. What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet. Ibid., sc. ii.

3432 For stony limits cannot hold love out. Ibid., sc. ii.

3433 Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords. Ibid, sc. ii.

3434 At lovers' perjuries,[1]
They say, Jove laughs. Ibid., sc. ii.

3435 *Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Ibid, sc. ii.

3436 The god of my idolatry. Ibid., sc. ii.

3437 This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet
Ibid., sc. ii.

3438 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! Ibid, sc. ii.

3439 Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] Perjuria ridet amantium Jupiter.—Tibullus, lib. iii. el. vii. line 17.

3440. For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified. Act II. sc. iii.

3441. Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye. Ibid., sc. iii.

3442. Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. Ibid., sc. iii.

3443. Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. Ibid., sc. iv.

3444. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Ibid., sc. iv.

3445. I am the very pink of courtesy. Ibid., sc. iv.

3446. My man's as true as steel.[1] Ibid., sc. iv.

3447. Here comes the lady.—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. Ibid., sc. vi.

3448. *Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough. Act III. sc. i.

3449. A plague o' both your houses! Ibid., sc. i.

3450. When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. Ibid., sc. ii.

3451. Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Ibid., sc. ii.

3452. Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! Ibid., sc. ii.

3453. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. Ibid., sc. iii.

3454. Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. Ibid., sc. iii.

3455. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. Ibid., sc. v.

3456. Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps. Ibid., sc. v.

3457. Villain and he be many miles asunder. Ibid., sc. v.

3458. Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. Act IV. sc. ii.

3459. My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. Act V. sc. i.

[1] Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. ii., also Chaucer (*Troilus and Creseide*, bk. v.), *ante*.

ROMEO AND JULIET

3460. I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells. Act V. sc. i

3461. Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. Ibid., sc. i.

3462. A beggarly account of empty boxes. Ibid., sc. i

3463. *Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. Ibid., sc. i

3464. One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! Ibid., sc. iii.

3465. A feasting presence full of light. Ibid., sc. iii.

3466. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. Ibid., sc. iii

3467. Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace! Ibid., sc. iii

TIMON OF ATHENS

3468. But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. Act I. sc. i.

3469. We have seen better days. Act IV. sc. ii.

3470. Are not within the leat of pity writ. Ibid., sc. iii

3471. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
Ibid., sc. iii.

JULIUS CÆSAR

3472. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather
Act I. sc. i.

3473. Beware the Ides of March! Ibid., sc. ii

3474. Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. Ibid., sc. ii.

3475. Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow. Ibid., sc. ii.

3476. Help me, Cassius, or I sink! Ibid., sc. ii

3477. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. Act I. sc. ii.

3478. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. Ibid., sc. ii.

3479. Conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3480. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3481. Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at anything. Ibid., sc. ii.

3482. But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. Ibid., sc. ii.

3483. Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost [1] round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. Act II. sc. i.

3484. Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. Ibid., sc. i.

3485. But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered. Ibid., sc. i.

3486. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. Ibid., sc. i.

[1] "Utmost," Singer, Knight.

3487. Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. Act. II. sc. ii

3488. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3489. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. Ibid., sc. ii.

3490. But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. Act III. sc. i.

3491. The choice and master spirits of this age. Ibid., sc. i.

3492. Though last, not least, in love.[1] Ibid., sc. i

3493. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. Ibid., sc. i

3494. Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war. Ibid., sc. i

3495 Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause: and be silent that you may hear. Ibid., sc. ii

3496. Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Ibid., sc. ii.

3497. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. Ibid., sc. ii.

3498. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones. Ibid., sc. ii

3499. For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men. Ibid., sc. ii

3500. When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Ibid., sc. ii.

3501. O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Ibid., sc. ii.

3502. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. Ibid., sc. ii

3503. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Ibid., sc. ii.

3504. See what a rent the envious Casca made. Ibid., sc. ii.

3505. This was the most unkindest cut of all. Ibid., sc. ii

3506. Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Ibid., sc. ii

[1] See *King Lear*, Act II. sc. i.

JULIUS CÆSAR

3507. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is.
. . . I only speak right on. Act. III. sc. ii.

3508. Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. Ibid., sc. ii.

3509. When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
Act IV. sc. ii.

3510. You yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3511. The foremost man of all this world. Ibid., sc. iii.

3512. I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. Ibid., sc. iii.

3513. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. Ibid., sc. iii.

3514. When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces! Ibid., sc. iii.

3515. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3516. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. Ibid., sc. iii.

3517. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Act V. sc. i.

3518. The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! Ibid., sc. iii.

3519. This was the noblest Roman of them all. Ibid., sc. v.

3520. His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" Ibid., sc. v.

MACBETH

3521. *First Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won. Act I. sc. i

3522. Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Act. I. sc. i.

3523. Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid. Ibid., sc. iii

3524. What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Ibid., sc. iii

3525. If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not
Ibid., sc. iii.

3526. Stands not within the prospect of belief. Ibid., sc. iii

3527. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Ibid., sc. iii.

3528. The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. Ibid., sc. iii

3529. And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. Ibid., sc. iii.

3530. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. Ibid., sc. iii.

3531. And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Ibid., sc. iii.

3532. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. Ibid., sc. iii

3533 Nothing is
But what is not. Ibid., sc. iii.

3534 Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day
Ibid., sc. iii.

3535 Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it, he died.
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle Ibid., sc. iv.

3536. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face. Ibid., sc. iv

3537 Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness Ibid., sc. v

3538. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Ibid., sc. v

3539. That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose Ibid., sc. v.

3540. Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. Act I. sc. v.

3541. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. Ibid., sc. vi.

3542. The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. Ibid., sc. vi.

3543. Coign of vantage. Ibid., sc. vi.

3544. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. Ibid., sc. vii.

3545. We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. Ibid., sc. vii.

3546. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye. Ibid., sc. vii.

3547. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. Ibid., sc. vii.

3548. I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. Ibid., sc. vii.

3549. Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage. Ibid., sc. vii.

3550. I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. Ibid., sc. vii.

3551. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere. Ibid., sc. vii.

3552. *Macb.* If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. Ibid., sc. vii.

3553. Memory, the warder of the brain. Ibid., sc. vii

3554. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Act II. sc. i.

3555. Shut up
In measureless content. Ibid., sc. i.

3556. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? Ibid., sc. i.

3557. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
Ibid., sc. i.

3558. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout. Ibid., sc. i.

3559. Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell! Ibid., sc. i.

3560. It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night. Ibid., sc. ii.

3561. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Ibid., sc. ii.

3562. I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. Ibid., sc. ii.

3563. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. Ibid., sc. ii.

3564. Infirm of purpose! Ibid., sc. ii.

3565. My hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. Ibid., sc. ii.

3566 The primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire! Ibid., sc. iii.

3567. The labour we delight in physics pain. Ibid., sc. iii.

3568. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. Ibid., sc. iii.

3569. The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. Ibid., sc. iii.

[1] Cf. *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii., *post*.

3570. A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed
Act II. sc. iv.

3571. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. Act III. sc. i.

3572. Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3573. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. Ibid., sc. ii

3574. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! [1] Ibid., sc. ii.

3575. In them Nature's copy's not eterne. Ibid., sc. ii

3576. A deed of dreadful note. Ibid., sc. ii.

3577. Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn. Ibid., sc. iii.

3578. But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. Ibid., sc. iv.

3579. Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! Ibid., sc. iv.

3580. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. Ibid., sc. iv.

3581. The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. Ibid., sc. iv

3582. Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with! Ibid., sc. iv

3583. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Ibid., sc. iv.

3584. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Ibid., sc. iv.

3585. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder. Ibid., sc. iv

[1] Cf. Shelley (*Adonais*), *post*.

3586. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? Act III. sc. iv.

3587. Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. Ibid., sc. iv.

3588. Double, double toil and trouble. Act IV. sc. i.

3589. Eye of newt, and toe of frog. Ibid., sc. i.

3590. Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.[1] Ibid., sc. i.

3591. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks. Ibid., sc. i.

3592. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags? Ibid., sc. i.

3593. A deed without a name. Ibid., sc. i.

3594. I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of Fate. Ibid., sc. i.

3595. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart. Ibid., sc. i.

3596. What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Ibid., sc. i.

3597. The weird sisters. Ibid., sc. i.

3598. The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. Ibid., sc. i.

3599. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. Ibid., sc. ii.

3600. Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Ibid., sc. iii.

3601. Stands Scotland where it did? Ibid., sc. iii.

3602. Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. Ibid., sc. iii.

3603. What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? Ibid., sc. iii.

3604. I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Ibid., sc. iii.

3605. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! Ibid., sc. iii.

3606 Out, damned spot! out, I say! Act V. sc. i.

[1] This song is found entire in *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, Act V. sc. ii. (*Works*, ed. Dyce), iii. 388, and is there called "A charme Song about a Vessel."

3607. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared? Act V. sc. i.

3608. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Ibid., sc. i.

3609. The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look? Ibid., sc. iii.

3610. My way of life [1]
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3611. *Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3612. I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Ibid., sc. iii

3613. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come." Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Ibid., sc. v

3614. And my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors.
Ibid., sc. v.

3615. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. Ibid., sc. v

[1] Johnson would read, "May of life."

MACBETH

3616. To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." Act V. sc. v.

3617. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. Ibid., sc. v.

3618. I bear a charmed life. Ibid., sc. viii.

3619. And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Ibid., sc. viii.

3620. Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. Ibid., sc. viii.

3621. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
Ibid., sc. viii.

HAMLET

3622. For this relief much thanks. Act I. sc. i.

3623. But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.
Ibid., sc. i.

3624. Does not divide the Sunday from the week. Ibid., sc. i.

3625. Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.
Ibid., sc. i.

3626. In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. Ibid., sc. i.

3627. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. Ibid., sc. i.

3628. Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. Ibid., sc. i.

3629. Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir [1] abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. Ibid., sc. i.

3630. The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. Ibid., sc. i.

3631. With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] "Can walk," White, Knight.

HAMLET

3632. The head is not more native to the heart. Act I. sc. ii.

3633. A little more than kin, and less than kind. Ibid., sc. ii.

3634. *Seems*, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems. Ibid., sc. ii.

3635. Customary suits of solemn black. Ibid., sc. ii.

3636. But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. Ibid., sc. ii.

3637. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world! Ibid., sc. ii.

3638. That it should come to this! Ibid., sc. ii.

3639. Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Ibid., sc. ii.

3640. Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. Ibid., sc. ii.

3641. Frailty, thy name is woman! Ibid., sc. ii.

3642. A little month. Ibid., sc. ii.

3643. Like Niobe, all tears. Ibid., sc. ii.

3644. A beast, that wants discourse of reason. Ibid., sc. ii.

3645. My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Ibid., sc. ii.

3646. It is not, nor it cannot come to, good. Ibid., sc. ii.

3647. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Ibid., sc. ii.

3648. In my mind's eye, Horatio. Ibid., sc. ii.

3649. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. Ibid., sc. ii.

3650. Season your admiration for a while. Ibid., sc. ii.

3651. In the dead vast [1] and middle of the night. Ibid., sc. ii.

3652. Armed at all points. Ibid., sc. ii.

3653. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger. Ibid., sc. ii.

3654. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3655. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered. Ibid., sc. ii.

3656. Give it an understanding, but no tongue. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] Folio has "wast."

3657. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Act I. sc. ii.

3658. The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon. Ibid., sc. iii.

3659. The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. Ibid., sc. iii.

3660. Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path [1] of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. Ibid., sc. iii.

3661. Give thy thoughts no tongue. Ibid., sc. iii.

3662. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops [2] of steel.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3663. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. Ibid., sc. iii.

3664. Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. Ibid., sc. iii.

3665. Springes to catch woodcocks. Ibid., sc. iii.

3666. Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3667. *Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. Ibid., sc. iv.

3668. But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3669. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Ibid., sc. iv.

[1] Cf. *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. iii., *ante*.

[2] "Hooks," Singer.

3670. Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. Act I. sc. iv.

3671. Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Ibid., sc. iv.

3672. I do not set my life at a pin's fee. Ibid., sc. iv.

3673. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. Ibid., sc. iv.

3674. Unhand me, gentlemen;
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3675. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3676. I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[1]
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list! Ibid., sc. v.

3677. And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself [2] in ease on Lethe wharf. Ibid., sc. v

3678. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! Ibid., sc. v.

3679. O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! Ibid., sc. v

[1] "To lasting fires," Singer. [2] "Roots itself," White, Dyce, Cambridge.

3680. But soft: methinks I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon. Act I. sc. v.

3681. Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. Ibid., sc. v.

3682. Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. . . .
The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. Ibid., sc. v.

3683. While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records. Ibid., sc. v.

3684. Within the book and volume of my brain. Ibid., sc. v.

3685. My tables, my tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
Ibid., sc. v.

3686. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. Ibid., sc. v.

3687. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your [1] philosophy. Ibid., sc. v.

3688. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! Ibid., sc. v.

3689. The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right. Ibid., sc. v.

3690. The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. Act II. sc. i.

3691. This is the very ecstasy of love. Ibid., sc. i.

3692. Brevity is the soul of wit. Ibid., sc. ii.

3693. More matter, with less art. Ibid., sc. ii.

3694. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true. Ibid., sc. ii.

3695. Find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause. Ibid., sc. ii.

3696. Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love. Ibid., sc. ii.

3697. Still harping on my daughter. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] "Our," White, Dyce, Knight.

3698. *Pol.* What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words. Act II. sc. ii.

3699. They have a plentiful lack of wit. Ibid., sc. ii.

3700. Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't. Ibid., sc. ii.

3701. On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. Ibid., sc. ii.

3702. There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. Ibid., sc. ii.

3703. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. Ibid., sc. ii.

3704. This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! Ibid., sc. ii.

3705. Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither. Ibid., sc. ii.

3706. I know a hawk from a hand-saw. Ibid., sc. ii.

3707. Come, give us a taste of your quality. Ibid., sc. ii.

3708. The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general. Ibid., sc. ii.

3709. They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. Ibid., sc. ii.

3710. Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Ibid., sc. ii.

3711. What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? Ibid., sc. ii.

3712. For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.[1] Ibid., sc. ii.

3713. The Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. Ibid., sc. ii.

3714. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. Ibid., sc. ii.

3715. With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself. Act III. sc. i.

3716. To be or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

[1] Cf. Chaucer (*The Nonnes Preestes Tale*, line 232), *ante*.

And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep,—
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels [1] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.[2] Act III. sc. i.

3717. Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. Ibid., sc. i.

3718. Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
Ibid., sc. i.

3719. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Ibid., sc. i.

3720. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.
Ibid., sc. i.

3721. The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! Ibid., sc. i.

3722. Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Ibid., sc. i.

3723. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. Ibid., sc. ii.

3724. Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] "Who would these fardels," White, Knight.

[2] Cf. Quiller-Couch, *ante*.

3725. It out-herods Herod. Act III. sc. ii.

3726. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. Ibid., sc. ii.

3727. To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature. Ibid., sc. ii.

3728. Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. Ibid., sc. ii.

3729. Not to speak it profanely. Ibid., sc. ii.

3730. I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. Ibid., sc. ii.

3731. O, reform it altogether. Ibid., sc. ii.

3732. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. Ibid., sc. ii.

3733. No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Ibid., sc. ii.

3734. A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. Ibid., sc. ii.

3735. They are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this. Ibid., sc. ii.

3736. And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Ibid., sc. ii.

3737. Here's metal more attractive. Ibid., sc. ii.

3738. Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Ibid., sc. ii.

3739. For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.[1] Ibid., sc. ii.

3740. This is miching mallecho; it means mischief. Ibid., sc. ii.

3741. *Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love. Ibid., sc. ii.

3742. The lady protests too much, methinks. Ibid., sc. ii.

3743. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. Ibid., sc. ii.

3744. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i.

3745. 'Tis as easy as lying. Act III. sc. ii.

3746. It will discourse most eloquent music. Ibid., sc. ii.

3747. Pluck out the heart of my mystery. Ibid., sc. ii.

3748. *Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel? [1]
Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale. Ibid., sc. ii.

3749. They fool me to the top of my bent. Ibid., sc. ii.

3750. 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: [2] now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Ibid., sc. ii.

3751. I will speak daggers to her, but use none. Ibid., sc. ii.

3752. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Ibid., sc. iii.

3753. Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! Ibid., sc. iii.

3754. About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't. Ibid., sc. iii.

3755. Dead, for a ducat, dead! Ibid., sc. iv.

3756. And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. Ibid., sc. iv.

3757. False as dicers' oaths. Ibid., sc. iv.

3758. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. Ibid., sc. iv.

3759. At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble.
Ibid., sc. iv.

3760. O shame! where is thy blush? Ibid., sc. iv.

[1] "In shape like a camel": so the folios.

[2] Cf. Barham, *ante*.

3761. A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! Act III. sc. iv.

3762. A king of shreds and patches. Ibid., sc. iv.

3763. This is the very coinage of your brain. Ibid., sc. iv.

3764. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gamble from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. Ibid., sc. iv.

3765. Assume a virtue, if you have it not. Ibid., sc. iv.

3766. I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. Ibid., sc. iv.

3767. For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. Ibid., sc. iv

3768. Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. Act IV. sc. iii.

3769. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. Ibid., sc. iii

3770. Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Ibid., sc. iv.

3771. Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. Ibid., sc. iv.

3772. So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. Ibid., sc. v.

3773. We know what we are, but know not what we may be. Ibid., sc. v.

3774. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. Ibid., sc. v.

3775. There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would. Ibid., sc. v.

3776. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. Ibid., sc. v

3777. A very riband in the cap of youth. Ibid., sc. vii.

3778. One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow.[1] Ibid., sc. vii

3779. Cudgel thy brains no more about it. Act V. sc. i.

3780. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? Ibid., sc. i.

3781. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. Ibid., sc. i.

[1] Cf. Young (*Night Thoughts*, iii. line 63), *post*.

3782. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch.[1] Act V. sc. i.

3783. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. Ibid., sc. i.

3784. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. Ibid., sc. i.

3785. The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. Ibid., sc. i.

3786. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Ibid., sc. i.

3787. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Ibid., sc. i.

3788. Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Ibid., sc. i.

3789. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? Ibid., sc. i.

3790. Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. Ibid., sc. i.

3791. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.[2] Ibid., sc. i.

3792. Sweets to the sweet: farewell. Ibid., sc. i.

3793. I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave. Ibid., sc. i.

3794. For though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous. Ibid., sc. i.

3795. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou. Ibid., sc i.

3796. Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. Ibid., sc. i.

3797. There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. Ibid., sc. ii.

3798. Into a towering passion. Ibid., sc. ii.

3799. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides. Ibid., sc. ii.

3800. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. Ibid., sc. ii.

3801. I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. Ibid., sc. ii.

[1] Cf. Vaux, *post.*

[2] Cf. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xviii., post.

HAMLET

3802. A hit, a very palpable hit. Act V. sc. ii.

3803. This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. Ibid., sc. ii.

3804. Report me and my cause aright. Ibid., sc. ii.

3805. Absent thee from felicity awhile. Ibid., sc. ii.

3806. The rest is silence. Ibid., sc. ii.

3807. Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest. Ibid., sc. ii.

KING LEAR

3808. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Act I. sc. iv.

3809. Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. Ibid., sc. iv.

3810. Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below. Act II. sc. iv.

3811. O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. Ibid., sc. iv.

3812. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Act III. sc. ii.

3813. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3814. A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. Ibid., sc. ii.

3815. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. Ibid., sc. ii.

3816. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. Ibid., sc. ii.

3817. O, that way madness lies; let me shun that. Ibid., sc. iv

3818. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Ibid., sc. iv.

3819. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. Ibid., sc. iv.

3820. Out-paramoured the Turk. Ibid., sc. iv.

3821. 'Tis a naughty night to swim in. Ibid., sc. iv.

3822. The green mantle of the standing pool. Ibid., sc. iv.

3823. But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. Ibid., sc. iv.

3824. The prince of darkness is a gentleman. Ibid., sc. iv

3825. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
Ibid., sc. iv.

KING LEAR

3826. Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. Act III. sc. iv.

3827. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
Ibid., sc. vi.

3828. Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail. Ibid., sc. vi.

3829. Patience and sorrow strove,
Who should express her goodliest. Act IV. sc. iii.

3830. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice.
Ibid., sc. vi.

3831. Ay, every inch a king. Ibid., sc. vi.

3832. Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. Ibid., sc. vi.

3833. Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Ibid., sc. vi.

3834. Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.
Ibid., sc. vii.

3835. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. Act V. sc. iii.

3836. Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3837. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Ibid., sc. iii.

OTHELLO

3838. That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. Act I. sc. i.

3839. The bookish theoric. Ibid., sc. i.

3840. Whip me such honest knaves. Ibid., sc. i.

3841. But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.
Ibid., sc. i.

3842. The wealthy curled dearling of our nation. Ibid., sc. ii

3843. Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love. Act I. sc. iii.

3844. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3845. The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,[1]
Would Desdemona seriously incline. Ibid., sc. iii.

3846. And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used. Ibid., sc. iii.

3847. I do perceive here a divided duty. Ibid., sc. iii.

3848. The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.
Ibid., sc. iii.

[1] "These things to bear," Singer, Knight.

3849. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. Act I. sc. iii.

3850. I saw Othello's visage in his mind. Ibid., sc. iii.

3851. Put money in thy purse. Ibid., sc. iii.

3852. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. Ibid., sc. iii.

3853. Framed to make women false. Ibid., sc. iii.

3854. One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.
Act II. sc. i.

3855. For I am nothing, if not critical. Ibid., sc. i.

3856. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. Ibid., sc. i.

3857. *Iago.* She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion! Ibid., sc. i.

3858. Egregiously an ass. Ibid., sc. i.

3859. Potations pottle deep. Ibid., sc. iii

3860. King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, lown.[1] Ibid., sc. iii.

3861. Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety. Ibid., sc. iii.

3862. Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. Ibid., sc. iii.

3863. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. Ibid., sc. iii.

3864. *Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. Ibid., sc. iii.

3865. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. Ibid., sc. iii.

3866. O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! Ibid., sc. iii.

3867. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! Ibid., sc. iii.

3868. *Cas.* Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.
Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. Ibid., sc. iii.

[1] Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques* they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

3869. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[1] Act III. sc. iii.

3870. Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words. Ibid., sc. iii.

3871. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. Ibid., sc. iii.

3872. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. Ibid., sc. iii.

3873. But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly [2] loves!
Ibid., sc. iii.

3874. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. Ibid., sc. iii.

3875. To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. Ibid., sc. iii.

3876. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Ibid., sc. iii.

3877. I am declined
Into the vale of years. Ibid., sc. iii.

3878. That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! Ibid., sc. iii.

3879. Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. Ibid., sc. iii.

3880. Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. Ibid., sc. iii.

3881. He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Ibid., sc. iii.

3882. O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

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[1] For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.— *Venus and Adonis.*

[2] "Fondly," White, Knight. "Soundly," Staunton.

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! Act III. sc. iii.

3883. Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof. Ibid., sc. iii.

3884. No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on. Ibid., sc. iii.

3885. On horror's head horrors accumulate. Ibid., sc. iii.

3886. But this denoted a foregone conclusion. Ibid., sc. iii.

3887. Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues! Ibid., sc. iii.

3888. They laugh that win. Act IV. sc. i.

3889. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Ibid., sc. i.

3890. Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips. Ibid., sc. ii.

3891. But, alas! to make me
The fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow and unmoving finger at. Ibid., sc. ii.

3892. O Heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world. Ibid., sc. ii.

3893. 'Tis neither here nor there. Ibid., sc. iii.

3894. He hath a daily beauty in his life. Act V. sc. i.

3895. This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. Ibid., sc. i.

3896. Put out the light, and then—put out the light.
Ibid., sc. ii.

3897. One entire and perfect chrysolite. Ibid., sc. ii

3898. I have done the State some service, and they know it;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Ibid., sc. ii.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

3899. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Act I. sc. i.

3900. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment. Ibid., sc. v.

3901. For her own person,
It beggared all description. Act II. sc. ii.

3902. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Ibid., sc. ii.

3903. Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne. Ibid., sc. vii.

3904. Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him. Act III. sc. i.

3905. He wears the rose
Of youth upon him. Ibid., sc. xi.[1]

3906. This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. Act IV. sc. iv.

3907. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock. Ibid., sc. xii.[2]

3908. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct. Ibid., sc. xii.

3909. O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.[3] Ibid., sc. xiii.

3910. Let's do 't after the high Roman fashion. Ibid., sc. xiii.[4]

3911. Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. Act V. sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

3912. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[5]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes. Act II. sc. iii.

3913. Some griefs are med'cinable. Act III. sc. iii.

3914. Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. Ibid., sc. iii.

3915. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. Ibid., sc. iv.

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[1] Sc. xiii., Dyce, Staunton.
[2] Sc. xiv., Dyce, Staunton.
[3] Cf. Marlowe (*Faustus, Epilogue*), *ante*.
[4] Sc. xv., Dyce, Staunton.
[5] Cf. John Lyly, *ante*.

CYMBELINE

3916. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Act. III. sc. vi.

3917. Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. Act IV. sc. ii.

PERICLES

3918. *3rd Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1st Fish. Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. Act II. sc. i.

POEMS

3919. Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis, line 145.

3920. For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
Lucrece, line 1006.

3921. Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, viii.

3922. Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? Ibid., xiv.

3923. As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May.[1] Ibid., xv.

3924. She in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet* iii.

3925. And stretched metre of an antique song. *Sonnet* xvii.

3926. But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Sonnet* xviii.

3927. The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd. *Sonnet* xxv.

3928. When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet* xxx

3929. Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet* lii.

3930. And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet* lxvi.

3931. And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Sonnet* lxvi.

3932. The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet* lxx.

3933. Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. *Sonnet* xc

[1] See Barnfield, *ante*.

3934. When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet* xcviii.

3935. And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet* cvi.

3936. My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet* cxi.

3937. Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet* cxvi.

3938. That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet* cxxxii.

3939. O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
A Lover's Complaint, st. xlii.

SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD, 1856–

3940. When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column.[1]
Three Plays for Puritans. Preface. (*On Diabolonian Ethics.*)

3941. Great art is never produced for its own sake. It is too difficult to be worth the effort.
Preface to Three Plays by Brieux, pp. xxi, xxii.

3942. Money is indeed the most important thing in the world.
Preface to The Irrational Knot.

3943. Morality means custom.
Correspondence. (Cf. Shaw's *Selected Passages.*)

3944. The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.
Man and Superman: "Maxims for Revolutionists."

3945. Gambling promises the poor what Property performs for the rich: that is why the bishops dare not denounce it fundamentally.
Ibid.

3946. It is a mistake to suppose that inartistic people are merely indifferent to art: they hate it, with a bitter and malicious hatred.[2]

3947. What hope is there of human improvement? According to the Darwinians, to the Mechanists, none whatever, because improvement can come only through some senseless accident which must, on the statistical average of accidents, be presently wiped out by some other equally senseless accident.[3]
Back to Methuselah. Preface, p. xvi.

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[1] Cf. Wilde (*Reading Gaol*), *post*.
[2] Reference misfires: Auntie confirms, but cannot place.
[3] Cf. W. R. Inge (*Confessio Fidei*), *ante*, for contrast.

Sheers (or Sheeres), Sir Henry, †1710
[See Proverbial Expressions, *post*]

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 1792–1822

3948. How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab*, i.

3949. Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. Ibid., iii.

3950. Heaven's clear vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Ibid., iv.

3951. Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, st. vi.

3952. With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
Ibid., canto v. st. xxiii.

3953 Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose! *Hellas.*

3954. All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

. . . . .

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still! *Prometheus Unbound*, Act II. sc. v

3955 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
Ode to the West Wind, v. 5.

3956 Profuse strains of unpremeditated art *Ode to a Skylark*

3957 Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The mark of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompence *Julian and Maddalo.*

3958. Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. Ibid.

3959 I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear
Stanzas, written in Dejection, near Naples.

[1] Cf. Bacon (Essay xx. *Empire*), *ante*. [2] Cf. Rochefoucauld (*Maxim* 76), *ante*.

3960. That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud*, iv

3961. A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Adonais*, xxxii.

3962. He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain.
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.[1] Ibid., xl.

3963. Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. Ibid., lii.

3964. Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Poems written in 1821. *To* ——.

3965. The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow! Ibid., *To* ——.

3966. In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo-Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.[2] *Dedication to Peter Bell the Third*

3967. Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and smoky city.
Peter Bell the Third, Pt. III. st. i.

3968. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.[3]
Defence of Poetry.

Shenstone, William, 1714–63

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

3969. Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.[4]
Written on a Window of an Inn.

3970. So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
A Pastoral, Part I.

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[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, Act III. sc. ii.), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Lord Macaulay, *ante*, and Volney, Horace Walpole, and H. Kirke White, *post*.
[3] Cf. Fletcher of Saltoun, *ante*.
[4] Cf. Johnson (*Boswell's Life*, 1776), *ante*.
Archbishop Leighton often said, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn.—*Works*, vol. I., p. 76.

3971. I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
A Pastoral, Part II. *Hope.*

3972. For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

3973. Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress, st. 5.

3974. Pun-provoking thyme. Ibid., st. 11.

3975. A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo. Ibid., st. 28.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, 1751–1816

3976. A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years.[1] *Pizarro*, Act IV. sc. i.

3977. A progeny of learning. [Mrs. Malaprop.]
The Rivals, Act I. sc. ii.

3978. You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?[2] [Same.] Ibid., Act IV. sc. ii.

3979. The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. Ibid., sc. iii.

3980. As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. [Mrs. Malaprop.] Ibid., Act V. sc. iii.

3981. My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands. Ibid., sc. iii.

3982. I own the soft impeachment. [Mrs. Malaprop.] Ibid., sc. iii.

3983. Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.[3] *The Critic*, Act I. sc. i.

3984. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.
Ibid., Act II. sc. i.

3985. Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. Ibid., sc. ii.

3986. An oyster may be crossed in love. Ibid., Act. III.

3987. You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.
School for Scandal, Act I. sc. i.

3988. I leave my character behind me. Ibid., Act II. sc. ii.

3989. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Ibid., Act III. sc. iii.

[1] Cf. P. J. Bailey, *ante*. [2] Cf. Colman, *ante*. [3] Cf. Churchill, *ante*.

3990. An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance. *School for Scandal*, Act IV. sc. i.

3991. I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
The Duenna, Act I. sc. ii.

3992. Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you. Ibid., sc. v.

3993. Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. Ibid., Act II. sc. iv.

3994. The Right Hon. gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.[1]
Speech in reply to Mr. Dundas. (*Sheridaniana.*)

3995. You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.
Clio's Protest. Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i., p. 155.

SHIRLEY, JAMES, 1596–1666

3996. The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, sc. iii.

3997. Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.[2] Ibid., sc. iii.

3998. Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
The Last Conqueror, st. 1.

SIDNEY, ALGERNON, 1622–83

[See John Quincy Adams, *ante.*]

3999. "Fool," said my Muse, "look in thy heart and write." [3]
Astrophel and Stella, i.

4000. Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head. Ibid., ii.

4001. That sweet enemy, France. Ibid., v.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, 1554–86

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4002. He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. *Defence of Poesy.*

4003. Many-headed multitude.[4] *Arcadia*, bk. ii.

4004. My dear, my better half. Ibid., bk. iii.

[1] Cf. Le Sage, *ante.*
[2] "Their dust." *Works*, ed. Dyce, vol. vi. Cf. Tate and Brady, *post.*
[3] Cf. Longfellow, *Voices of the Night*, *ante.*
[4] Cf. Massinger, Pope (*Ep. of Horace*) and Scott (*Lady of the Lake*), *ante.*

SILIUS (ITALICUS), TIBERIUS CATIUS, 25–101
[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

SKELTON, JOHN, 1460?–1529

4005. He said he knew what was what.
Why come ye not to Court? line 1106.

SMART, CHRISTOPHER, 1722–71

4006. Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost;
And, in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.[1]
The Trip to Cambridge.
Campbell's *Specimens*, vol. vi., p. 185.

SMILES, SAMUEL, 1812–1904

4007. We often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. *Self-Help*, ch. xi. par. 41.

SMITH, ADAM, 1723–90

4008. The machines that are first invented to perform any particular movement are always the most complex, and succeeding artists generally discover that with fewer wheels, with fewer principles of motion than had originally been employed, the same effects may be more easily produced. The first philosophical systems, in the same manner, are always the most complex.
Essay on the Principles which Lead and Direct Philosophical Inquiries [etc.].

4009. To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.[2] *Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. bk. iv.

SMITH, ALEXANDER, 1830–67

4010. Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire. *A Life Drama*, sc. ii.

4011. In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines. Ibid., sc. ii.

4012. A poem round and perfect as a star. Ibid., sc. ii.

SMITH, EDMUND, 1672–1710

4013. Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight.[3]
Phædra and Hippolytus.

[1] Cf. Fielding, *ante.* [2] Cf. Appendix, "Nation of Shopkeepers."
[3] Cf. Pope (*Eloisa to Abelard*), *ante.*

SMITH, HORATIO ("HORACE"), 1779–1849

4014. Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
[Imitation of W. T. Fitzgerald.]
Rejected Addresses. I. "*Loyal Effusion.*"

4015. Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live. Ibid.

4016. For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl,
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul";
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.
[Imitation of Lord Byron.] Ibid., 4. "*Cui Bono?*"

4017. "What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.
[Imitation of Sir Walter Scott.]
Ibid., 9. "*A Tale of Drury Lane.*"

4018. "In the Name of the Prophet—figs!"
Ibid., 10. "*Johnson's Ghost.*"

4019. My palate is parch'd with Pierian thirst,
Away to Parnassus I'm beckon'd.
[Imitation of M. G. Lewis.]
Ibid., 12. "*Fire and Ale.*"

SMITH, JAMES, 1775–1839

4020. My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, and she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!
[Imitation of S. T. Coleridge.]
Ibid., 13. "*Playhouse Musings.*"

4021. Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.
[Imitation of Geo. Crabbe.]
Ibid., 17. "*The Theatre.*"

SMITH, JOHN, 1580–1631

4022. Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? [1]
Advertisements for the Unexperienced.
Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., 3rd ser., vol. iii., p. 49.

[1] Cf. Daniel Webster, *post.*

SMITH, SYDNEY, 1771–1845

[See also Byron (*Don Juan*, x. 34, footnote), *ante*.]

4023. The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean.

Speech. Taunton, 11 Oct. 1831.

4024. It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. *Lady Holland's Memoir*, ch. ii.

4025. Yes! you will find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence. Ibid., ch. vii.

4026. Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat:
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.[1]

Ibid., ch. xi., *Recipe for Salad*.

4027. If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into a round hole.

From *Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith* (*extracts*).

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE, 1721–71

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

4028. Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Ode to Independence.

4029. Facts are stubborn things.[2]

Translation of Gil Blas (1749), bk. x. ch. i.

4030. The Great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.

Letter to Wilkes, 16 March, 1759.

SORBIÈRE, SAMUEL DE, 1615–70

[See Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

[1] Cf. Dryden (*Imit. Hor.*, i. 29), *ante*.

[2] Cf. Jared Eliot, *ante*.

SOUTH, ROBERT, 1634–1716
[See Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

SOUTHERNE, THOMAS, 1660–1746
[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4031. Pity's akin to love.[1] *Oroonoko*, Act II. sc. i.

4032. Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man.[2] *Sir Anthony Love*, Act II. sc. i.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 1774–1843

4033. How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*

4034. They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
The Curse of Kehama, canto x. st. 10.

4035. Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth
. . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there. Ibid., st. 10.

4036. Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight? Ibid., st. 11.

4037. Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.
Ibid., canto xv. st. 11.

4038. Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.[3] *Madoc in Wales*, v.

4039. And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,—
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
The March to Moscow, st. 8.

[1] Cf. Dryden (*Alexander's Feast*), Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. i.) and Beaumont and Fletcher (*Knight of Malta*), *ante*, and Yalden and Young (*Night Thoughts*, ii. line 104) *post*.

[2] Cf. Burns (*A Man's a Man for a' that*), *ante*.

[3] Quoted by Byron.

4040. He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin,
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1] *The Devil's Walk.*

4041. The Satanic school.
From the Original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.

4042. "But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory." *The Battle of Blenheim.*

4043. Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!
Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

4044. My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
Occasional Pieces, xviii.

4045. The march of intellect.[2]
Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, vol. ii., p. 360.

4046. One of our poets (which is it?)[3] speaks of an *everlasting* now.
The Doctor, p, 63.

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, 1561?–95

4047. My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health.[4] *Look Home.*

SPENCER, HERBERT, 1820–1903

4048. Survival of the fittest.
Principles of Biology, Part IV. ch. xi. sect. 363.

4049. Nature's rules . . . have no exceptions.
Social Statics. Introduction, lemma ii.

4050. During civilization, hero-worship and moral sense vary inversely. Ibid., ch. xxx. sect. 7.

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT, 1769–1834

4051. Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time,[5]
That only treads on flowers.
Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

[1] Cf. Coleridge (*The Devil's Thoughts*), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Burke (*Speech on Conciliation with America*), *ante*.
[3] Cowley (*Davideis*), *ante*. [4] Cf. Sir Edward Dyer and Seneca, *ante*.
[5] Cf. Shakespeare (*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act V. sc. iii.), *ante*.

SPENSER, EDMUND, 1552?–99

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

FAERIE QUEENE

4052. A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Bk. i. canto i. st. 1.

4053. A bold bad man. Ibid., st. 37.

4054. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
Ibid., canto iii. st. 4.

4055. Ay me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall! [1]
Ibid., canto viii., st. 1.

4056. Entire affection hateth nicer hands. Ibid., st. 40.

4057. No aborett with painted blossoms drest
Bk ii. canto vi. st. 12.

4058. And is there care in Heaven? Ibid., canto viii. st. 1.

4059. Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hopes her to attain by hook or crook.
Bk. iii. canto i. st. 17.

4060. Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,[2]
And her conception of the joyous prime.
Ibid., canto vi. st. 3.

4061. Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere Be bolde.
Ibid., canto xi. st. 54.

4062. Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
Bk. iv. canto ii. st. 32.

4063. I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
Lines on his promised Pension.

4064. For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
Hymn in Honour of Beauty, line 132.

4065. Who in derring doe [3] were dreade.
Shepherd's Calendar, Oct., line 65.

4066. Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;

[1] Cf. Butler, *Hudibras*, Part I. canto iii. line 1), *ante.*
[2] Cf. *Common Prayer Book*, Ps. cx. 4.
[3] "Derring-do" as a noun originates here; the expression is supposed to be due to a misunderstanding of a passage in Chaucer's *Troilus.*

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.
. . . . .
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortless dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Mother Hubberd's Tale, line 895.

SPRAGUE, CHARLES, 1791–1875

4067. Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

4068. Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. Ibid.

4069. Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode, st. 22.

4070. Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

STEELE, SIR RICHARD, 1672–1729

4071. [Of Lady Elizabeth Hastings.] Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.[1]
The Tatler, No. 49.

STEERS, FANNY, 19th century

4072. The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free. *Song.*

STERNE, LAURENCE, 1713–68

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4073. Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
Tristram Shandy, vol. ii. ch. xii.

4074. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." Ibid., vol. iii. ch. xi.

4075. Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting. Ibid., ch. xii.

4076. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.[2] Ibid., vol. vi. ch. viii.

[1] Leigh Hunt incorrectly ascribes this expression to Congreve.
[2] Cf. Campbell (*Pleasures of Hope*, ii. line 357), *ante.*

4077. "They order," said I, "this matter better in France."
Sentimental Journey, p. 1.

4078. I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren. Ibid., "*In the Street. Calais.*"

4079. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.[1]
Ibid., "*Maria.*"

4080. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."
Ibid., "*The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.*"

STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER, 1710–84

4081. Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea. *The Storm.*

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 1850–94

4082. To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel.
Virginibus Puerisque.

4083. For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself. As for the others, the irony of facts shall take it out of their hands, and make fools of them in downright earnest, ere the farce be over. *Crabbed Age and Youth.*

4084. Little Indian, Sioux or Crow:
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?[2]
A Child's Garden of Verse. "*Foreign Children*"

4085. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann.
Memories and Portraits, iv. "*A College Magazine*," 1.

STILL, JOHN (BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS), 1543?–1608

4086. I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Gammer Gurton's Needle, Act II.[3]

4087. Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. Ibid., Act II.

[1] Cf. Herbert, *ante*. "Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue."—Henri Estienne, *Premices*, etc., p. 47 (1594).
[2] Cf. Ann and Jane Taylor (*A Child's Hymn of Praise*), *post*.
[3] The lines quoted are stated by Dyce to be older than this play.

STIRLING, SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF, 1567?–1640

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4088. Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire,
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles,
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.[1]
Tragedie of Darius.

STORY, JOSEPH, 1779–1845

4089. Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story, vol. i., p. 127.

STOWE, HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, 1811–96

4090. Never was born . . .; never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator. [Topsy.]
Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xx.

4091. "Do you know who made you?"

. . . . . .

"I spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me." [Topsy.]
Ibid., ch. xx.

STOWELL, WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD, 1745–1836

4092. A dinner lubricates business.
Boswell's *Johnson*, viii. 67 n.

4093. The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.
Campbell's *Chancellors*, vol. x. ch. ccxii.

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, 1609–52

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4094. Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light[2];
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

4095. Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly. Ibid.

4096. Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? *Song.*

[1] This probably suggested the well-known passage in Shakespeare (*Tempest*, Act IV. sc. i.), *ante.*
[2] Cf. Herrick, *ante.*

4097. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were
Against Fruition.

4098. She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on. *Brennoralt*, Act II.

4099. Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name. Ibid., Act III.

4100. The prince of darkness is a gentleman.[1] *The Goblins.*

4101. But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments . . .[2] *Epilogue to Aglaura.*

4102. "High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.[3]
Epilogue to The Goblins.

SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF, 1517?–47

4103. To match the candle with the sun.[4] *A Praise of His Love*

SWIFT, JONATHAN, 1667–1745

[See also Pope (*Satires of Horace*, bk. i. sat. vi. line 129), *ante*, and Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

4104. I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.
Imitation of Horace, bk. ii. sat. 6.

4105. So geographers, in Afric maps,[5]
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns. *Poetry, A Rhapsody.*

4106. Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension. Ibid

4107. Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature. Ibid

4108. So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*. Ibid.

4109. Libertas et natale solum;
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach

4110. A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassinus and Peter*

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[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*King Lear*, Act III. sc. iv.), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Pope (*On Criticism*, Part I. line 9), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Pope (*On Criticism*, Part III. line 53), *ante*.
[4] Cf. Young (*Love of Fame*, sat. vii. line 97), *post*.
[5] Cf. Plutarch (*Theseus*), *ante*.

4111. 'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

4112. Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly.
Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.

4113. The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.
Battle of the Books.

4114. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.
Gulliver's Travels, Part II. ch. vii. "*Voyage to Brobdingnag.*"

4115. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. Ibid., Part III. ch. v. "*Voyage to Laputa.*"

4116. Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.[1] *Tale of a Tub. Preface.*

4117. Bread . . . is the staff of life. Ibid., sect. iv.

4118. Get a thorough insight into the Index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of Learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back-door.[2] Ibid., sect. vii.

4119. We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

4120. The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
Ibid.

4121. Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. Ibid.

4122. A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. Ibid.

4123. Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are in imitation of fighting. Ibid.

4124. Not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.
Letter to Bolingbroke, 21 March, 1729.

4125. I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.
Scott's *Life of Swift.*

4126. Queen Elizabeth's dead.[3]
Genteel and Ingenious Conversation ("*Polite Conversation*"), Dialogue i.

[1] Cf. Sir James Macintosh, *ante.* [2] Cf. Pope (*Dunciad*, bk. i. line 279), *ante.*
[3] Cf. Colman (*Heir at Law*), *ante.*

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 1837–1909

4127. Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death. *Hymn to Proserpine.*

4128. We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
Our Lady of Pain. *Dolores*, st. 7.

4129. The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice. Ibid., st. 9.

4130. The delight that consumes the desire,
The desire that outruns the delight. Ibid., st. 14.

4131. From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
The Garden of Proserpine, st. 11.

TACITUS, CORNELIUS, *c.* 55–120

[See Byron (*Bride of Abydos*, ii. st. 20), Dryden (*Conquest of Granada*), Milton (*Lycidas*, line 70), and Lord Russell, *ante*; and Voltaire, *post.*]

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON, 1795–1854

4132. So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them. *Ion*, Act I. sc. i.

4133. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. Ibid., sc. ii.

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, CHARLES MAURICE DE, 1754–1838

4134. Nothing succeeds like success.[1] *Attributed.*

[1] According to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 May, 1880, what he actually said was, "On se porte volontiers au secours du vainqueur."

TARLTON, RICHARD, ?–1588

4135. The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down agen.
From The Pigges Corantoe, 1642.

TATE, NAHUM, 1652–1715, and BRADY, NICHOLAS, 1659–1726

4136. And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good. Ps. xv. 5.

4137. The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.[1] Ps. xci. 4.

TAYLOR, ANN (MRS. GILBERT), 1782–1866, and JANE, 1783–1824

4138. I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.[2] *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

4139. Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.
My Mother, st. 6 (by Ann Taylor).

4140. One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Altho' he was poor, did not want to be richer.
Contented John (by Jane Taylor).

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, 1800–86

4141. The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Philip Van Artevelde, Part I. Act I. sc. v.

4142. He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. Ibid., sc. v.

4143. We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore. Ibid., sc. v.

4144. Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. Ibid., sc. vii.

[1] Cf. Shirley, *ante.*

[2] Cf. R. L. Stevenson (*Child's Garden of Verses*), *ante.*

TAYLOR, JEREMY, 1613–67

[See also Proverbs ("Speech was given," etc.), *post*.]

4145. The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. *Holy Living*, ch. i. sect. 3.

TCHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLOVICH, 1860–1904

4146. Life does not agree with philosophy: there is no happiness without idleness,—and only the useless is pleasurable. *Note-Books*.

4147. Love, friendship, respect, do not unite people as much as a common hatred for something. Ibid.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, 1st LORD, 1809–92

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

4148. Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *To the Queen*.

4149. For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

4150. Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Miller's Daughter*.

4151. O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. *Fatima*, st. 3.

4152. I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art*.

4153. From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

4154. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.[1]
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. Ibid.

4155. You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. *The May Queen*.

4156. I am a part of all that I have met.[2] *Ulysses*.

4157. In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall*.

4158. Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight. Ibid.

[1] Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.—Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. line 20. Cf. J. G. Cooper, *ante*.

[2] Cf. Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto iii. st. 72), *ante*.

4159. He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.
Locksley Hall.

4160. Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. Ibid.

4161. With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart. Ibid.

4162. This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.[1] Ibid.

4163. But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels. Ibid.

4164. Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new. Ibid.

4165. Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. Ibid.

4166. I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. Ibid.

4167. I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. Ibid.

4168. Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. Ibid.

4169. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. Ibid.

4170. But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break.

4171. But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. Ibid.

4172. God himself made an awful rose of dawn.
Vision of Sin, lines 50, 224.

4173. Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.
Ibid., iv. st. 9, 15.

4174. We are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.[2]
The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.

4175. With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
The Princess. Prologue.

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[1] Cf. Chaucer (*Troilus and Cresede*, bk. iii. line 1625), *ante*.
In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem.
Boëtius, *De Consol. Phil.*, lib. ii.

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.
Dante, *Inferno* canto v. line 121.

[2] Cf. Bacon (*Advancement of Learning*), *ante*.

4176. A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
The Princess. Prologue.

4177. We fell out, my wife and I;
O we fell out I know not why,
And kissed again with tears. Ibid., canto i. (conclusion)

4178. Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever. Ibid., canto ii.

4179. Sweet and low, sweet and low. Ibid., canto ii.

4180. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid., canto iii.

4181. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. Ibid., canto iv.

4182. Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.
Ibid., canto iv.

4183. Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.
Ibid., canto iv.

4184. Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea.
Ibid., canto vii.

4185. Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees. Ibid., canto vii.

4186. Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred. *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

4187. Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be.
In Memoriam. Introd.

4188. Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things. Ibid., i.

4189. Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break. Ibid., vi.

4190. And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire. *In Memoriam*, xv.

4191. And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.[1] Ibid., xviii.

4192. I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing. Ibid., xxi.

4193. The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. Ibid., xxiii.

4194. And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. Ibid., xxiii.

4195. 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all. Ibid., xxvii.

4196. Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. Ibid., xxxii.

4197. Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form. Ibid., xxxiii.

4198. Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away. Ibid., xlviii.

4199. O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. Ibid., liv.

4200. But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry. Ibid., liv.

4201. So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. Ibid., lv.

4202. The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God. Ibid., lv.

4203. Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed. Ibid., lvi.

4204. Who battled for the true, the just. Ibid., lvi.

4205. And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance. Ibid., lxiv.

4206. And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne. Ibid., lxiv.

4207. So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be. Ibid., lxxiii.

4208. Thy leaf has perished in the green. Ibid., lxxv.

4209. There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds. Ibid., xcvi.

4210. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky. Ibid., cvi.

[1] Cf. Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. i.), *ante*.

4211. Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. *In Memoriam*, cvi.

4212. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. Ibid., cvi.

4213. And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use. Ibid., cxi.

4214. One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves. Ibid., *Conclusion*.

4215. The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they bawl.[1]
"*After Thought*," *Punch*, 7 March, 1846.

4216. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. *The Brook*.

4217. Come into the garden, Maud. *Maud*.

4218. Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me! *Crossing the Bar*.

4219. I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar. Ibid.

TERENTIUS AFER, PUBLIUS ("TERENCE"), 2nd century B.C.

[See also Edwards and Herrick (*Seek and Find*), *ante*.]

4220. I am a man: nothing that affects mankind do I think a matter of unconcern to me.[2] *Hauton Timoroumenos*, Act I. sc. i.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, 1811–63

4221. Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.
Chronicle of the Drum.

4222. A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

[1] Is perfect stillness when they brawl.—*Re-issue*.
[2] Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.

4223. Charlotte, having seen his body,
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter. *Sorrows of Werther.*

4224. Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line. *Battle of Limerick.*

4225. Just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master. *The Newcomes*, vol. ii. ch. xlii.

4226. There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them. *A Shabby-Genteel Story*, ch. iii.

4227. There was Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy,[1]
And the youngest he was Little Billee.
Little Billee.

THEOBALD, LEWIS, 1688–1744

4228. None but himself can be his parallel.[2] *The Double Falsehood.*

THEOCRITUS, 3rd century B.C.

[See Gay (*The Sick Man and the Angel*), *ante*.]

THOMPSON, WILLIAM HEPWORTH (Master of Trinity College, Cambridge), 1810–86

4229. Remember! we're none of us infallible—not even the youngest among us. *Remark to a Junior Fellow*, 1877 or 1878.

THOMSON, JAMES, 1700–48

4230. Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
The Seasons. "*Spring*," line 1.

4231. Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. Ibid., line 283.

4232. Amid the roses, fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. Ibid., line 999.

4233. Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot. Ibid., line 1149.

4234. An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
Ibid., line 1158.

[1] The original version had "guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy," also "Little Billy."

[2] Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse. Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, Act I. sc. i.

Cf. Massinger, *ante*.

4235. The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.
The Seasons, "*Summer*," line 47.

4236. Falsely luxurious, will not man awake? Ibid., line 67

4237. But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east. Ibid., line 81.

4238. Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
Ibid., line 946.

4239. And Mecca saddens at the long delay. Ibid., line 970

4240. Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. Ibid., line 1188

4241. A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. Ibid., line 1285

4242. So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. Ibid., line 1346.

4243. Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age.
Ibid., line 1516.

4244. Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain.
Ibid., "*Autumn*," line 2.

4245. Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.[1] Ibid., line 204

4246. For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.
Ibid., line 233.

4247. See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year.
Ibid., "*Winter*," line 1.

4248. Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. Ibid., line 303.

4249. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead
Ibid., line 431

4250. The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.
Ibid., line 625.

4251. These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. *Hymn*, line 1

4252. Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade. Ibid., line 25.

4253. From seeming evil still educing good. Ibid., line 114.

4254. Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.
Ibid., line 118.

4255. A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly

[1] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. line 713), *ante*.

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.
The Castle of Indolence, canto i. st. 6.

4256. O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. Ibid., st. 26

4257. Plac'd far amid the melancholy main. Ibid., st. 30

4258. Scoundrel maxim. Ibid., st. 50.

4259. A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
Ibid., st. 68.

4260. A little round, fat, oily man of God. Ibid., st. 69.

4261. I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
Ibid., canto ii. st. 3.

4262. O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O![1] *Sophonisba*, Act III. sc. ii

4263. When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule[2] the waves!
Britons never will be slaves. *Alfred*, Act II. sc. v.

Thomson, James, 1834–82

4264. A sense more tragic than defeat and blight,
More desperate than strife with hope debarred,
More fatal than the adamantine Never
Encompassing her passionate endeavour,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard:
The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.
The City of Dreadful Night, xxi. 9, 10.

[1] This line was altered, after the second edition, to
"O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

[2] This word is nearly always misquoted and mis-sung, "rules." It is an *imperative*.

4265. Singing is sweet; but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss. *Art*, iii.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, 1817–62

4266. A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.
Walden. "*Where I lived, and What I lived for*."

4267. Why should I feel lonely? is not our planet in the Milky Way? Ibid., "*Solitude*."

4268. I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another.[1] Ibid., "*Solitude*."

THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK, 1850–

4269. As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night." *Curfew must not Ring To-night*

THUCYDIDES, 5th century B.C.

[See Bolingbroke (*On the Study and Use of History*), *ante*.]

THURLOW, EDWARD, 1st LORD, 1731–1806

4270. The accident of an accident.
Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton
Butler's *Reminiscences*, i. 142.

4271. When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.[2]
27 *Parl. Hist.* 680: *Ann. Reg.* 1789.

TIBULLUS, ALBIUS, *c.* 54–19 B.C.

[See Dryden (*Palamon and Arcite*) and Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. ii.), *ante*.]

TICKELL, THOMAS, 1686–1740

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post*.]

4272. Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.
On the Death of Mr. Addison, line 41

4273. Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. Ibid., line 45

4274. There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die. Ibid., line 81.

[1] Cf. Donne, *ante*.

[2] Wraxall on Wilkes, seated upon the foot of the throne, and who had known him long and well, is reported to have said, somewhat cornerly but not undeservedly it must be allowed, "Jemmy, you'll be d—d first." —Brougham *Statesmen of the Time of George III*. "*Thurlow*."

[3] Cf. Porteus (*Death*, line 316), *ante*.

4275. The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
To a Lady: with a present of Flowers.

4276. I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away. *Colin and Lucy.*

TILLOTSON, JOHN, 1630–94

4277. If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use of and benefit men.[1]
Sermon 93, 1712.

TOBIN, JOHN, 1770–1804

4278. The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon, Act II. sc. i.

4279. She's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in. Ibid., Act III. sc. iv.

TOLSTOY, LIOV NIKOLAIEVICH, COUNT, 1828–1910

4280. The advocates of the social-life conception usually attempt to combine the idea of authority, otherwise violence, with that of moral influence; but such a union is utterly impossible.
The Kingdom of God is Within You.

4281. It would therefore seem obvious that patriotism as a feeling is a bad and harmful feeling, and as a doctrine is a stupid doctrine. For it is clear that if each people and each State considers itself the best of peoples and States, they all dwell in a gross and harmful delusion. *Patriotism and Government.*

4282. Love for one's family is an animal instinct, which is good only so long as kept within the limits of an instinct.
The Christian Teaching.

4283. Mankind lacks the essential characteristic of an organism —a centre of sensation or consciousness.
What then is to be Done?

4284. Mr. F—, I am not open to receive any New Truth!
To an uninvited Visitor from England, who came to convert him to Spiritualism while partaking of his hospitality.[2]

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE, 1740–78

4285. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. *Hymn.*

[1] Cf. Voltaire (*A l'auteur du livre des trois imposteurs*, post.
[2] Private information.

TOURNEUR, CYRIL, 1575?–1626

4286. A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
The Revenger's Tragedy, Act III. sc. v.

TOWNLEY, JAMES, 1714–78

4287. *Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No. I never read Shikspur.
Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.
High Life below Stairs, Act II. sc. i.

4288. From humble Port to imperial Tokay. Ibid., sc. i.

TRAPP, JOSEPH, 1679–1747

4289. The king, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To one he sent a regiment: for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To the other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.[1]
(*Attributed.*) *Epigram on George I.'s donation of a Library to Cambridge.*

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, 1815–82

4290. A man who desires to soften another man's heart, should always abuse himself. In softening a woman's heart, he should abuse her. *Last Chronicle of Barset*, ch. xliv.

4291. It's dogged as does it. Ibid., ch. lxi.

4292. "And so this is to be the end of the Beargarden," said Lord Nidderdale with a peculiar melancholy. "Dear old place! I always felt it was too good to last. I fancy it doesn't do to make things too easy, then they get rowdy;—and, by George, before you know where you are, you find yourself among a lot of blackguards. If one wants to keep one's self straight, one has to work hard at it, one way or the other. I suppose it all comes from the fall of Adam."
"If Solomon, Solon, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were rolled into one, they couldn't have spoken with more wisdom," said Mr. Lupton. *The Way we Live now*, ch. xcvi.

TRUMBULL, JOHN, 1750–1831

4293. But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
McFingal, canto i. line 67.

4294. But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. Ibid., line 93.

[1] Cf. Sir Wm. Browne, *ante*.

4295. As though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,[1]
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
McFingal, canto ii. line 121.

4296. No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
Ibid., canto iii. line 489.

TUCKER, JOSIAH (Dean of Gloucester), 1712–99

4297. And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.[2] *Four Tract.* (1774) iii. (p. 132).

TUER, ANDREW WHITE, 1838–1900

4298. English as she is spoke.
Title of a reprint (1883) *of the English part of a book first issued in* 1855 *at Paris, called "O novo guia da conversação em Portuguez e Inglez, ou escolha de dialogos familiares," by José da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino.*[3]

TUKE, SIR SAMUEL, ?–1674

4299. He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.
Adventures of Five Hours, Act V. sc. iii.

TURGENEV, IVAN SERGYEEVICH, 1818–83

4300. A nihilist is a man who does not bow down before any authority; who does not take any principle on faith, whatever reverence that principle may be enshrined in.
Fathers and Children, ch. v.

4301. A man's capable of understanding . . . how the æther vibrates, and what's going on in the sun—but how any other man can blow his nose differently from him, that he's incapable of understanding. Ibid., ch. xxiii.

4302. Yesterday I was walking under the fence; and I heard the peasant boys here, instead of some old ballad, bawling a street-song. That's what progress is. Ibid., ch. xxvii.

[1] This query is among the reputed sayings of Sir Boyle Roche, and it is said that, on its being received with laughter by the Irish House of Commons, he solemnly explained that by *posterity* he did not mean our *successors*, but "those who came immediately after them." See Patrick Kennedy's *Modern Irish Humorists*.—J. K. M.

[2] Cf. Appendix, "Nation of Shopkeepers."

[3] A guide to English conversation for the use of Portuguese students. "English as she is spoke" does not occur in the original, but the specimens of English there given are so grotesque as to suggest this title to the English publisher, Mr. Tuer.—J. K. M.

4303. Go and try to disprove death. Death will disprove you, and that's all! *Fathers and Children*, ch. xxvii.

TUSSER, THOMAS, 1524?–80

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY

4304. Time tries the troth in everything. *Author's Epistle*, ch. i.

4305. God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.
Good Husbandry Lessons.

4306. The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. Ibid.

4307. Better late than never. *An Habitation Enforced.*

4308. At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet.

4309. All's fish they get
That cometh to net. *February's Abstract.*

4310. 'Tis merry in hall
Where beards wag all.[1] *August's Abstract.*

4311. Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find. *Washing.*

TYNDALL, JOHN, 1820–93

4312. There are persons, not belonging to the highest intellectual zone, nor yet to the lowest, to whom perfect clearness of exposition suggests want of depth. They find comfort and edification in abstract and learned phraseology. *The Belfast Address*, sect. 1.

4313. When the human mind has achieved greatness and given evidence of extraordinary power in one domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains. Ibid., sect. 2.

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, 1787–1862

4314. Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.
The Passage (Trans.).

URQUHART, SIR THOMAS, 1611–60

[See Proverbial Expressions ("Robbing Peter to pay Paul"), *post.*]

VARRO, MARCUS TERENTIUS, 116–27 B.C.

[See Cowper (*The Sofa*), *ante.*]

VAUGHAN, HENRY, 1622–95

4315. I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

[1] See Adam Davie, *ante.*

4316. Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just. *They are all gone.*

4317. Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.[1] *The Retreat.*

VAUX OF HARROWDEN, THOMAS, 2nd LORD, 1510–56

4318. For age with stealing steppes hath clawde me with his crouche.[2] *The Aged Lover renounceth Love.*

VEGETIUS (RENATUS), FLAVIUS, 4th century

[See Washington, *post.*]

VERGILIUS MARO, PUBLIUS ("VERGIL" OR "VIRGIL"), 70–19 B.C.

[See Garrick and A. Pope (*Criticism*, ii. 158), *ante*, and Proverbs and Stock Sayings ("Sop to Cerberus") and Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

VILLARS, CLAUDE LOUIS HECTOR, DUC DE (Marshal of France), 1653–1734

4319. Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.[3] *Saying. On taking leave of Louis XIV.*

VOLNEY, CONSTANTIN FRANÇOIS CHASSEBŒUF, COMTE DE, 1757–1820

4320. Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name?[4] *Ruins* (Trans.), ch. ii.

VOLTAIRE, JEAN FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE, 1694–1778

[See also Gibbon and Sir W. Scott, *ante.*]

4321. All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.[5] *Candide*, i.

4322. In this country [England] it is good to kill an admiral from time to time, to encourage the others.[6] Ibid., ch. xxiii.

4323. "Well said," replied Candide, "but our garden must be cultivated."[7] Ibid., ch. xxx.

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[1] Cf. Wordsworth, *Intimations of Immortality*, st. 5, *post.*
[2] Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i., *ante.*
[3] Cf. Canning, *ante.*
[4] Cf. Lord Macaulay and Shelley (prose extract), *ante*; and H. Walpole and H. Kirke White, *post.*
[5] Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.
[6] Dans ce pays-ci, il est bon de tuer de tems en tems un amiral pour encourager les autres. In allusion to the shooting of Admiral Byng.
[7] Cela est bien dit, repondit Candide, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.

4324. If God had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him.[1] *To the Author of the Book of Three Impostors*, ep. cxi.

4325. The number of wise men will always be small. True, it grows; but nothing in comparison to the fools, and unfortunately they say God is always for the big battalions.[2]

4326. They employ words only to conceal their thoughts.[3]
Dialogue xiv. "*The Capon and the Pullet.*"

WAGNER, RICHARD, 1813–83

4327. The most complete work of the poets should be that which in its final achievement, becomes a perfect music.[4]
Works, vol. i. "*Music of the Future.*"

WALLACE, JOHN AIKMAN, 1802–70

4328. That power is prayer—stupendous boon!
To sinful beings giv'n,
It moves the mind omnipotent,
That rules o'er earth and heav'n.[5]
Hymn ("*Prayer*"). "*There is an eye that never sleeps.*"

WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS, 1819–81

4329. And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
What Rules the World?

WALLAS, GRAHAM, 1858–

4330. Just as it is impossible to sing, or to speak a foreign language, well, with one's mouth and throat in a "gentlemanly" position, so it may prove to be the case that one cannot think effectively if one's main purpose in life is to be a gentleman.
The Great Society, ch. x.

WALLER, EDMUND, 1606–87

4331. The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.[6]
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Verses upon his Divine Poesy.

[1] Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer. (Cf. Tillotson, *ante*.)

[2] Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.

"Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits." Bussy-Rabutin, *Letters*, iv. 91, 18 Oct. 1677.

"Deus fortioribus adesse."—Tacitus, *Hist.*, vi. 17.

[3] Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leur pensées.

[4] Cf. Pater, *ante*.

[5] This hymn has many variations, introduced by unknown hands. The above is the last verse in the original version (*Scottish Christian Herald*, 28 Sept. 1839). The popular form of the last two lines is:

"Prayer moves the hand that moves the world
To bring salvation down."

[6] Cf. Fuller (first extract), *ante*.

4332. Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

4333. A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round *On a Girdle*

4334. How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *"Go, lovely rose"*

4335. That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.[1]
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing

4336. The yielding marble of her snowy breast
On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People

4337. Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse *Panegyric on Cromwell*

4338. For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing and that they love.
"While I listen to thy voice."

4339. Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.[2]
Upon Roscommon's Translation of Horace, De Arte Poetica

4340. Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love*, canto iii

4341. And keeps that palace of the soul[3] *Of Tea*

WALPOLE, HORATIO ("HORACE"), 4TH EARL OF ORFORD, 1717–97

4342.[4] At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra. *Letter to Mason*, 24 Nov. 1774

4343. I have often said, and oftener think, *that this world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.*
Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 31 Dec. 1769.

WALPOLE, SIR ROBERT, 1ST EARL OF ORFORD, 1676–1745

4344. [Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said,] All these men have their price.[5]
From Coxe's *Memoirs of Walpole*, vol. iv., p. 360

[1] Cf. Byron (*King Harold*, line 826), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Pope (*Epistle to Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. line 280), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto ii. st. 6), *ante*.
[4] Cf. Lord Macaulay, Shelley (prose extract), and Volney, *ante*, and H. Rider Haggard, *post*.
[5] The celebrated axiom, *All men have their price*, is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

4345. Anything but history, for history must be false.
Walpoliana, No. 141.

4346. The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.[1]

WALTON, IZAAK, 1593–1683

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

4347. Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.
The Author's Preface.

4348. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle. Part I. ch. i.

4349. Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.
Ibid., ch. i.

4350. I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."
Ibid., ch. ii.

4351. Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. Ibid., ch. iv.

4352. We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler [2] said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. Ibid., ch. v.

4353. Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out of his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. Ibid., ch. viii.

4354. This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. Ibid., ch. viii.

4355. All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-Angling. Ibid., ch. xxi.

WARBURTON, WILLIAM, BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, 1698–1779

4356. Orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy.
Reply to a query by Lord Sandwich. See *Priestley's Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 372.

WARING, ANNA LETITIA, 1823–1910

4357. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.
Hymn. "Father, I know that all my life."

[1] Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."
[2] William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of the Age."

WARREN, SAMUEL, 1807–77

4358. There is probably no man living, though ever so great a fool, that cannot do *something* or other well.
Ten Thousand a Year, ch. xxviii.

WARTON, THOMAS, 1728–90

4359. Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant! *On Oxford Ale.*

4360. All human race, from China to Peru,[1]
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.
The Universal Love of Pleasure.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, 1732–99

4361. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.[2]
Speech to both Houses of Congress, 8 Jan. 1790.

4362. We must consult Brother Jonathan [i.e. Jonathan Trumbull, elder governor of Connecticut].
(*Traditional*). *Said to have been frequently uttered during the War of Independence.*

WATSON, SIR WILLIAM, 1858–

4363. And the red stream thou might'st have staunched, yet runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.
"*The Purple East.*" *Westminster Gazette*, 16 Dec. 1895.

4364. The grace of friendship—mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent:
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.
The Things that are more Excellent, st. 8.

WATTS, ISAAC, 1674–1748 DIVINE SONGS

4365. Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me? *Song* iv.

4366. A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song* xii.

[1] Cf. Johnson (*Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 13, *ante*.
[2] Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.—Vegetius, *Rei Mil.*, iii., *Proleg.*

4367. And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.[1] *Song* xv.

4368. Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to. *Song* xvi.

4369. Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. *Song* xvi.

4370. How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower! *Song* xx.

4371. For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. *Song* xx.

4372. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one;
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Glory to the Father and the Son.

4373. Our[2] God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home. *Hymn.*

4374. Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away. Ibid.

4375. 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard.

4376. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
A Funeral Thought.

4377. Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, bk. ii., hymn 19.

4378. Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.[3]
Horæ Lyricæ, bk. ii. "*False Greatness.*"

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[1] Cf. Herbert (*The Church Porch*), *ante*.
[2] The popular substitution of "O" for "Our" was made by John Wesley.
[3] I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.—Seneca, *On a Happy Life*, ch. i. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

WEATHERLY, FREDERICK EDWARD, 1848–

4379. See there she stands and waves her hands upon the quay,
An' ev'ry day when I'm away she'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea—
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be;
Yeo ho! we go across the sea. *Nancy Lee.*

4380. Where are the boys of the old brigade? *The Old Brigade.*

WEBSTER, DANIEL, 1782–1852

4381. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.
Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.

4382. Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable.
Ibid.

4383. The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people. *Speech*, 26 Jan. 1830.

4384. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning-drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.[1]
Speech, 7 May, 1834.

WEBSTER, JOHN, 1580?–1625?

[See also Proverbial Expressions, *post.*]

4385. 'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out[2]
The White Devil, Act I. sc. ii.

4386. Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men. Ibid., sc. ii.

4387. Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.
Ibid., Act IV. sc. iv.

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[1] Cf. Napoleon, Schiller, and John Smith, *ante.*

[2] Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir.—Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Etudes sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102. Cf. Sir John Davies, Emerson, and Montaigne, *ante*, and Appendix, *post.*

4388. Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.[1]

Westward Hoe, Act II. sc. ii.

WELDON, SIR ANTHONY, ?–1649?

4389. He had rather spend 100000 *li.* on embassies, to keep or procure peace with dishonour, than 10000 *li.* on an army that would have forced peace with honour.[2] *Character of King James.*

WELLINGTON, ARTHUR WELLESLEY, 1st DUKE OF, 1769–1852

4390. When war is concluded, I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten, and that all prisoners should be released. *Letter to E. Scott Waring, Poonah*, 12 March, 1804.

4391. All soldiers are inclined to plunder.

Letter to Gen. Dom. M. Freyre, 5 March, 1814.

4392. No woman ever loved me, never in my whole life.

Saying reported in W. R. Trowbridge's Introduction to Christine Herrick's edition of "Wellington's Letters to Miss J."

WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE, 1866–

4393. The Highly Fashionable and the Absolutely Vulgar are but two faces of the common coin of humanity.

Select Conversations with an Uncle, i.

4394. The essential feature of slang is words mis-applied.

Ibid., i.

4395. I don't object to having music. But it's an accessory, not an object, in life. . . . To make an object of it is sensuality. It is on all-fours with worshipping the wall-paper. Ibid., vi.

4396. Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman, ch. ix. sect. 2.

4397. The world may discover that all its common interests are being managed as one concern, while it still fails to realize that a world government exists.

A Short History of the World, ch. lix. par. 18.

WESLEY, CHARLES, 1707–88

4398. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high. *Hymn.*

[1] Cf. Goldsmith (*She Stoops to Conquer*), *ante*, and Appendix, "Old wood," etc.

[2] The last three words were borrowed by Beaconsfield to describe the result of the Berlin Congress in 1878.

4399. Hark, how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of Kings![1] *Christmas Hymn.*

Wesley, John, 1703–91

4400. That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called A Slave Trade. *Journal*, 12 Feb. 1792.

4401. Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."[2] *Sermon* xcii. "*On Dress.*"

Whewell, William, 1794–1866

4402. It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier.[3]

Philos. of the Inductive Sciences, vol. ii., p. 198

Whistler, James Abbott McNeill, 1834–1903

4403. Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation. *Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock."*

4404. To say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano. Ibid.

4405. Nature is usually wrong. Ibid.

4406. Costume is not dress. Ibid.

4407. You should not say it is not good. You should say you do not like it; and then, you know, you're perfectly safe.
Whistler Stories, by Don C. Seitz.

4408. I'm lonesome. They are all dying. I have hardly a warm personal enemy left. Ibid.

White, Henry Kirk, 1785–1806

4409. Where now is Britain?

. . . . . .

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.[4] *Time.*

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[1] Now almost universally altered to:

"Hark, the herald-angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King!'"

It is not known who introduced the herald-angels. They are said to have first appeared at the end of Tate and Brady's New Version of the Psalms.

[2] The quotation marks are Wesley's. The source appears to be the Talmud (*Sotah*, ch. ix.

[3] Cf. Bacon and Tennyson (*Day-Dream*), *ante*.

[4] Cf. Lord Macaulay, Shelley (prose extract), Volney, and Horace Walpole, *ante*.

WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM, 1715–85

4410. Say, can you listen to the artless woes
Of an old tale, which every schoolboy knows? [1]
The Roman Father. Prologue.

WHITMAN, WALTER ("WALT"), 1819–92

4411. I loafe and invite my soul.
Leaves of Grass. "Song of Myself," i.

4412. I could turn and live awhile with the animals . . . they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied . . . not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.
Ibid., xxxii.

4413. I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
Ibid., lii.

4414. O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd ev'ry rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O bleeding drops of red
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
Ibid., "*Memories of President Lincoln.*"

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 1807–92

4415. The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.
The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

4416. Making their lives a prayer.
On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.

4417. For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Maud Müller.

4418. Up the street came the rebel tread . . .
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead. *Barbara Frietchie.*

4419. Never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow. *Barclay of Ury.*

[1] It is remarkable that references to "Macaulay's schoolboy" as a type of omniscience are never accompanied by any reference of a more useful nature—i.e. to a specific passage in Lord Macaulay's works.—J. K. M.

WHYTE-MELVILLE, GEORGE JOHN, 1821–78

4420. We always believe our first love is our last, and our last love our first. *Katerfelto*, ch. xiv.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER, 1855–1919

4421. Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own. *Solitude.* [1]

WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS, 1856–1900

4422. *Lady Hunstanton.* What are American dry goods?
Lord Illingworth. American novels.
A Woman of No Importance, Act I.

4423. *Mrs. Allonby.* They say . . . that when good Americans die they go to Paris.[2]
Lady Hunstanton. Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do they go to?
Lord Illingworth. Oh, they go to America. Ibid., Act. I.

4424. The chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. *The Soul of Man.*

4425. It is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Ibid.

4426. A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. Ibid.

4427. But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan. *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, v.

4428. The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair. Ibid., v.

[1] Mrs. Wilcox's authorship of these lines, which form the beginning of her poem, was disputed by the late Colonel John Alexander Joyce. Judging in the light of some literature that is undisputedly the product of the colonel, it seems not improbable that Delusion is the explanation of his claim.—J. K. M.

[2] Cf. Appleton, *ante*.

4429. And all men kill the thing they love,[1]
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

Ballad of Reading Gaol, vi.

WILLARD, EMMA (HART), 1787–1870

4430. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.[2] *Sacred Song.*

WILLIAM THE THIRD, 1650–1702

4431. There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—*I will die in the last ditch.*
Answer to Buckingham. Hume's *Hist. of England* (1672).

WILSON, THOMAS WOODROW, 1856–1924

4432. As a beauty, I am not a star:
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it!
For I am behind it—
The people in front get the jar!
Inscription in an Album.

WIMPERIS, ARTHUR HAROLD, 1874–

4433. Always merry and bright!
"My Motter" (*song*), in *The Arcadians* (1909).

WITHER, GEORGE, 1588–1667

4434. Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
The Shepherd's Resolution.

4435. Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance.
Poem on Christmas.

4436. Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat.
And therefore let's be merry. Ibid.

4437. Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
The Shepherd's Hunting.

4438. And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended. Ibid.

[1] Cf. Shaw (*Plays for Puritans*), *ante*.

[2] See note to Thos. Noel, *ante*.

WOLCOT, JOHN, 1738–1819

4439. What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.
To the Royal Academicians.

4440. Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

4441. A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and d own.
Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

WOLFE, CHARLES, 1791–1823

4442. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

4443. But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. Ibid.

4444. We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory! Ibid.

WOLFE, JAMES (GENERAL), 1727–59

4445. We had a choice of difficulties.
In his Dispatch from before Quebec, "London Gazette," Extra, 16 Oct. 1759.

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL, 1785–1842

4446. The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket.
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
The Bucket.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM,[1] 1770–1850

4447. And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
Guilt and Sorrow, st. 41.

4448. The Child is father of the Man.[2] *My Heart leaps up.*

4449. She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

4450. The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door. *Lucy Gray,* st. 2.

4451. A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

[1] Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you." —*Wordsworth's Memoirs,* II. 74.

[2] Cf. Milton (*Paradise Regained,* bk. iv. line 220), *ante.*

4452. Drink, pretty creature, drink! *The Pet Lamb.*

4453. Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. *To a Butterfly.*

4454. A noticeable Man with large grey eyes.
Stanzas written in copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

4455. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways."

4456. A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. Ibid.

4457. She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me! Ibid.

4458. A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!
"Ere with cold beads of midnight dew."

4459. True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved. *To* ——.

4460. Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. *"Yes! thou art fair."*

4461. That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.

4462. Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
"A narrow girdle of rough stones."

4463. But He is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

4464. Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. Ibid.

4465. And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

4466. We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

4467. The poet's darling. Ibid.

4468. Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

4469. Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees. Ibid.

4470. Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

4471. O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

4472. One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

4473. She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
"She was a phantom of delight."

4474. But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. Ibid.

4475. A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles Ibid.

4476. The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command. Ibid.

4477. The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. *"Three years she grew."*

4478. That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude. *"I wandered lonely."*

4479. The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one! *Written in March.*

4480. A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*

4481. As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low.
Resolution and Independence, st. 4.

4482. But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
Ibid., st. 6.

4483. I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits we are deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
Ibid., st. 8.

4484. Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men. *Resolutions and Independence*, st. 14.

4485. And mighty Poets in their misery dead. Ibid., st. 17.

4486. "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Hart-Leap Well, Part II.

4487. Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. Ibid., Part II.

4488. Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. Ibid., Part II.

4489. Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.
Tintern Abbey.

4490. That best portion of a good man's life.
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Ibid.

4491. That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. Ibid.

4492. The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. Ibid

4493. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. Ibid.

4494. But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. Ibid

4495. A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Ibid.

4496. Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. Ibid.

4497. Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life. Ibid.

4498. Like—but oh! how different!
"Yes, it was the Mountain Echo."

4499. Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
To a Skylark.

4500. The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

4501. Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.
Ibid.

4502. He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure. Ibid.

4503. Of all that is most beauteous imaged there
In happier beauty, more pellucid streams,
In ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams. Ibid.

4504. Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. Ibid.

4505. But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

4506. Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

4507. But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. Ibid.

4508. Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go. *The Triad.*

4509. The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiment.*

4510. Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound, xii.

4511. There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.
Peter Bell. Prologue, st. 1.

4512. The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. Ibid., st. 27.

4513. Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected. Ibid., Part I. st. 3.

4514. A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. Ibid., st. 12.

4515. The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!
Peter Bell, Part I, st. 15.

4516. As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky! Ibid., st. 26.[1]

4517. The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration.
Miscellaneous Sonnets, Part I. xxx.

4518. The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Ibid., xxxiii.

4519. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. Ibid., xxxiii.

4520. To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye. Ibid., xxxiv.

4521. 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Ibid., xxxv.

4522. Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still! Ibid., xxxvi.

4523. And, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few. Ibid., Part II. i.

4524. Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly. Ibid., ix.

4525. Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.
Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith

[1] The original edition (London, 8vo. 1819) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part I., which was omitted in all subsequent editions:

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned."

4526. The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive. *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.*

4527. The foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
. . . . .
Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

4528. May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet.* *Ellen Irwin.*

4529. Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again. *The Solitary Reaper.*

4530. The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. Ibid.

4531. Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

4532. The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. Ibid.

4533. A brotherhood of venerable trees.
Sonnet. Composed at —— Castle.

4534. Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

4535. O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Sonnet. In the Pass of Killicranky.

4536. A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*

4537. But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

4538. Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

4539. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

4540. Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

4541. Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
Written in London, September, 1802.

4542. Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart. *London*, 1802.

4543. So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness. Ibid.

4544. We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
Poems dedicated to National Independence, Part I. Sonnet xvi.

4545. Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.
Ibid., Sonnet xx.

4546. A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.
Ibid., Part II. Sonnet xii.

4547. Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanzas.*

4548. That God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.[1] *Ode*, 1815.

4549. The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side,—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world! *The Italian Itinerant.*

4550. Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth.
Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.

4551. The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.
The White Doe of Rylstone, canto iii.

4552. Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.
Eccles. Sonnets, Part I. xxv. "*Missions and Travels.*"

[1] Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading:
"But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent."

4553. "As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed." [1]
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Part II. xvii. "*To Wickliffe.*"

4554. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.[2]
Ibid., Part III. v. "*Walton's Book of Lives.*"

4555. Meek Walton's heavenly memory.
Ibid., "*Walton's Book of Lives.*"

4556. But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.
Ibid., vii. "*Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*"

4557. Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
Ibid., xliii. "*Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*"

4558. Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed in Summer of 1833, xxxvii.

4559. Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That can we feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

4560. Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double:

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[1] In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—Fuller, *Church History*, Sect. ii. bk. iv. par. 53.

Foxe says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn."—*Book of Martyrs*, vol. i., p. 606, ed. 1641.

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire,"* by Daniel Webster, 1849. These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead*.

[2] Cf. Henry Constable, *ante*.

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

4561. Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher. Ibid.

4562. One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. Ibid.

4563. In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines written in Early Spring.

4564. And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. Ibid.

4565. One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph*, st. 5.

4566. He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. Ibid., st. 10

4567. And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love. Ibid., st. 11.

4568. The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart. Ibid., st. 13.

4569. My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred. *The Fountain.*

4570. And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore. Ibid.

4571. Maidens withering on the stalk. *Personal Talk*, st. 1.

4572. Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

. . . . . .

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb. Ibid., st. 3.

4573. Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays! Ibid., st. 4.

4574. Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! *Ode to Duty.*

4575. A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove. Ibid.

4576. Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live. Ibid.

4577. Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
Character of the Happy Warrior.

4578. Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives. Ibid.

4579. But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a Lover. Ibid.

4580. Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

4581. Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

4582. Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

4583. Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

4584. To be a Prodigal's Favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner,—behold our lot! *The Small Celandine.*

4585. The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, st. 4.

4586. A Power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

4587. But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things. *Addressed to Sir G. H. B.*

4588. Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;
The rapt one, of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

4589. How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land! Ibid.

4590. But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality, st. 2.

4591. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.[1]

. . . . . .

At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality, st. 5.

4592. The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. Ibid., st. 9.

4593. Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. Ibid., st. 9

4594. Truths that wake,
To perish never. Ibid., st. 9.

4595. Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. Ibid., st. 9.

4596. In years that bring the philosophic mind. Ibid., st. 10.

4597. The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

. . . . . .

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. Ibid., st. 11.

4598. The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.
The Excursion, bk. i.

4599. The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. Ibid., bk. i.

4600. That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Ibid., bk. i.

4601. The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Ibid., bk. i.

4602. This dull product of a scoffer's pen. Ibid., bk. ii.

4603. With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. Ibid., bk. ii

[1] Cf. Vaughan, *ante*.

4604. Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *The Excursion*, bk. iii.

4605. Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged. Ibid., bk. iii.

4606. Monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aerial. Ibid., bk. iii.

4607. The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way! [1] Ibid., bk. iii.

4608. Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. Ibid., bk. iii.

4609. There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast. Ibid., bk. iv.

4610. Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god! Ibid., bk. iv.

4611. 'I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious unions with its native sea. Ibid., bk. vi.

4612. One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. Ibid., bk. vi.

4613. Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven." [2] Ibid., bk. vi.

4614. Wisdom married to immortal verse.[3] Ibid., bk. vii.

4615. A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. Ibid., bk. vii.

4616. The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers. Ibid., bk. ix.

4617. By happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! [4] Ibid., bk. ix.

4618. Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.[5] *The Prelude*, bk. vi.

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[1] Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.
The Borderers, Act IV. sc. ii.

[2] Cf. Coleridge (*The Friend*, No. 14), *ante*.

[3] Cf. L. Lucan, and Milton (*L'Allegro*, line 135), *ante*.

[4] An equivalent of the Latin phrase "alter et idem," Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published *circa* 1600.

Aliusque et Idem.—Horace *Carm, Sec.*, line 10.

[5] Verbatim from *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. line 310.

4619. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! *The Prelude*, bk. xi.

4620. The budding rose above the rose full blown. Ibid., bk. xi.

4621. And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.
. . . . .
And listens like a three years' child.
Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.[1]

4622. Poetry ". . . takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity. *Preface to Lyrical Ballads.*

WOTTON, SIR HENRY, 1568–1639

4623. How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
The Character of a Happy Life

4624. And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. Ibid.

4625. Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all. Ibid.

4626. You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon [2] shall rise?
To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

4627. I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.
Preface to the Elements of Architecture.

4628. Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.
The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.

4629. An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.[3]

4630. The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.[4]
A Panegyric to King Charles.

4631. They that have eased my weakness in the conduct thereof (I mean my good Associates by whose light and leadings [5] I have walked) . . . *Letter to the King* (1615), *in Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, ed. of 1672.

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[1] Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner*.

[2] "Sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, eds. 1651, 1672, 1685.

[3] In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his album."

[4] In his will, he directed the stone over his grave to be thus inscribed:

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCELSIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.
Walton's *Life of Wotton.*

[5] Cf. Burke (*French Rev.*), *ante.*

WROTHER, MISS ——, early 19th century

4632. Hope tells a flattering tale,[1]
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.
From *The Universal Songster*, vol. ii., p. 86.

WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, 1640?–1716

4633. I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better.[2] *The Plaindealer*, Act I. sc. i.

YALDEN, THOMAS, 1670–1736

4634. When beauty in distress appears,
An irresistless charm it bears:
In every breast does pity move,
Pity, the tenderest part of love.[3]
To Captain Chamberlain, st. 3

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 1865–

4635. Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose.
Early Poems. The Secret Rose.

4636. I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
Ibid., *The Lake Isle of Innisfree.*

YOUNG, EDWARD, 1683–1765

NIGHT THOUGHTS

4637. Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! *Night* i. line 1.

4638. Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. Ibid., line 18.

4639. Creation sleeps! 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. Ibid., line 23.

4640. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. Ibid., line 55.

4641. Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. Ibid., line 67.

4642. To waft a feather or to drown a fly. Ibid., line 154.

4643. Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice: and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
Ibid., line 212.

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[1] Cf. "Hope told a flattering tale," under Anonymous.
[2] Cf. Burns (*A Man's a Man for a' that*), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Dryden (*Alexander's Feast*), Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. i.), and Southerne, *ante*, and Young (*Night Thoughts*, iii. line 104), *post*.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

4644. Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.[1] *Night* i. line 390.

4645. Procrastination is the thief of time. Ibid., line 393.

4646. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. Ibid., line 417.

4647. All men think all men mortal but themselves. Ibid., line 424.

4648. He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.
Night ii. line 24.

4649. And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Ibid., line 51.

4650. Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. Ibid., line 90.

4651. "I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown. Ibid., line 99.

4652. Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man. Ibid., line 112.

4653. The spirit walks of every day deceased. Ibid., line 180.

4654. Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens. Ibid., line 292.

4655. 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
Ibid., line 376.

4656. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. Ibid., line 466.

4657. How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
Ibid., line 602.

4658. The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. Ibid., line 633.

4659. A death-bed's a detector of the heart. Ibid., line 641.

4660. Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.[2]
Night iii. line 63.

4661. Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay! Ibid., line 81.

4662. Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.[3] Ibid., line 104.

4663. Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart. Ibid., line 226.

[1] Cf. Congreve (*Letter to Cobham*), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Herrick (*Hesperides, Sorrows Succeed*) and Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, Act IV. sc. vii.), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Dryden (*Alexander's Feast*), Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and Yalden, *ante*.

4664. The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.
Night iv. line 10.

4665. Man makes a death which nature never made. Ibid., line 15.

4666. Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. Ibid., line 71.

4667. Man wants but little, nor that little long.[1] Ibid., line 118.

4668. A God all mercy is a God unjust. Ibid., line 233.

4669. 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. Ibid., line 676.

4670. A Christian is the highest style of man.[2] Ibid., line 788.

4671. Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
Ibid., line 843.

4672. By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night* v. line 177.

4673. Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.[3]
Ibid., line 600.

4674. We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see! Ibid., line 627.

4675. Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.[4] Ibid., line 661.

4676. While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.[5] Ibid., line 717.

4677. That life is long which answers life's great end.
Ibid., line 773

4678. The man of wisdom is the man of years. Ibid., line 775.

4679. Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. Ibid., line 1011.

4680. Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Night vi. line 309.

4681. And all may do what has by man been done. Ibid., line 606.

4682. The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Night vii. line 496.

4683. Prayer ardent opens heaven. *Night* viii. line 721.

4684. A man of pleasure is a man of pains. Ibid., line 793.

4685. To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. Ibid., line 1045.

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[1] Cf. Goldsmith (*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. viii.), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 645), *ante*.
[3] Cf. Dryden (*On the Death of a very Young Gentleman*), *ante*.
[4] Cf. Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. line 208), *ante*.
[5] Cf. Bishop Hall, *ante*.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

4686. Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.[1] *Night* ix. line 167.

4687. 'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. Ibid., line 644.

4688. An undevout astronomer is mad. Ibid., line 771.

4689. The course of nature is the art of God.[2] Ibid., line 1267.

LOVE OF FAME

4690. The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
Satire i. line 51.

4691. Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote. Ibid., line 89.

4692. None think the great unhappy, but the great.[3]
Ibid., line 238.

4693. Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.[4] *Satire* ii. line 207.

4694. Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed. Ibid., line 282.

4695. And waste their music on the savage race.
Satire v. line 232.

4696. Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Satire* vi. line 205.

4697. One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.[5]
Satire vii. line 55.

4698. How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.[6] Ibid., line 97.

4699. Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
Epistle to Mr. Pope, line 277.

4700. Accept a miracle, instead of wit,—
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.
Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.[7]

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[1] Cf. Burns (*To a Mountain Daisy*), *ante*.
[2] Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *ante*.
[3] Cf. Rowe (*The Fair Penitent. Prologue*), *ante*.
[4] The germ of this thought is found in Jeremy Taylor: Lloyd, South, Butler, Young and Goldsmith have repeated it after him. See Appendix, "Speech given to Man to conceal his Thoughts."
[5] Cf. Porteus, *ante*.
[6] Cf. Burton, Crabbe, Selden, and Surrey, *ante*.
[7] From Mitford's *Life of Young*. See also Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 378.

4701. Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day*, bk. i.

4702. There buds the promise of celestial worth. Ibid., bk. iii.

4703. In records that defy the tooth of time.
The Statesman's Creed.

4704. Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
The Revenge, Act I. sc. i.

4705. Death joins us to the great majority. Ibid., Act IV. sc. i.

4706. The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.
Ibid., Act V. sc. i.

4707. Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Ibid., sc. ii.

4708. And friend received with thumps upon the back.
Universal Passion.

OLD TESTAMENT

4709. It is not good that the man should be alone. *Genesis* ii. 18.

4710. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . . For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. *Gen.* iii. 19.

4711. The mother of all living. *Gen.* iii. 20.

4712. Am I my brother's keeper? *Gen.* iv. 9.

4713. My punishment is greater than I can bear. *Gen.* iv. 13.

4714. There were giants in the earth in those days. *Gen.* vi. 4.

4715. But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot.
Gen. viii. 9.

4716. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. *Gen.* ix. 6.

4717. Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord.
Gen. x. 9.

4718. In a good old age. *Gen.* xv. 15.

4719. His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *Gen.* xvi. 12.

4720. Bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.
Gen. xlii. 38.

4721. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *Gen.* xlix. 4.

4722. I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus* ii. 22.

4723. Unto a land flowing with milk and honey.
Ex. iii. 8; *Jer.* xxxii. 22.

4724. Darkness which may be felt. *Ex.* x. 21.

4725. The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. *Ex.* xiii. 21.

4726. He took up his parable. *Numbers* xxiii. 7.

4727. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! *Numb.* xxiii. 10.

4728. Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy* viii. 3.

4729. The wife of thy bosom. *Deut.* xiii. 6.

4730. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *Deut.* xix. 21.

4731. The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. *Deut.* xxix. 29.

4732. He kept him as the apple of his eye. *Deut.* xxxii. 10.

4733. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *Deut.* xxxiii. 25.

4734. I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua* xxiii. 14.

4735. I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges* v. 7.

4736. She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *Judges* v. 25.

4737. The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *Judges* xvi. 9.

4738. For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth* i. 16.

4739. Quit yourselves like men. 1 *Samuel* iv. 9.

4740 Is Saul also among the prophets? 1 *Sam.* x. 11.

4741. A man after his own heart. 1 *Sam.* xiii. 14.

4742. Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. 2 *Sam.* i. 20.

4743. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. 2 *Sam.* i. 23.

4744. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! 2 *Sam.* i. 25.

4745. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. 2 *Sam.* i. 26.

4746. Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. 2 *Sam.* x. 5.

4747. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. 2 *Sam.* xii. 7.

4748. And are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. 2 *Sam.* xiv. 14.

4749. A proverb and a by-word among all people. 1 *Kings* ix. 7.

4750. How long halt ye between two opinions? 1 *Kings* xviii. 21.

4751. Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. 1 *Kings* xviii. 44.

4752. A still small voice. 1 *Kings* xix. 12.

4753. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. 1 *Kings* xx. 11.

4754. There is death in the pot. *2 Kings* iv. 40.

4755. Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *2 Kings* viii. 13.

4756. And the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. *2 Kings* ix. 20.

4757. One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job* i. 1.

4758. And Satan came also. *Job* i. 6.

4759. Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *Job* i. 21.

4760. Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life. *Job* ii. 4.

4761. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. *Job* iii. 17.

4762. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *Job* iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.

4763. Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job* v. 7.

4764. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Job* v. 13.

4765. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *Job* v. 26.

4766. How forcible are right words! *Job* vi. 25.

4767. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *Job* vii. 6.

4768. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.[1] *Job* vii. 10. Cf. xvi. 22.

4769. I would not live alway. *Job* vii. 16.

4770. Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. *Job* x. 21.

4771. Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. *Job* xii. 2.

4772. Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *Job* xiv. 1.

4773. Miserable comforters are ye all. *Job* xvi. 2.

4774. The king of terrors. *Job* xviii. 14.

4775. I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *Job* xix. 20.

4776. Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *Job* xix. 28.

4777. The price of wisdom is above rubies. *Job* xxviii. 18.

4778. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *Job* xxix. 11.

4779. I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *Job* xxix. 13.

[1] For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalm* ciii. 16.

4780. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *Job* xxix. 15.

4781. The house appointed for all living. *Job* xxx. 23.

4782. Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book! *Job* xxxi. 35.

4783. He multiplieth words without knowledge. *Job* xxxv. 16.

4784. Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *Job* xxxviii. 2.

4785. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *Job* xxxviii. 7.

4786. Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *Job* xxxviii. 11.

4787. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Job* xxxviii. 31.

4788. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. *Job* xxxix. 25.

4789. Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *Job* xli. 1.

4790. His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *Job* xli. 24.

4791. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *Job* xli. 31.

4792. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *Job* xlii. 5.

4793. His leaf also shall not wither *Psalm* i. 3.

4794. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. *Ps.* viii. 2.

4795. Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. *Ps.* viii. 5.

4796. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *Ps.* xiv. 1; liii. 1.

4797. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *Ps.* xv. 4.

4798. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. *Ps.* xvi. 6.

4799. Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *Ps.* xvii. 8.

4800. The sorrows of death compassed me. *Ps.* xviii. 4.

4801. Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. *Ps.* xviii. 10.

4802. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. *Ps.* xix. 1.

4803. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. *Ps.* xix. 2.

4804. I may tell all my bones. *Ps.* xxii. 17.

4805. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. *Ps.* xxiii. 2.

4806. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. *Ps.* xxiii. 4.

4807. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *Ps.* xxiii. 4.

4808. From the strife of tongues. *Ps.* xxxi. 20.

4809. He fashioneth their hearts alike. *Ps.* xxxiii. 15.

4810. I have been young, and now am old; yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *Ps.* xxxvii. 25.

4811. Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. *Ps.* xxxvii. 35.

4812. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. *Ps.* xxxvii. 37.

4813. While I was musing the fire burned. *Ps.* xxxix. 3.

4814. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. *Ps.* xxxix. 4.

4815. Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. *Ps.* xxxix. 5.

4816. He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. *Ps.* xxxix. 6.

4817. Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *Ps.* xli. 1

4818. As the hart panteth after the water brooks. *Ps.* xlii. 1.

4819. Deep calleth unto deep. *Ps.* xlii. 7.

4820. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *Ps.* xlv. 1.

4821. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion . . . the city of the great King. *Ps.* xlviii. 2.

4822. Man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish. *Ps.* xlix. 12, 20.

4823. The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Ps.* l. 10.

4824. Oh that I had wings like a dove! *Ps.* lv. 6.

4825. We took sweet counsel together. *Ps.* lv. 14.

4826. The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. *Ps.* lv. 21.

4827. They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. *Ps.* lviii. 4, 5.

4828. Vain is the help of man. *Ps.* lx. 11; cviii. 12.

4829. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass. *Ps.* lxxii. 6.

4830. His enemies shall lick the dust. *Ps.* lxxii. 9.

4831. As a dream when one awaketh. *Ps.* lxxiii. 20.

4832. For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. *Ps.* lxxv. 6.

4833. He putteth down one and setteth up another. *Ps.* lxxv. 7.

4834. They go from strength to strength. *Ps.* lxxxiv. 7.

4835. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *Ps.* lxxxiv. 10.

4836. Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other. *Ps.* lxxxv. 10.

4837. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. *Ps.* xc. 4.

4838. We spend our years as a tale that is told. *Ps.* xc. 9.

4839. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. *Ps.* xc. 10.

4840. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *Ps.* xc. 12.

4841. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. *Ps.* xci. 6.

4842. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. *Ps.* ciii. 15.

4843. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. *Ps.* ciii. 16.

4844. Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *Ps.* civ. 15.

4845. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening. *Ps.* civ. 23.

4846. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. *Ps.* cvii. 23.

4847. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. *Ps.* cvii. 27.

4848. I said in my haste, All men are liars. *Ps.* cxvi. 11.

4849. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *Ps.* cxvi. 15.

4850. The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. *Ps.* cxviii. 22.

4851. A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. *Ps.* cxix. 105.

4852. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. *Ps.* cxxi. 6.

4853. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. *Ps.* cxxii. 7.

4854 He giveth his beloved sleep. *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

4855. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *Ps.* cxxvii. 5.

4856. Thy children like olive plants round about thy table. *Ps.* cxxviii. 3.

4857. I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Ps* cxxxii. 4. *Prov.* vi. 4.

4858. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *Ps.* cxxxiii. 1.

4859. We hanged our harps upon the willows. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 2.

4860. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 5.

4861. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *Ps.* cxxxix. 9.

4862. For I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *Ps.* cxxxix. 14.

4863. Put not your trust in princes. *Ps.* cxlvi. 3.

4864. Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs* i. 20.

4865. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *Prov.* iii. 17.

4866. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. *Prov.* iv. 7.

4867. The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *Prov.* iv. 18.

4868. Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *Prov.* vi. 6.

4869. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *Prov.* vi. 10; xxiv. 33.

4870. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *Prov.* vi. 11.

4871. As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *Prov.* vii. 22. *Jer.* xi. 19.

4872. Wisdom is better than rubies. *Prov.* viii. 11.

4873. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *Prov.* ix. 17.

4874. He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *Prov.* ix. 18

4875. A wise son maketh a glad father. *Prov.* x. 1

4876. The memory of the just is blessed. *Prov.* x. 7.

4877. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *Prov.* xi. 14; xxiv. 6.

4878. He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *Prov.* xi. 15.

4879. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *Prov.* xii. 10.

4880. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *Prov.* xiii. 12.

4881. The way of transgressors is hard. *Prov.* xiii. 15.

4882. He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *Prov.* xiii. 24.

4883. Fools make a mock at sin. *Prov.* xiv. 9.

4884. The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *Prov.* xiv. 10

4885. The prudent man looketh well to his going. *Prov.* xiv. 15.

4886. Righteousness exalteth a nation. *Prov.* xiv. 34.

4887. A soft answer turneth away wrath. *Prov.* xv. 1.

4888. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *Prov.* xv. 13.

4889. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Prov.* xv. 17.

4890. A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *Prov.* xv. 23.

4891. A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.[1] *Prov.* xvi. 9.

4892. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *Prov.* xvi. 18.

4893. The hoary head is a crown of glory. *Prov.* xvi. 31.

4894. A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *Prov.* xvii. 8.

4895. He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *Prov.* xvii. 9.

4896. He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *Prov.* xvii. 27.

4897. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *Prov.* xvii. 28.

4898. A wounded spirit who can bear? *Prov.* xviii. 14.

4899. A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *Prov.* xviii. 24.

4900. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *Prov.* xix. 17.

4901. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *Prov.* xx. 1.

4902. Every fool will be meddling. *Prov.* xx. 3.

4903. The hearing ear and the seeing eye. *Prov.* xx. 12.

4904. It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. *Prov.* xxi. 9.

4905. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Prov.* xxii. 1.

4906. Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *Prov.* xxii. 6.

4907. The borrower is servant to the lender. *Prov.* xxii. 7.

4908. Remove not the ancient landmark. *Prov.* xxii. 28; xxiii. 10.

4909. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *Prov.* xxii 29.

4910. For riches certainly make themselves wings. *Prov.* xxiii. 5.

4911. As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *Prov.* xxiii. 7.

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[1] Cf. à Kempis, *ante*.

4912. Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *Prov.* xxiii. 21.

4913. Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red; when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. *Prov.* xxiii. 31, 32.

4914. A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. *Prov.* xxiv. 5.

4915. If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. *Prov.* xxiv. 10.

4916. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Prov.* xxv. 11.

4917. For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. *Prov.* xxv. 22.

4918. As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *Prov.* xxv. 25.

4919. Answer a fool according to his folly. *Prov.* xxvi. 5.

4920. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Prov.* xxvi. 12.

4921. There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *Prov.* xxvi. 13.

4922. Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *Prov.* xxvi. 16.

4923. Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Prov.* xxvi. 27.

4924. Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *Prov.* xxvii. 1.

4925. Open rebuke is better than secret love. *Prov.* xxvii. 5.

4926. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *Prov.* xxvii. 6.

4927. A continual dropping in a very rainy day, and a contentious woman, are alike. *Prov.* xxvii. 15.

4928. Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *Prov.* xxvii. 17.

4929. Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *Prov.* xxvii. 22.

4930. The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion. *Prov.* xxviii. 1.

4931. He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *Prov.* xxviii. 20.

4932. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me. *Prov.* xxx. 8.

4933. The horseleach hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *Prov.* xxx. 15.

4934. The way of a man with a maid. *Prov.* xxx. 19.

4935. Her children arise up and call her blessed. *Prov.* xxxi. 28.

4936. Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity. *Ecclesiastes* i. 2; xii 8.

4937. One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. *Eccles.* i. 4.

4938. The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *Eccles.* i. 8.

4939. There is no new thing under the sun. *Eccles.* i. 9.

4940. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *Eccles.* i. 14.

4941. He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Eccles.* i. 18.

4942. One event happeneth to them all. *Eccles.* ii. 14.

4943. To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *Eccles.* iii. 1.

4944. A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *Eccles.* iv. 12.

4945. God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. *Eccles.* v. 2.

4946. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *Eccles.* v. 5.

4947. The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *Eccles.* v. 12.

4948. A good name is better than precious ointment. *Eccles.* vii. 1.

4949. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting. *Eccles.* vii. 2.

4950. As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *Eccles.* vii. 6.

4951. In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *Eccles.* vii. 14.

4952. Be not righteous overmuch. *Eccles.* vii. 16.

4953. God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Eccles.* vii. 29.

4954. There is no discharge in that war. *Eccles.* viii. 8.

4955. To eat, and to drink, and to be merry. *Eccles.* viii. 15. *Luke* xii. 19.

4956. For a living dog is better than a dead lion. *Eccles.* ix. 4.

4957. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave. *Eccles.* ix. 10.

4958. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But time and chance happeneth to them all. *Eccles.* ix. 11.

4959. Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *Eccles.* x. 1.

4960. For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *Eccles.* x. 20.

4961. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. *Eccles.* xi. 1.

4962. In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *Eccles.* xi. 3.

4963. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *Eccles.* xi. 4.

4964. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *Eccles.* xi. 6.

4965. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *Eccles.* xi. 7.

4966. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *Eccles.* xi. 9.

4967. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Eccles.* xii. 1.

4968. And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. *Eccles.* xii. 3.

4969. And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Eccles.* xii. 5.

4970. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *Eccles.* xii. 6.

4971. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Eccles.* xii. 7.

4972. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. *Eccles.* xii. 11.

4973. Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *Eccles.* xii. 12.

4974. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. *Eccles.* xii. 13.

4975. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

4976. The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 15.

4977. Terrible as an army with banners. *The Song of Solomon* vi. 4, 10.

4978. Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. *The Song of Solomon* vii. 9.

4979. Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. *The Song of Solomon* viii. 6.

4980. Many waters cannot quench love. *The Song of Solomon* viii. 7.

4981. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah* i. 3.

4982. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. *Is.* i. 5.

4983. They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. *Is.* ii. 4. *Mic.* iv 3.

4984. In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats. *Is.* ii. 20.

4985. Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. *Is.* ii. 22.

4986. Grind the faces of the poor. *Is.* iii. 15.

4987. In that day seven women shall take hold of one man. *Is.* iv. 1.

4988. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil! *Is.* v. 20.

4989. I am a man of unclean lips. *Is.* vi. 5.

4990. Wizards that peep and that mutter. *Is.* viii. 19.

4991. To the law and to the testimony. *Is.* viii. 20.

4992. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. *Is.* xi. 6.

4993. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. *Is.* xiv. 9.

4994. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Is.* xiv. 12.

4995. Babylon is fallen, is fallen. *Is.* xxi. 9.

4996. Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die. *Is.* xxii. 13.

4997. Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *Is.* xxii. 23.

4998. Whose merchants are princes. *Is.* xxiii. 8.

4999. A feast of fat things. *Is.* xxv. 6

5000. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *Is.* xxviii. 10.

5001. We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *Is.* xxviii. 15.

5002. The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *Is.* xxxv. 1.

5003. Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *Is.* xxxvi. 6.

5004. Set thine house in order. *Is.* xxxviii. 1.

5005. All flesh is grass. *Is.* xl. 6.

5006. Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance. *Is.* xl. 15.

5007. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *Is.* xlii. 3.

5008. There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *Is.* xlviii. 22.

5009. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *Is.* liii. 7.

5010. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *Is.* lv. 7.

5011. They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark. *Is.* lvi. 10.

5012. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Is.* lx. 22.

5013. To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Is.* lxi. 3.

5014. I have trodden the wine-press alone. *Is.* lxiii. 3.

5015. We all do fade as a leaf. *Is.* lxiv. 6.

5016. Peace, peace; when there is no peace. *Jeremiah*, vi. 14; viii. 11.

5017. Amend your ways and your doings. *Jer.* vii. 3; xxvi. 13.

5018. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? *Jer.* viii. 22.

5019. Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *Jer.* ix. 2.

5020. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Jer.* xiii. 23.

5021. There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet. *Jer.* xlix. 23.

5022. As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel* x. 10.

5023. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *Ez.* xviii. 2. *Jer.* xxxi. 29.

5024. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel* v. 27.

5025. The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *Dan.* vi. 12.

5026. For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea*, viii. 7.

5027. I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *Hos.* xii. 10.

5028. Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel* ii. 28.

5029. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. *Joel* iii. 14.

5030. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah* iv. 4.

5031. Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk* ii. 2.

5032. Who hath despised the day of small things? *Zechariah* iv. 10.

5033. I was wounded in the house of my friends. *Zech.* xiii. 6.

5034. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi* iv. 2.

APOCRYPHA

5035. Great is truth, and mighty above all things. 1 *Esdras* iv. 41.

5036. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

5037. Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ecclesiasticus* viii. 9.

5038. He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *Ecclus.* xiii. 1.

5039. He will laugh thee to scorn. *Ecclus.* xiii. 7.

5040. As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick, so is the beauty of the face in ripe age.[1] *Ecclus.* xxvi. 17.

5041. Whose talk is of bullocks. *Ecclus.* xxxviii. 25

5042. All these were honoured in their generations. *Ecclus.* xliv. 7.

5043. And Nicanor lay dead in his harness. 2 *Maccabees* xv. 28.

NEW TESTAMENT

5044. Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. *Matthew* ii. 18. *Jer.* xxxi. 15.

5045. O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? *Matt.* iii. 7.

5046. Man shall not live by bread alone. *Matt.* iv. 4. *Deut.* viii. 3.

5047. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matt.* v. 13.

5048. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *Matt.* v. 14.

5049. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. *Matt.* vi. 3.

5050. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matt.* vi. 21.

5051. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. *Matt.* vi. 24

5052. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. *Matt.* vi. 28.

[1] Cf. Donne, *ante*.

5053. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Matt.* vi. 34.

5054. Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *Matt.* vii. 6.

5055. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *Matt.* vii. 7.

5056. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *Matt.* viii. 20.

5057. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *Matt.* ix. 37.

5058. Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *Matt.* x. 16.

5059. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. *Matt.* x. 30.

5060. But wisdom is justified of her children. *Matt.* xi. 19. *Luke* vii. 35.

5061. The tree is known by his fruit. *Matt.* xii. 33.

5062. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Matt.* xii. 34.

5063. Pearl of great price. *Matt.* xiii. 46.

5064. A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house. *Matt.* xiii. 57.

5065. Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. *Matt.* xiv. 27.

5066. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *Matt.* xv. 14.

5067. Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *Matt.* xv. 27.

5068. Get thee behind me, Satan. *Matt.* xvi. 23.

5069. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Matt.* xvi. 26.

5070. It is good for us to be here. *Matt.* xvii. 4.

5071. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *Matt.* xix. 6.

5072. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *Matt.* xix. 24

5073. Which have borne the burden and heat of the day. *Matt.* xx. 12.

5074. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Matt.* xx. 15.

5075. For many are called, but few are chosen. *Matt.* xxii. 14.

5076. Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. *Matt.* xxii. 21.

5077. Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin. *Matt.* xxiii. 23.

5078. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. *Matt.* xxiii. 24.

5079. For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Matt.* xxiii. 27.

5080. As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. *Matt.* xxiii. 37.

5081. For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *Matt.* xxiv. 28.

5082. Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *Matt.* xxv. 29.

5083. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *Matt.* xxvi. 41.

5084. The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. *Mark* ii. 27.

5085. If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *Mark* iii. 25.

5086. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *Mark* iv. 9.

5087. My name is Legion. *Mark* v. 9.

5088. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *Mark* ix. 44.

5089. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke* ii. 14.

5090. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *Luke* iii. 9.

5091. Physician, heal thyself. *Luke* iv. 23.

5092. The labourer is worthy of his hire. *Luke* x. 7. 1 *Tim.* v. 18.

5093. Go, and do thou likewise. *Luke* x. 37.

5094. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. *Luke* x. 42.

5095. He that is not with me is against me. *Luke* xi. 23.

5096. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *Luke* xii. 19.

5097. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *Luke* xii. 35.

5098. For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *Luke* xvi. 8.

5099. It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. *Luke* xvii. 2.

5100. Remember Lot's wife. *Luke* xvii. 32.

5101. Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *Luke* xix. 22.

5102. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *Luke* xxiii. 31.

5103. Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *John* i. 46.

5104. The wind bloweth where it listeth. *John* iii. 8.

5105. He was a burning and a shining light. *John* v. 35.

5106. Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John* vi. 12.

5107. Judge not according to the appearance. *John* vii. 24.

5108. The Truth shall make you free. *John* viii. 32.

5109. For the poor always ye have with you. *John* xii. 8.

5110. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *John* xii. 35.

5111. Let not your heart be troubled. *John* xiv. 1.

5112. In my Father's house are many mansions. *John* xiv. 2.

5113. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *John* xv. 13.

5114. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *Acts* ix. 5.

5115. Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *Acts* xvii. 5.

5116. The law is open. *Acts* xix. 38.

5117. It is more blessed to give than to receive. *Acts* xx. 35.

5118. Speak forth the words of truth and soberness. *Acts* xxvi. 25

5119. For there is no respect of persons with God. *Romans* ii. 11.

5120. As some affirm that we say, Let us do evil, that good may come. *Rom.* iii. 8.

5121. Fear of God before their eyes. *Rom.* iii. 18.

5122. Who against hope believed in hope. *Rom.* iv. 18.

5123. For the wages of sin is death. *Rom.* vi. 23.

5124. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? *Rom.* vii. 24.

5125. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. *Rom.* viii. 28.

5126. A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *Rom.* x. 2.

5127. Be not wise in your own conceits. *Rom.* xii. 16.

5128. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Rom.* xii. 20.

5129. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom.* xii. 21.

5130. The powers that be are ordained of God. *Rom.* xiii. 1.

5131. Render therefore to all their dues. *Rom.* xiii. 7.

5132. Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *Rom.* xiii. 8.

5133. Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Rom.* xiii. 10.

5134. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *Rom.* xiv. 5.

5135. I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. 1 *Corinthians* iii. 6.

5136. Every man's work shall be made manifest. 1 *Cor.* iii. 13.

5137. Not to think of men above that which is written.[1] 1 *Cor.* iv. 6.

5138. Absent in body, but present in spirit. 1 *Cor.* v. 3.

5139. Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? 1 *Cor.* v. 6.

5140. For the fashion of this world passeth away. 1 *Cor.* vii. 31.

5141. I am made all things to all men. 1 *Cor.* ix. 22.

5142. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 *Cor.* x. 12.

5143. As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

5144. When I was a child, I spake as a child. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 11.

5145. For now we see through a glass, darkly. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 12.

5146. Let all things be done decently and in order. 1 *Cor.* xiv. 40.

5147. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. 1 *Cor.* xv. 19.

5148. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. 1 *Cor.* xv. 32.

5149. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.[2] 1 *Cor.* xv. 33.

5150. The first man is of the earth, earthy. 1 *Cor.* xv. 47.

5151. In the twinkling of an eye. 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

5152. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

5153. Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. 2 *Cor.* iii. 6.

5154. We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 *Cor.* v. 7.

5155. Behold, now is the accepted time. 2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

5156. By evil report and good report. 2 *Cor.* vi. 8

5157. The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians* ii. 9.

5158. For every man shall bear his own burden. *Gal.* vi. 5

[1] Usually quoted, "to be wise above that which is written."

[2] Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρησθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.—Menander.
Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, line 101.

5159. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *Gal.* vi. 7.

5160. Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *Ephesians* iv. 26.

5161. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians* i. 21.

5162. Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. *Philipp.* iii. 19.

5163. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Philipp.* iv. 8.

5164. Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians* ii. 21.

5165. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt. *Col.* iv. 6.

5166. Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love. 1 *Thessalonians* i. 3.

5167. Study to be quiet. 1 *Thess.* iv. 11.

5168. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. 1 *Thess.* v. 21.

5169. The law is good, if a man use it lawfully. 1 *Timothy* i. 8.

5170. Not greedy of filthy lucre. 1 *Tim.* iii. 3.

5171. Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. 1 *Tim.* v. 13.

5172. Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. 1 *Tim.* v. 23.

5173. For the love of money is the root of all evil. 1 *Tim.* vi. 10.

5174. Fight the good fight. 1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

5175. Rich in good works. 1 *Tim.* vi. 18.

5176. Science falsely so called. 1 *Tim.* vi. 20.

5177. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. 2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

5178. Unto the pure all things are pure. *Titus* i. 15.

5179. Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *Hebrews* xi. 1.

5180. Of whom the world was not worthy. *Heb.* xi. 38.

5181. A cloud of witnesses. *Heb.* xii. 1.

5182. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *Heb.* xii. 6.

5183. The spirits of just men made perfect. *Heb.* xii. 23.

5184. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *Heb.* xiii. 2.

5185. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James* i. 12.

5186. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!
James iii. 5.

5187. The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.[1]
James iii. 8.

5188. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. *James* iv. 7

5189. Hope to the end. 1 *Peter* i. 13.

5190. Fear God. Honour the king. 1 *Peter* ii. 17.

5191. Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. 1 *Peter* iii. 4.

5192. Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel.
1 *Peter* iii. 7.

5193. Be ye all of one mind. 1 *Peter* iii. 8.

5194. Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. 1 *Peter* iv. 8.

5195. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.
1 *Peter* v. 8.

5196. The dog is turned to his own vomit again. 2 *Peter* ii. 22

5197. Bowels of compassion. 1 *John* iii. 17

5198. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.
1 *John* iv. 18.

5199. Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation* ii. 10.

5200. He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *Rev.* ii. 27.

5201. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *Rev.* xxii. 13.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

5202. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. *General Confession.*

5203. The noble army of martyrs. *Te Deum.*

5204. All sorts and conditions of men.
Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

5205. Without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.
Athanasian Creed.

5206. Not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible. Ibid.

5207. Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *Litany.*

5208. From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.
Ibid

[1] Usually quoted "The tongue is an unruly member."

5209. The world, the flesh, and the devil. *Litany.*

5210. The kindly fruits of the earth. Ibid.

5211. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. *Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

5212. Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks. *Third Collect for Good Friday.*

5213. Renounce the devil and all his works. *Baptism of Infants.*

5214. The pomps and vanity of this wicked world. *Catechism.*

5215. To keep my hands from picking and stealing. Ibid.

5216. To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. Ibid.

5217. An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Ibid.

5218. Just cause or impediment. *Solemnisation of Matrimony.*

5219. Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. Ibid.

5220. Brute beasts that have no understanding. Ibid.

5221. To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. Ibid.

5222. To love, cherish, and to obey. Ibid.

5223. With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. Ibid.

5224. In the midst of life we are in death.[1] *Burial of the Dead.*

5225. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. Ibid.

5226. But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. *The Psalter. Ps.* lv. 14.

5227. The iron entered into his soul. Ibid., *Ps.* cv. 18.

5228. The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.[2] Ibid., *Ps.* cx. 3.

5229. Wretchlessness of most unclean living. *Article* 17.

5230. A fond thing vainly invented. *Article* 22.

[1] This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrucke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte.*

[2] Cf. Spenser, *ante.*

APPENDIX

ANONYMOUS

5231. Ye shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
In shape and feature beauty's queen
In pastoral array.
A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily—lily, rose;
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.
The beauteous wreath that decks her head
Forms her description true:
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.[1]

The Wreath. Glee, composed by Joseph Mazzinghi (1765–1839).

5232. For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak;
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke;
. . . . .
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. *Chambers's "Book of Days,"* vol. i., p. 173. [See also Wm. King, *ante*.]

5233. Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where help wasn't hired.
The last words she said were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't wanted, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
And everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where folk don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
In heaven loud anthems for ever are ringing,
But having no voice I'll keep clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never;
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Epitaph. Given in slightly varying forms. Stated in Ernest R. Suffling's *Epitaphia* to be from Bushey, Herts, and dated 1744. Stated in Frank W. Unger's *Epitaphs* to be from Pembroke (Mass.)—which seems more likely. Stated by Benham to be *ante* 1850.

[1] Some of these lines are quoted in *Edwin Drood*, and the sixth is the title of a picture in the Tate Gallery.

5234. Here lies the body of
Lady Looney,
Great-niece of Burke, commonly
called the Sublime.
She was
bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
also she painted in water-colours,
and sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
And of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Epitaph in Pewsey Church, Wilts. From Aubrey Stewart's *English Epigrams and Epitaphs.*

5235. And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Here's a Health to the King.

[This song is sometimes attributed to Robert Dyer, a singer of the reigns of Anne and George I.; but it would seem that he only added verses to an older song, author unknown. (See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*)]

5236. Now a' is done that man can do,
And a' is done in vain.

It was a' for our rightfu' king.

5237. He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
With, Adieu for evermore.[1] Ibid.

5238. Hope told a flattering tale,[2]
That Joy would soon return;
Ah, naught my sighs avail,
For love is doomed to mourn.[3]

Universal Songster, vol. i., p. 320.

5239. He that had neyther been kithe nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight. *Guy of Gisborne.*

5240. Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme. *Sir Patrick Spens.*[4]

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[1] Sir W. Scott, who adapted these stanzas in *Kokeby*, thought that they were ancient.
[2] Cf. Miss Wrother, *ante.*
[3] Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741–1816).
[4]
I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
From *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

5241. Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.[1] *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

5242. Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour. *Sir Caroline.*

5243. He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.[2] *The Baffled Knight.*

5244. Revenons à nos moutons.[3] *Maistre Pierre de Pathelin.*[4]

5245. *Mac.* [a Peebles body returned from London]. E-eh it's just a ruinous place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre above twa hoours when—Bang—went—Saxpence! *Punch*, 5 Dec. 1868.[5]

5246. And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why.
Verse sung by Cornishmen in 1688, *when Sir Jonathan Trelawny* (1650–1721) *was Bishop of Bristol, and was arrested with six other bishops by James II.*

PROVERBS AND STOCK SAYINGS

5247. A Cadmean victory. *Greek Proverb.*
Σ μισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίη, Καδμεῖη τις νίκη τοῖσι φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο. *Herodotus*, i. 166.
A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

5248. To leave no stone unturned.
Πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον.—Euripides, *Heraclid.* 1002.
This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει. "Turn every stone." *Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc.* i., p. 146.

5249. The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.
Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum. Tertullian, *Apologet.* c. 50.

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[1] Cf. John Fletcher, *ante.*
[2] Cf. Burton (*Anat. of Mel.*, Part III. sect. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5), *ante.*
[3] "Let us return to our sheep"—sometimes quoted "to our muttons."
[4] Ed. 1762, p. 90. It is not known by whom or when this fifteenth-century farce was written. The first recorded reference to it is in 1470; the first dated edition was published in 1490.
[5] The drawing is by Chas. Keene.

5250. Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said, "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad, flat nails."

Diogenes Laertius, lib. vi. c. ii. *Vit. Diog.* c. vi. sect. 40.

5251. I believe it, because it is impossible.

Credo, quia impossibile.

This is a misquotation of Tertullian, whose words are,

Certum est, quia impossibile est.

De Carne Christi, c. 5.

5252. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ."

Pseudo-Sallust, *Epist. de Rep. Ordin.* ii. 1.

5253. Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion."

Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*, ch. 10.

5254. Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear."

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles.*

5255. Where the shoe pinches.

In the *Life of Æmilius Paulus*, Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded,—was she not chaste? was she not fair?—holding out his shoe asked them whether it was not new, and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

5256. Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium.

Val. Maximus, lib. vi. cap. 2.

5257. To call a spade a spade.

Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip.* xv.

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, *τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων*

Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.* 41.

5258. Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii*; wherein, to prove a conclusion, the conclusion itself is assumed. *Petitio* means both begging and claiming. In *petitio principii* it means claiming, and only old usage

sanctions the use of "beg" in the English translation of the phrase.

5259. The sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression, ὑπότετμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Bion* (lib. iv. c. 7, sect. 3), represents that philosopher as saying τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his *Life of Cleomenes* (ch. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to *war*." Accordingly, we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (vol. ii., p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, *Olymp.* i. 4 (cf. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάνεως πλούτου). So Cicero, *Philipp.* v. 2, "nervos belli infinitam pecuniam."

5260. When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this:

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato."

St. Augustine, *Ep.* xxxvi. *to Casulanus.*

See Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*), *ante.*

5261. The Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Haarlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIA
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

5262. He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

Ray's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 48. Bristol, 1752.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan, edited by Oliver Goldsmith (?), vol. ii., p. 147. London, 1761.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus prœliabitur*: ut et rursus forsitan fugiat.

Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, c. 10.

The corresponding Greek,

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται,

is ascribed to Menander in Dubner's edition of his *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*), p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi.

Scarron (1610–60).

Souvent celuy qui demeure
Est cause de son meschef;
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.

From the *Satyre Menippée*, 1594.

See also Butler (*Hudibras*, iii. 3) and Erasmus, *ante*.

5263. Junius, Aprilis, Septémq: Nouemq: tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one;
Unless that leap year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.

The Return from Parnassus. London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.
Common in Chester County, Pa., among the Friends.

5264. It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster.
Butler, *Dyet's Dry Dinner*, 1599.

5265. Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!
Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things.
Vide Melchior, *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencias, etc.*, ii. 1. 20.
Bacon, *Apophthegms*, 97.
See also Goldsmith (*She Stoops to Conquer*), Shackerley Marmion, and John Webster, *ante*.

5266. Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.[1]
Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, *Song* No. 7. 1609.

5267. Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.
Playford's *Musical Companion*. 1687.

5268. Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.
This phrase, used by Lord Mansfield in the case of King *v.* Wilkes, *Burrow's Reports*, vol. iv. 2562, (A.D.) 1770, is found in Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America*. (First printed in 1645.) See Sir T. Browne and George Herbert, *ante*.

5269. When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
See John Ball, *ante*.
Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf and Eve span.
From a MS. of the 15th Century in the British Museum. Songs and Carols.
The same proverb existed in German. Agricola (*Prov.* No. 264):
So Adam reutte, und Eva span;
Wer was da ein eddelman?

5270. A Rowland for an Oliver.
These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one

[1] Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act I. sc. iii.

a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. Thomas Warburton.

5271. All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." Martin, *Histoire de France*, tom. viii.

5272. Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Anti-slavery Society of London.

5273. When in doubt, win the trick.

The New Hoyle (1802), "*Twenty-four Rules for Learners.*" *Rule* 12.

5274. Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.

Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, vol. iii., p. 585.

5275. Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, 1 August, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill, MDCCLXXVI.*[1]

5276. Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

See Voltaire, and Young (*Love of Fame*, satire ii. line 207), *ante.*

The germ of this saying is to be found in Jeremy Taylor; South, Butler, Young, Lloyd, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

[1] No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given.—Wells's *Life of Adams.* Cf. Adam Smith and Josiah Tucker, *ante.*

5277. Beginning of the end.

M. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bons-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes.

Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others,

"C'est le commencement de la fin."

To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. sc. i.

5278. No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel.

Lettres, edit. J. Ravenal. 1853.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."

Plutarch, *Of Isis and Osiris*, ch. xxiv.

See also Montaigne, *ante*.

5279. Ridicule the test of truth.[1]

See 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury, *ante*.

5280. Hobson's choice.

No choice at all. Thomas (or, according to the *Spectator*, No. 509, Tobias) Hobson (*c.* 1544–1631) was a carrier and livery-stable-keeper at Cambridge, who made every hirer take the horse nearest the door.

5281. Sent to Coventry.

Ignored or treated with extreme coldness. About 1647, Coventry was held by the Parliament, which sent Cavalier prisoners there.

5282. A great city is a great solitude.

Μέγα πόλις μεγάλη ἐρημία. *Greek Proverb.*

5283. Sop to Cerberus.

A solatium. "Huge Cerberus makes these realms to resound with barking from his triple jaws, stretched at his enormous length in a den that fronts the gate. To whom the prophetess, seeing his neck now bristle with horrid snakes, flings a soporific cake of honey and medicated grain."—Virgil, *Æneid*, bk. vi. line 417 (Davidson's trans.).

[1] We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works that *ridicule is the test of truth*.—Carlyle, *Miscellanies. Voltaire.*

5284. Carpet knights.

According to Sir John Ferne (*Blazon of Gentrie*, 1586), a carpet-knight was a knight dubbed in time of peace, kneeling on a carpet, as distinguished from a knight made on the field of battle: he was therefore not held in such high esteem.

5285. The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*.

Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

5286. Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.[1]

Staniford's *Art of Reading*, 3rd ed., p. 27. Boston, 1803.

5287. Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastian announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, 16 Sept. 1834: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie."

Dumas, *Mémoires*, 2nd series, vol. iv. ch. 3.

5288. A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.

Stanley, or The Recollections of a Man of the World[2] (1840), vol. ii., p. 89.

5289. Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb.

Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 145, ed. Bohn

See also Chapman, *ante*.

5290. Gone West.

Used in the Great War as a euphemism for "killed." The expression, treated by English critics as deeply mysterious, had long been in use in the United States, where its meaning among New-Yorkers and New-Englanders is literal, and almost equivalent to that of "emigrated" or "levanted" among the English. Cf. Eugene Field, *ante*.

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[1] Cf. Bobart, *ante*.

[2] This work (apparently anonymous) appears in the *English Catalogue* as of the year 1840, published by J. H. and J. Parker. No copy in British Museum.

5291. Psychological moment.

A mistaken translation of a phrase used anent the siege of Paris in 1870, by a German newspaper, the *Kreuz Zeitung*: "der psychologische Moment"—meaning psychological momentum, but understood by the French to mean the psychologically appropriate moment. See *Oxford Dictionary*.

5292. The Kailyard School (of writers).

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, a number of Scottish authors published tales and sketches of Scottish life that relied for their interest largely upon Scottish scenery and dialect, stripped of which adjuncts they were dull stuff. One of these writers, the Rev. John Watson ("Ian MacLaren") in 1894 issued a volume of this sort called *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush*, with the motto (taken from an old Jacobite song):

"There grows a bonnie brier-bush
In our kailyard!
And white are its blossoms
In our kailyard!"

—whence the word "kailyard" (=cabbage-garden) was abstracted by the critics as a convenient name for literature of this kind; the lead being given by J. H. Millar in an article entitled "The Literature of the Kailyard," which appeared in the *New Review* April 1895.

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS

FROM ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN

5293. All that glisters is not gold.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. vii.

5294. All is not gold that glisteneth.
Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, Act V. sc. i.

5295. All thing, which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.
Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale*, line 243.

5296. All is not golde that outward sheweth bright.
Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs*.

5297. Gold all is not that doth golden seem.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. ii. canto 8, st. 14.

5298. All is not gold that glisters. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

5299. All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.
Dryden, *Hind and Panther*.

5300. Another, yet the same.
Pope, *Dunciad*, bk. iii. Tickell, *From a Lady in England*. Johnson, *Life of Dryden*. Darwin, *Botanic Garden*, Pt. I. canto iv. line 380. Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, bk. ix. Scott, *The Abbot*, ch. i.

5301. Aliusque et idem. Horace, *Carm. Sec.*, line 10.

5302. At sixes and sevens. Middleton, *The Widow*, Act I. sc. ii.

5303. Better late than never.
Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. I. Murphy, *The School for Guardians*, Act I.

5304. By hook or crook.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. canto i. st. 17. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, Act I. sc. iii.

5305. Castles in the air.
Stirling, *Sonnets*, S. 6. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, The Author's Abstract*. Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*. Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend*. Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, Pt. II. Broome, *Poverty and Poetry*. Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole*. Cibber, *Non Juror*, Act II. Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd*. Shenstone, *On Taste*, Pt. II. Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman*.

5306. Compare great things with small.
Virgil, *Georgics*, bk. iv. line 176. Milton, *Par. Lost*, bk. ii. line 921. Cowley, *The Motto*. Dryden, *Ovid's Met.*, bk. i. line 727. Tickell, *Poem on Hunting*. Pope, *Windsor Forest*.

5307. Comparisons are odious.
Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. III. sect. iii. mem. i. subs. 2. Thos. Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, Act I. sc. i. Donne, *El.* 8. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

5308. Comparisons are odorous.
Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. v

5309. Comparisons are offensive.
Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. ch. i.

5310. Dark as pitch.
Ray's *Proverbs*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. I.

5311. Deeds, not words.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, Act III. sc. i. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. c. i. line 807.

5312. Devil take the hindmost.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, Act IV. sc. iii. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto ii. line 633. Prior, *Ode on Taking Nemur*. Pope, *Dunciad*, bk. ii. line 60. Burns, *To a Haggis*.

5313. Diamonds cut diamonds.
Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act I. sc. i.

5314. Discretion the best part of valour.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and No King*, Act IV. sc. iii.

5315. The better part of valour is discretion.
Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. I. Act V. sc. iv. Churchill, *The Ghost*, bk. i. line 232.

5316. Eat thy cake and have it too.
Herbert, *The Size*. Bickerstaff, *Thomas and Sally*.

5317. Enough is good as a feast.
Ray's *Proverbs*. Bickerstaff, *Love in a Village*, Act III. sc. i.

5318. Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.
Ray's *Proverbs*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*. Macklin, *The Man of the World*, Act I. sc. ii.

5319. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
Phineas Fletcher (q.v.), *Britain's Ida*, canto v. st. 1. King, *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*. Colman, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, Act I.

5320. Fast and loose.
Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. i.

5321. Give an inch, he'll take an ell.
John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*. Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, No. iii.

5322. Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.
Sorbière (1610–70), from *The French Anas*. Tom Brown, *Laconics*. Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison*.

5323. God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.
Ray's *Proverbs*. Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's "Retaliation."*

5324. Golden mean.
Horace, bk. ii. ode x. 5. Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, Act I. sc. i. Pope, *Moral Essays*, ep. iii. line 246.

5325. Great wits will jump.
Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*. Byrom, *The Nimmers*.

5326. Good wits will jump.
Cougham, *Camden Soc. Pub.*, p. 20. Duke of Buckingham, *The Chances*, Act V. sc. i.

5327. Grey mare will prove the better horse.
The Marriage of True Wit and Science. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto ii. line 698. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act II. sc. iv. Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius.*
[Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the grey mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England.—See his *History of England*, vol. i. ch. iii.]

5328. Hail, fellow, well met.
Tom Brown, *Amusement*, viii. Swift, *My Lady's Lamentation.*

5329. He knew what's what.
Skelton, *Why come ye not to Courte?* line 1106. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto i. line 149.

5330. He needs must go that the Devil drives.
Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. sc. iii.

5331. He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.
Chaucer, *The Squiere's Tale*, Pt. II. line 256. Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act III. sc. v. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. sc. iii. *Apius and Virginia.*

5332. Honesty is the best policy.
Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch xxxiii. Byrom, *The Nimmers.*

5333. It is an ill wind turns none to good.
Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind.*

5334. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Pt. III. Act II. sc. v.

5335. Not the ill wind which blows no man good.
Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. II. Act V., sc. iii.

5336. In spite of my [thy] teeth.
Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, Act I. sc. ii. Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act III. sc. i. Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed.* Garrick, *The Country Girl*, Act IV. sc. iii.

5337. Let the world slide.
Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. i. John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends.*

5338. Let us do or die.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, Act II. sc. iv. Burns, *Bannockburn*. Campbell, *Gertrude*.
[Scott says "this expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." —*Review of "Gertrude," Scott's Misc.* vol. i., p. 153.]

5339. Look a gift horse in the mouth.
Rabelais, bk. i. ch. xi. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto i. line 490. Also quoted by St. Jerome.

5340. Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, ch. lvii.

5341. Look before you ere you leap.
Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto ii. line 502.

5342. Love me little, love me long.
Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, Act IV. Herrick, *ante*.

5343. Lucid interval.
Bacon, *Henry VII*. Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, bk. iv. ch. ii. South, *Sermons*, vol. viii. p. 403. Dryden, *MacFlecknoe*. Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton*. Burke, *On the French Revolution*.

5344. Nisi suadeat intervallis.
Bracton, fol. 1243, and fol. 420 b. *Register Original*, 267a, 1270.

5345. Main chance.
Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Pt. II. Act I. sc. i. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto ii. Dryden, *Persius*, sat. vi.

5346. Midnight oil.
Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher*. Shenstone, *Elegy* xi. Cowper, *Retirement*. Lloyd, *On Rhyme*.

5347. Moon is made of green cheese.
Jack Jugler, p. 46. Rabelais, bk. i. ch. xi. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto iii. line 263.

5348. Mother-wit.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. canto x. st. 21. Marlowe, *Prol. Tamberlaine the Great*, Pt. I. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act II. sc. i.

5349. More the merrier.
Title of a Book of Epigrams, 1608. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, Act I. sc. i. *The Sea Voyage*, Act I. sc. ii.

5350. Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.
Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers*. Tom Brown, *Æneas Sylvius's Letter*. Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

5351. Nine days' wonder.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, Act III. sc. iv. Quarles, *Emblems*, bk. i. viii.

5352. No better than you should be.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, Act IV. sc. iii. Fielding, *The Temple Beau*, sc. iii.

5353. No love lost between us.

Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act IV. Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act I. sc. iv.

5354. Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, bk. ii. ch. xii. Hooker's *Polity*, bk. v. ch. lxxxi.

5355. Of two evils I have chose the least.

Prior, *Imitation of Horace*.

5356. E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Erasmus, *Adages*. Cicero, *De Officiis*.

5357. Of harmes two the lesse is for to chese.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, bk. ii. line 470.

5358. Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. Milton, *Par. Lost*, bk. iii. line 496. Fuller, *Holy State*, v. 20. Pope, *Dunciad*, bk. iii. Fielding, *The Modern Husband*, Act I. sc. ix. Crabbe, *The Borough*, Letter xii. Quevedo, *Visions*, iv. (L'Estrange's Trans.). Murphy, *All in the Wrong*, Act I.

5359. Picked up his crumbs. Murphy, *The Upholsterer*, Act I.

5360. Plain as a pike-staff.

Terence in English, 1641. Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675. Smollett, *Trans. Gil. Blas*, bk. xii. ch. viii.

5361. Rhyme nor reason.

Pierre Patelin, quoted by Tyndale (1530). Spenser, *On his Promised Pension*. Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act III. sc. ii. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. v. *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii.

[Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."]

5362. Remedy worse than the disease.

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles*. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, Act III. sc. ii. Suckling's *Letters*, *A Dissuasion from Love*. Dryden's *Juvenal*, sat. xvi. line 32.

5363. Rob Peter to pay Paul.

Alexander Barclay, *Eclogues*, p. xvii. David Lyndsay, *Satyre of the Three Estatis*, line 2841. John Heywood, *Dialogue on Wit and Folly*, i. 10. Urquhart, *Rabelais*, bk. iii. ch. iii.

5364. Smell a rat.

Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. sc. iii. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto i. line 281. Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle*.

5365. Spare the rod, and spoil the child.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto i. line 844.

5366. Speech is silver, silence is gold. *A German Proverb.*

5367. Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

Plutarch. *Life of Themistocles*. From Bacon's *Essays*, *On Friendship*.

5368. Spick and span new.

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act I. sc. i. Farquhar, *Preface to his Works*.

5369. Set my ten commandments in your face.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. II. Act I. sc. iii. *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594. *Westward Hoe*, 1607. Erasmus, *Apophthegms*.

5370. Strike while the iron is hot.

John Webster, *Westward Hoe*, Act II. sc. i. Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, Act IV. sc. i.

5371. *Tace* is the Latin for a candle.

Said to occur in Dampier's *Voyages*—nearly fifty years before Swift used it in *Polite Conversation*. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser. vol. iv., p. 456.

5372. Tell truth, and shame the devil.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. I. Act III. sc. i. Swift, *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter*.

5373. The lion is not so fierce as they paint him

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment*.

5374. **Though I say it that should not say it.**

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons*, Act II. sc. ii. Fielding, *The Miser*, Act III. sc. ii. Cibber, *The Rival Fools*, Act II. *The Fall of British Tyranny*, Act IV. sc. ii.

5375. **Through thick and thin.**

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. canto i. st. 17. Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act IV. sc. ii. Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder*. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto ii. line 369. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. II. line 414. Pope, *Dunciad*, bk. ii. Cowper, *John Gilpin*.

5376. **To make a virtue of necessity.**

Rabelais, bk. i. ch. xi. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, line 3044—q.v. *ante*. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. sc. ii. Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*.

[In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks (under the head of *Necessitatem edere*), that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. *Necessitatem in virtutem commutare*.]

5377. **To see and to be seen.**

Chaucer, *The Prologe of the Wyfe of Bathe*, line 552. Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion*, st. iii. line 4. Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love*, bk. i. line 109. Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, Letter 71.

5378. **Turn over a new leaf.**

Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Act III. sc. iii.

5379. **Two of a trade seldom agree.**

Ray's *Proverbs*. Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock*. Murphy, *The Apprentice*, Act III.

5380. **Two strings to his bow.**

Hooker's *Polity*, bk. v. ch. lxxx. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. III. canto i. line 1. Churchill, *The Ghost*, bk. iv. Fielding, *Love in Several Masques*, sc. xiii.

5381. **Virtue is her own reward.**

Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, Act III. sc. i.

5382. **Virtue is its own reward.**

Prior, *Im. of Horace*, bk. iii. Ode 2. Gray, *Epistle to Methuen*. Home, *Douglas*, Act III. sc. i. Vanbrugh, *The Relapse*, Act V. sc. iii.

5383. **Virtue is to herself the best reward.**

Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*.

5384. **Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.**

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, lib. xiii. line 663

5385. Wrong sow by the ear.

Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. i. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II. canto iii. line 580. Colman, *Heir-at-Law*, Act I. sc. i.

5386. Word and a blow.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. i. Dryden, *Amphitryon*, Act I. sc. i. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. I.

END OF VOL. I

For full Subject Index see Volume Two

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EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit."
MILTON

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and another writer spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith Everyman's Library was planned out originally on a large scale; and the idea was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared some years ago, there have been many interruptions, chief among them the Great War of 1914–18, during which even the City of Books felt a world commotion. But the series is now getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its scheme of a Thousand Volumes.

One of the practical expedients in the original plan was to divide the volumes into separate sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles-lettres, Poetry, Philosophy, Romance, and so forth; with a shelf for Young People. Last, and not least, there was one of Reference Books, in which, beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases, which have been revised from time to time, so as to chart the New Europe

and the New World at large, which we hope will preserve Kant's "Perpetual Peace" under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which is running on to the final centuries of its Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and just as significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold*, and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phœnix."

As for history, Everyman's Library has been eclectic enough to choose its historians from every school in turn, including Gibbon, Grote, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, and Prescott, while among earlier books may be noted the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. On the classic shelf too, there is a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, and Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The variety of authors old and new, the wisdom and the wit at the disposal of Everyman in his own Library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. In the Essays, for instance, he may turn to Dick Steele in the *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes

are chastized with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." Or he may take *A Century of Essays*, as a key to the whole roomful of the English Essayists, from Bacon to Addison, Elia to Augustine Birrell. These are the golden gossips of literature, the writers who have learnt the delightful art of talking on paper. Or again, the reader who has the right spirit and looks on all literature as a great adventure may dive back into the classics, and in Plato's *Phædrus* read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). The poets next, and we may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, as their showman, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guerin a clue to the "magical power of poetry," as in Shakespeare, with his

> daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk" may help again to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria;" and so throughout the long labyrinth of the Library shelves, one can follow the magic clue in prose or verse that leads to the hidden treasury. In that way every reader becomes his own critic and Doctor of Letters. In the same way one may turn to the Byron review in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in

his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been even too adventurous. But the elect reader is or ought to be a party to this conspiracy of books and bookmen. He can make it possible, by his help and his co-operative zest, to add still some famous old authors like Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or longer novels like Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, a cut-and-come-again book for a winter fireside, or more modern foreign writers like Heine whom Havelock Ellis has promised to sponsor. "Infinite riches in a little room," as the saying is, will be the reward of every citizen who helps year by year to build the City of Books. It was with that belief in its possibilities that the old Chief (J. M. Dent) threw himself into the enterprise. With the zeal of a true book-lover, he thought that books might be alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men." That is a great idea, and it means a fighting campaign in which every recruit, every new reader who buys a volume, counts.

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